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THE CRUISE OF THE ANNIE CLARENDON, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

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Author of Several Things, with which if the Reader is not familiar he ought to be.

CHAPTER I.—WHEREIN IS INTRODUCED HARRY ARCHER, ESQ., AND SOME OTHERS.

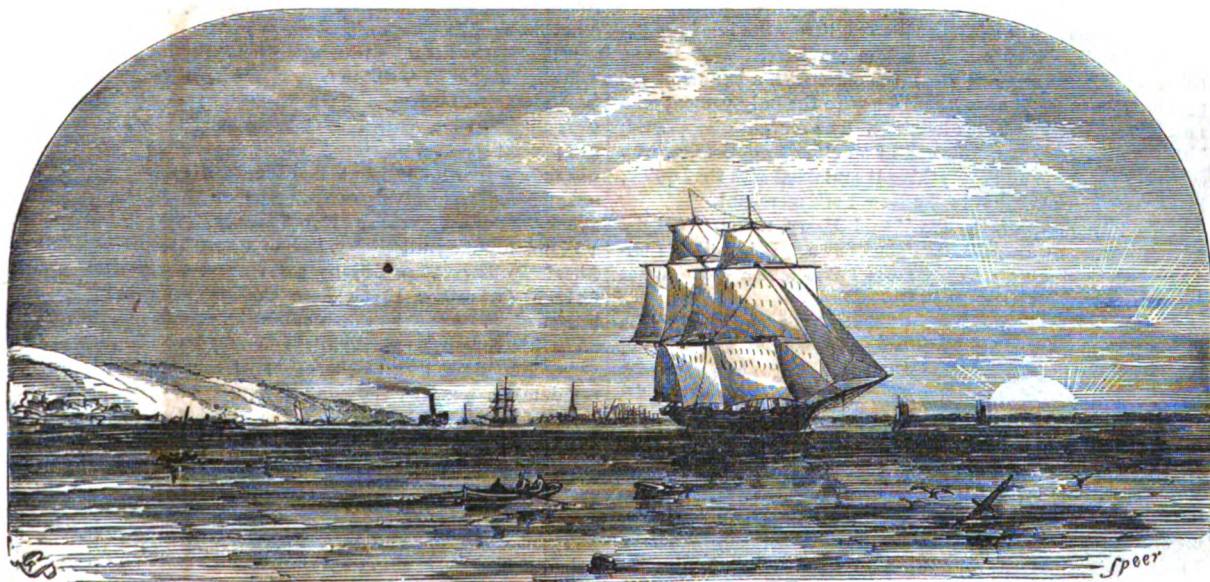
So far as appearances were concerned, one evening within the memory of man, there was good reason to apprehend that it would never stop raining, consequently timid individuals would have been quite excusable in making preparations for a second deluge, and verily such an event seemed at hand.

It was an abominable evening, and for that matter quite a number of its immediate predecessors had obtained a similar unenviable reputation in the estimation of those whose business made it necessary for them to encounter the muddy streets

and pavements for which New York is so justly celebrated after one of her long autumnal storms.

The streets presented an uninviting appearance as the rain continued to patter with increasing violence on the pavement, and the crowds on the sidewalks hurried forward at a more rapid pace or sought the friendly shelter of one of the many stages that rattled along the street, stopping at every crossing to receive or discharge some of its live freight.

In short it was precisely the kind of an evening to make a rich man thank God that he was not like some other men past whom he brushed as he left his office or counting-room, and turned his face towards one of the several localities which are supposed to be sacred to the petted children of fortune, complacently picturing in his mind the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where fair faces and loving hearts over which sorrow had seldom cast a shadow awaited his coming; and it was just the kind of an evening, also, to wring from many a sorrow and poverty-stricken heart a natural if inexcusable murmur against that Providence who measures out to the children of men such widely different proportions of sunshine and shadow. With



THE BRIG ANNIE CLARENDON LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR.

one of the latter class, the occupant of a comfortless apartment in a cheap though respectable boarding-house, in the eastern part of the city, we have principally to do.

The room, one of those little seven by nine affairs, in the fourth story, had that contracted, unsocial look which would be quite apt to give a man something very like the blues to know that he was doomed to pass an evening in it alone; besides it was easy to see, from the poor and scanty furniture it contained, that its occupant was not troubled with a superabundance of this world's goods, although there was something about him, after all, which would have told an attentive observer that, financially speaking, he had seen better days. He was a young man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, by no means handsome, although his broad, high forehead, and clear blue eyes, that occasionally fairly flashed with wit or sarcasm, gave his face an intellectual expression that atoned in some degree for its irregular features; and then, in spite of the look of melancholy irresolution, there was an air of hearty good humor about him that told, just as plainly as words could tell, that his heart was of much larger dimensions than his purse, and that he valued money only as it enabled him to mingle with the world and contribute to the happiness of others as well as himself.

Eight years before, Harry Archer was the only son of one of the most wealthy and influential gentlemen in New York. But by a series of unfortunate speculations the elder Mr. Archer became so much reduced in circumstances, that at the age of twenty his son found that in future he must look to himself alone for assistance. This, of itself, however, did not particularly alarm him. He had decided on the legal profession, and he at once began his studies, little doubting but that he would be able to work his own way through the world, and no thanks to any one. But he soon found the small salary he commanded would not support him in the same style in which he had lived; and even when he forced himself to practise the most rigid economy, he was compelled to engage in some more profitable employment the greater part of the time, to raise means for pursuing his studies the remainder. But notwithstanding all these forward circumstances Harry was not discouraged, but kept on in the even tenor of his way, forgotten by one-half of his former acquaintances, and evading the rest of them; dividing his time between the counting-room and the law office.

But to return to the evening before mentioned. For something like half an hour Harry remained seated before the fire, reflecting upon his dark prospects and trying to decide upon some future course of action, when he was aroused from his reverie by a knock at the door.

"Well, what's wanting?" he said, opening the door and recognising one of the servants belonging to the establishment.

"Gentleman below wishes to see you," was the brief reply.

"Very well. You can send him up here," said Harry, thinking it was some one from the office with a bundle of papers for him to copy, as office clerks were the only persons who now found their way to his lodgings. The servant disappeared, but presently returned, followed by an elderly gentleman, who surveyed the room and everything it contained with that quick, searching glance peculiar to the New York merchant.

"Good evening, Mr. Carlton," said Harry, rising. "Had I known it was you I would have gone down. It is quite an undertaking to climb up to my room. But take a seat. What news this evening?"

"News, eh, Archer, my boy?" echoed the other, while he cordially grasped the hand of his young acquaintance; "why, I expect I have got about the most interesting piece of intelligence to communicate you have heard for this many a day."

"That might be the most interesting intelligence I have heard for many a day without being very entertaining," replied Harry, rather gloomily.

"Nonsense, man. This horrible weather has given you the blues, which is not so very strange that I know of; but cheer up, cheer up. 'There's a better time coming,' as the song has it. I hear you were at the counting-room looking for a job this afternoon."

"That is true, sir. My resources are entirely exhausted, and

I find it out of the question to pursue my professional studies any further."

"Hem! Well, that is good news, any way. I wish you had found it impossible to go on with them a good while ago. You are too fine a fellow for a lawyer, upon my word you are. And now, seeing you have cut the acquaintance of law books and business, I must try and find some respectable business for you. How would you like to take a voyage to South America?"

"I should like it above all things; and if you wish me to go, I can be ready at any time upon an hour's notice."

"Good; I like that—I like to see a man able to make up his mind to a thing at once. But you have not learned yet what your business is to be. Perhaps, now, you will not like it."

"You need have no fears on that point, sir. Any business that will take me out of New York and provide me with the necessaries of life will suit me."

"Nonsense again. New York is a good enough place if a man has proper employment. But now listen, and I will tell you what I wish you to go to South America for. I have just chartered a vessel to go round on the western coast of South America after a cargo of Spanish hides. The captain is an old whaleman, and a first-rate sailor; but as he knows nothing of this trade, I must send out a supercargo; and it seemed to me that it would be just the thing for you."

"Mr. Carlton, you have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful," said Harry, warmly. "The situation is exactly to my mind, and I will strive to discharge the duties of it to your entire satisfaction, though, as you are, of course, aware, the business will be new to me."

"Don't worry about that, my boy. I know you for a good accountant, and will risk you. But there is one thing I wish to call your attention to while I think of it; it is this—a wide-awake fellow like you can just as well as not get posted up well enough in a year's voyage to take command of a vessel. And this is what I want you to do, and give up your lawing. There are three times as many lawyers in New York as there is any need of now."

"I have not the least doubt but that the business will suit me; and I should not have any objection to give up a profession that I see no way of becoming proficient in. But I could hardly obtain the command of a vessel if I were every way qualified, for I have not half a dozen friends in the city who have any influence."

"Now just make yourself easy on that point, Mr. Archer. If you find on trial that you like the trade well enough to stick to it, well and good; and I will see that you have a vessel as soon as you think you are competent to ship as master. But I must be going. I promised to meet a man at the Astor at eight, and it lacks but a few moments of that time now. Good night. Call round in the morning, and we will settle any preliminary matters that need looking to."

"There goes the only man who ever took any interest in my welfare," said Harry, as the door closed upon his visitor. "He is the only real friend I have in the city now, though they were thick enough when I used to sport my grays on the avenue; but how they scattered when they found Harry Archer was only a poor law student dependent on a salary, and consequently unable to give game dinners or lend a needy brother five dollars now and then. How I love such friends! and what a grand humbug all pretensions of friendship are, unless the friendship is accompanied by some overt act. Well, thank fortune (or rather thank John Carlton), my prospects are brightening. I may be worth cultivating again in a few years, when I have been to sea awhile and acquired the *polish* a seafaring life gives, and (though that of course will simply be collateral) a hundred thousand dollars or so. Strange what a clever fellow a little of man and a good deal of money will make."

Bitter and sarcastic as Harry's musings would have sounded to anyone who heard them, he was far from being in what he called a bad humor. The little room seemed to grow larger and less cheerless; and as the smoke curled gracefully from his cigar he decided that he was in very good spirits.

He had just arrived at this sage conclusion when a hurried step on the stair announced a new visitor, and the next instant

the door was jerked open and a young man of about his own age, whose free and easy manner and half-sailor costume indicated a genuine son of the ocean, entered.

"Ah! Harry, my dear fellow, how are you?" said the new comer, striding across the apartment and grasping his hand. "Why, I have been looking for you from one end of Gotham to the other, and I had about made up my mind that you were dead, gone to Congress, or met with some other misfortune, when I chanced to learn from John Carlton about ten minutes ago that you kept yourself in this identical six feet of tenement; and I also learned what surprised me still more, and that was that you are going supercargo on our craft next voyage. I mistrusted there was no truth in either statement, so here I am to learn for certain."

"Well, as to the first part, Morrision," replied Harry, laughing, "you see before you a gentleman who has been accustomed to consider himself Harry Archer. And as to going supercargo on your vessel, I am sure I can't say whether I am or not; the most I know about it is, that I agreed to go in such a capacity on a voyage to South America. And now permit me to inquire what in the deuce you are doing here in New York? I thought you were off whaling with my old friend Captain Kimberley."

"You have a wonderful friendly way of wording your questions; but I take into consideration the questioner, and so I will answer you. Yes, sir, I have been whaling, and only got in a few weeks ago. But you see the skipper had been building a vessel, intending her for the South American trade, and all at once he concluded to take command of her himself and give up his old business. I sailed with him as first officer the two last voyages, and had my choice either to continue in the same capacity on the new craft or take command of the whaler. For certain reasons, which you can't fail to observe in good time, I preferred to go one more voyage as mate. And I am here in my own proper person to express the felicity I experience at the thought of having you under my eye for the next year, at all events. Give me a cigar."

"Well, Morrision, I see you have not become exactly a misanthrope yet, and I am glad of it. I was just wishing some good, lively fellow was going to take the voyage with me; but I little thought the wish would be gratified. However, the fates seem disposed to make us chums again, and glad am I."

"Exactly my sentiments, friend Archer. And then, to make the matter still more interesting, you are a great favorite with the old man. I have heard him speak of you a thousand times, and wish you were a sailor instead of a lawyer. Well, everything is arranged just as we could wish it, and if we don't enjoy ourselves, it will be our own fault."

"I did not know that I was a favorite with Captain Kimberley or any one else; if I am, it is encouraging, certainly; but as for enjoying myself, it is so long since I did that I have forgotten how."

"Tut! you have got the blues this evening, Harry; and I do not wonder, cooped up here in this little kennel. And now it just occurs to me that this is rather a strange place to find you in, and what is equally as strange, to find you just on the point of going to sea, when I expected to see you a sage, long-faced lawyer."

"The explanation is very simple, Charley. You must know that six years sometimes makes a great difference in a man's position, and certainly has in mine. When I last saw you, six years ago, I little expected you would find me in my present circumstances when you saw me again. But you see, a short time after you went away, my father failed, and shortly after died, leaving me with no means, and my profession to get. Well, this little room in the attic is not very agreeable for one who has been accustomed to better apartments; but after all poverty is the least of my trials. I have led a curious life for a part of the time since you saw me; but I believe I am a wiser if not a better man."

"Harry, excuse me for speaking as I did. I had no idea of your real condition. I am sorry for you, by George I am; and I suppose I can't tell how bad a fellow does feel to lose a large property, for I never had any to lose; and I am inclined to think that money is more trouble than it's worth, for I have a

thousand dollars laid up for a particular purpose in the savings bank, and it worries me so much for fear the bank will break and I shall lose it, that I have a good mind to take it out and spend it."

"That is sound philosophy, upon my word, Charley; but, after all, there is some reason in what you say," replied Harry, laughing.

"Nothing like taking a rational view of things, Harry. But I must be off. I promised to be back and let Winslow take a turn ashore to-night. Why can't you come and stay with me."

"I will, with all my heart," said Harry, putting on his hat and overcoat; "there are a thousand things I wish to talk with you about; and besides I have some curiosity to see the vessel that is to be my home for a year to come, I suppose."

In a few moments the young men were in the street, wending their way toward one of the many East River piers, where the brig *Annie Clarendon*, Captain Archibald Kimberley, was lying.

CHAPTER II.—THE ANNIE CLARENDON GETS READY FOR SEA.

"Well, Mr. Morrision, I believe we are ready to loose our fore-top-sail in the morning," said Captain Kimberley to his first officer, as the former emerged from his cabin, dressed in his best go-ashores; "we are all ready for a start at last, I believe, and I wish you would have an eye to the boys, and see that they are on hand betimes; for, by the present appearance of things, we shall have a good breeze to start with, and I wish, if possible, to get out with the first tide."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the mate, who was slowly promenading the quarter deck, stopping now and then in his walk to take a professional glance around the horizon. "Aye, aye, sir! everybody and everything shall be in their places in good time. I saw all the boys less than an hour since, and told them to be on board by midnight, at the furthest; and as I left Mr. Winslow with them, I think he will refresh their memories, if necessary."

"All right, then; that's got along with. But I say, Charley, what do you think of our new supercargo, eh?"

"He is an old friend of mine, as you know, and of course I am glad he is going with us; still I can't help thinking it was rather a queer move on the part of John Carlton sending him. Harry is a fellow of fine parts; but how he has learned anything of this business in a law-shop, is a trifle beyond my reckoning."

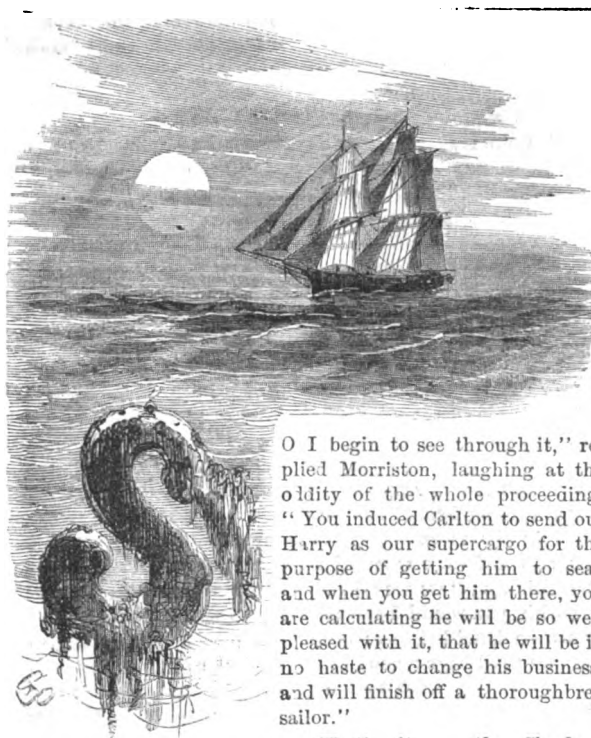
"Ha, ha, ha! You don't understand the affair at all. I see; but it aint everybody that can see through old Arch. Kimberley; oh, no, not by a considerable!"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Exactly, you don't understand me; so I will explain myself. As you said just now, Harry is a fellow of fine parts, and there's a plenty of material in him for an A No. 1 sailor; but it just seems as though the fates had conspired to spile that boy; for the first I knew after he was fairly weaned, he was reading law—a most disreputable business, Mr. Morrision; and the next thing I heard he was scribbling nonsense for the papers. Now, I never had the first sign of an objection to a fellow's springing a yarn now and then, while he is standing dog watch in warm latitudes; but to think of spending one's time in writing out such stuff and having it printed! But Providence has at last interfered. Harry's father lost his property and then slipped his cable, and the youngster found he must do something for a living. I kept my eye on him, and when I thought he had arrived at about the proper state of mind, I says to John Carlton, says I: 'John, there's a certain chap of my acquaintance for whom I have a mind to do a good turn.' John wants to know who it is, of course; so I inform him."

"Oh, bless your soul, captain, I know Harry Archer like a book," says John; "he has been in my counting-room a good deal the year past."

"Very good," says I; "now, you see, I wish to make a man of this same Harry, and the first thing to be done, you know, is to get him into respectable business; so I want you to tell him that you are in want of a supercargo to go with me to South America after those hides, and the wages you can charge to my account."



O I begin to see through it," replied Morriston, laughing at the oddity of the whole proceeding. "You induced Carlton to send out Harry as our supercargo for the purpose of getting him to sea; and when you get him there, you are calculating he will be so well pleased with it, that he will be in no haste to change his business, and will finish off a thoroughbred sailor."

"That's it, exactly, Charley; for you see I feel a great interest in that boy. His father was one of my earliest and best friends, and I have had my eye on Harry ever since he was three feet high, and I know he is a real, natural sailor, and of course you know he will get over all his ashore notions by the time he has crossed the line once or twice."

"Of course," repeated the mate, who was very willing to humor the good old captain's whims, although they were not unfrequently, as in the present case, rather laughable. "Harry has made up his mind deliberately and decidedly to follow the sea for the future, and he is not the fellow to do anything out of character; and here he comes."

"That's a fact," replied the captain, as he turned round and recognized the subject of their late conversation, hurrying along the dock, carrying in his hand a small carpet-bag, and wearing the ordinary costume of a sailor before the mast.

"New rigged fore-and-aft," said the captain deliberately, as the supercargo made his appearance on deck. "Harry, well you look better, 'pon my word you do."

"Why, you see, captain," replied Harry, laughing, "I have concluded to follow the sea for the future, and very naturally I wish to learn the duties of my new profession practically; so I came prepared to do so."

"That's right; I approve of that idea; but I declare, boys, I must be going. I promised to be at home by eight o'clock, and it is half-past seven now; and that just reminds me, Charley, of something I wished to tell you, and came near forgetting it. Annie will go with us this voyage; her uncle is mighty anxious for her to pass the winter with him in Tumbex, and she is so set on going that I have been obliged to give my consent in self-defence. You know these women, when they get their little heads set in any particular direction, they will talk you crazy—absolutely crazy, boys—unless you let them have their way, and for that reason, do you follow my example and never marry."

Mr. Morriston affected considerable surprise at the captain's announcement, and the latter continued:

"It is rather a queer idea of Annie's; but, as I just said, girls will have their way. But bless my soul! I must be off, or I shall get a regular overhauling for being late to tea. Good evening, boys; take care of yourselves, and mind Harry, and don't let any dishonest scamp steal the anchor while I am away."

"Good evening;" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Certainly not!" were

among the various answers that followed the captain as he went over the side, and presently after disappeared amid the bales, boxes and other encumbrances which usually obstruct the narrow streets that terminate at any of the East River piers, leaving the two young men alone.

"My old friend, the captain, seems in fine spirits," remarked Harry Archer, after a brief silence on both sides, "which can be accounted for, I suppose, when we take into consideration the news he has just communicated relative to his niece's intention of accompanying him this voyage; he almost idolizes that girl, and with good reason, I suppose; for I remember her as very pretty and accomplished, and I have frequently heard her mentioned of late as one of the up-town belles, which is very remarkable when she is understood to be the heiress to Arch. Kimberley's hundred thousand."

"That is not her only attraction," Morriston said, rather hastily. "I tell you, Harry, she is an angel, if ever there was one on earth. You haven't seen her lately, have you?"

"Not I. What business has a poor devil like me to thrust himself upon the society of such women as Annie Clarendon?"

"As good a right as any one for aught I know; but I thought you could not have seen her very lately, for if you had you would certainly have fallen in love with her."

"Which means that you are most hopelessly smitten," replied the supercargo, with a malicious smile. "Well, that's natural enough; but look out, Charley, and withdraw your suit in time. Ladies like Miss Annie, who are understood to stand a chance of inheriting such a fortune as our old friend, the captain, will have to leave by and by, do not generally see anything particularly interesting in fellows like you and I, who are obliged to work for a living if we have one. As for love, that is one of the humbugs of the present day; love of self and love of money pretty nearly comprises this so-called passion that sentimental boys and pretty little boarding-school misses talk about, for want of a more rational topic of conversation."

"I have observed lately that you were rather sceptical on the subject; but I, for certain good reasons, think differently. I suppose I can make a confidant of you now, just as I used to when we were at college?"

"Certainly," replied Archer, laughing; "I see you are hopelessly smitten. So if you will just pass me a cigar, I will hear your confession with great pleasure. Tell the whole of it; it will make a first-rate scene for my next story."

"Go to Guinea with your cigar; I want your undivided attention for a few moments, as the minister says; for I need a little assistance, which I expect you to render."

"Assist you all in my power, Charley; lay plots, carry notes, shoot a rival, or do any other little neighborly kindness."

"Thank you; but I have no occasion for that kind of assistance; for Annie and I are engaged, and have been, for the last two years."

"The deuce you are! But after all, that amounts to nothing, Charley."

"Time will determine that, Harry; and I, for one, have no fears on the subject."

"Well, I hope you will not be disappointed, for if you are not I shall have to admit that you are a lucky fellow."

"You may well say that, for there is not another such girl in the world; why, she is a perfect little angel, and I would lay down my life for her, just as freely as I would divide my last dollar with a sick shipmate. But the captain does not even suspect the true state of affairs; and I don't mean he shall until I have a ship of my own, and then I can ask for her hand with some hope of success. At all events, I will never ask her to take my name until I am able to support her in the same style she has been accustomed to; would you, Harry?"

"No, I think I should not, unless I had a mind to try 'love in a cottage.' But pray tell me what part I am to act in this drama; for, it strikes me, that according to your version, you do not require any assistance at all."

"But I do; and I will tell you the services I wish at your hands. You know it would be hard for a fellow to cruise half way round the world with his sweetheart, and never have a chance to chat with her; so I wish you, Harry, to keep the skipper busy when it is my watch below, and give me fair play



THE STORM

well-varnished boots, and in the cabin. You understand what I mean; get him interested in talking for instance, so that he won't be keeping his weather eye on me all the time. Do you see the part you are to play now?"

"I should be dull if I did not," said Archer, laughing heartily; "I think I fully understand the complicated part I am to act; and I think I may safely promise to interest the skipper whenever you wish to chat with your lady love."

"All right, maty; and when you wish a similar favor, call on me."

"Yes, when I wish a similar favor I will; but that will be a long while from this date."

By this time the crew and Mr. Winslow, the second mate, made their appearance, all perfectly sober; and Mr. Morriston having seen every thing properly arranged for the night, told the men to "turn in" and be ready for an early start, and then went below himself, followed by Harry Archer and Mr. Wins-

low, leaving the deck in charge of the "anchor watch."

But while these events were transpiring on board the brig, Captain Kimberley was cruising up Broadway in the direction of Washington square, near which was a fine residence that called him master. Captain Kimberley was a tall and, twenty years before he had been, a well-proportioned man; but of late years he had become excessively round, and verily looked like "two single gentlemen rolled into one," as he worked his way along, stopping at every other crossing to puff like a porpoise, and wipe away the perspiration that stood in large drops on his forehead.

Captain Kimberley had never married, but there was a tradition to the effect that once upon a time, long before railroads and Atlantic telegraphs were thought of, his heart had been stolen by a certain rustic beauty of his native village; but the maiden would not give the worthy young sailor a heart in return, having become favorably impressed with a youth who wore very tight



PICKING UP THE COOK

stood behind the counter of the "store," measuring off tape and ribbon for the dames and maidens, and bewitching them with his superior manners. Such was the story; but when the captain was questioned as to its truth, he was wont to laughingly declare he had never thought of marrying in his life, and certainly could never have been interested for an instant in a girl who would throw herself away upon a lubberly rope-seller, who didn't know the weather shrouds from the topsail haul-yards.

Whether or not this gossip was true I can't pretend to say; but certain it is that the old sailor's heart had for long years been a sealed book to all the gentle sex with the one exception of his orphan niece, and upon her was expended that wealth of affection which, if it had once been seared, had never been offered to another, but cherished for her—the orphan child of his only sister.

When but five years of age, death had left little Annie Clarendon with no other guardian than her uncle; but that was sufficient, for nobly had he discharged the duties of his self-imposed guardianship; and as the little one grew in years and began to give evidence of a quick, if not brilliant intellect, and an affectionate heart, which gave a daughter's love to her kind relative, he felt more than repaid, and I think was quite excusable in feeling a little proud of her at a later period, when it became a common remark in the brilliant circle to which her uncle's wealth and her own winning ways gave her access, "that Annie Clarendon was too beautiful for a rival, and too lovable for less fortunate persons to envy."

Annie had one other uncle, a brother of her father's, who for a series of years previous to the opening of our story had resided in Tumbez, South America, and for some time immediately preceding the period of which we are speaking, he had been urging her to pass at least one winter with him in the "Sunny South," an invitation which the girl had ever been anxious to accept—in the first place that she might become acquainted with her relatives, whom she but dimly remembered; and in the second place, because she, like many other young ladies, was a little adventurous, and was conscious of possessing a strong passion for seeing the world.

For a long time, however, Captain Kimberley would not listen to the proposal at all. Annie, he used to say, "had got to be educated," and further, he would no sooner trust her to take such a voyage, unless under his own eye, than he would trust his brig off Cape Horn in a gale with all sail set. But both these objections were now removed. Annie, in the modern acceptance of the term, had completed her education, and the captain was going round on the western coast of South America himself; consequently it was not a very difficult task for the niece to persuade him to let her accompany him.

Having thus briefly introduced a few of our leading characters, we beg permission to accompany our readers back to the little brig, where we shall be joined presently by the captain and his young relative; and we shall then be in readiness to take a cruise with them.

CHAPTER III.—"ALL HANDS UP ANCHOR."

THE great city had not yet awakened to its every day humdrum life when the Annie Clarendon got clear of the ground and stood out to sea. It was a beautiful Indian summer morning, and as the sun had not yet made its appearance in the east, the atmosphere had that dull smoky appearance peculiar to the season; but at that particular hour, the haziness was materially increased by the clouds of black vapor that had just begun to roll up from the thousand chimneys on shore, and from the blackened pipes of the steamers that every few moments came puffing by, sending forth their hot breath like some huge sea monster, weary with its night's work. The streets of the city were empty, with the exception of here and there a hackman could be seen urging his lazy nag over the pavement, or an early-rising porter could be seen taking down the heavy window blinds, and dusting out the counting-room preparatory to the business of the day. But on board the brig all was life and animation; and as one after another of her white sails were unfurled and sheeted home, she seemed to awaken from her nap, and to understand what was expected of her, as she started

slowly forward, until she began to feel the influence of the propelling power; and then careening gracefully over from the wind she dashed merrily away. The crew, fresh and vigorous from a land cruise, were all in fine spirits, and gaily sounded their "ho, he, yoo," keeping regular time to the strokes of the windlass brake, as the anchor rose through water, and thus severing the last visible link that bound them to the shore of their native land.

The city was fast disappearing below the horizon, leaving only here and there a conspicuous object, like the tower of old Trinity, to mark its site; when Annie, after a pleasant and refreshing slumber, awoke. At first, it was difficult to realize where she was; but the unsteady motion of the vessel, as she pitched gracefully over the ground swell, told her that she was really at sea. The hurried tramp on deck, the rattling of the cable as it was being sent below, the creaking of the yards as they were braced round—however familiar to the ears of a person who has once seen blue water, were all strange sounds to Annie; but well pleased with the novelty of her situation, she prepared to visit the deck. Very charming was Annie in Mr. Morrison's estimation, at least when she appeared in the companion-way, that morning, arrayed in a plain morning dress, confined at the waist by a cord and tassel, giving her costume an air of graceful negligence that the mate imagined to be perfectly bewitching. A broad hat, coquettishly fastened on the back of her head, protected her snowy neck from the too familiar rays of the sun; and thus attired, Annie stepped on deck.

"Good morning, niece," said the captain, advancing to meet her. "You are on deck in good time, but a little too late to take a last look at the old city, unless you feel disposed to go aloft, and use a spy-glass."

"Oh! uncle, I am sorry; I was very anxious to be up when we started."

"Well, it can't be helped now, child. I should have called you, only I thought best to let you sleep, you were up so late last night. But you will have enough of the sea before we make Tumbez. I expect you will be more anxious to see land than ever you were to see a new bonnet, before three weeks are past."

"Do not be too sure of that, sir. I should not wonder at all if I should conclude to follow the sea in future. It would be real romantic to turn sailor, and remember, if I do I shall expect you to give me the situation of first officer on this beautiful vessel, that you have been so complimentary as to call by my name."

"Complimentary to the craft, I suppose you mean; but girls will be a little vain, sometimes, and we have to get along with it the best way we can; but after all, if any man should name his ship Annie Clarendon, I should think he was paying it a very high compliment. I—"

"Hush! hush!" said Annie, laying her dainty little hand over his mouth. "You are getting to be a flatterer. I do not believe that in your heart you think any such thing."

"Why don't you come to breakfast, captain, it's been waitin' this half hour," sung out the black steward, who was rather a privileged person on board, and consequently sometimes dispensed with etiquette in addressing his officers.

"It shan't wait another minit, Dick. I am in fine condition to pay good attention to your cookery, this morning; and I heard Mr. Morrison complaining of an empty stomach, an hour ago, so pass the word to him and Mr. Archer. Come, Annie, let us see what there is eatable below."

In a few moments the cabin mess were seated at the table paying their respects to the good cheer that Dick had taken extra pains to serve up that morning in honor of the brig's lady, as he styled Annie.

Harry Archer remembering his promise to Morrison, presently engaged the captain in a spirited conversation, that answered the two-fold purpose of leading him to suppose his supercargo was engaged heart and soul in learning his new profession, and it also took his attention from the lovers, and left them to employ the time in their own way.

Harry was very willing to help his friend along in his love affairs by keeping the captain engaged in something else besides watching him; still it must be confessed that he set the

mate down as rather wanting aloft, to allow himself to be duped by a heartless coquette, for notwithstanding the explanation Charley had made, he firmly believed Annie was but amusing herself at the expense of his friend, and would be quite ready to cast him off when a more dashing lover presented himself.

Harry remembered when his company was eagerly sought for, in all the fashionable gatherings in his neighborhood; and he also remembered, that when by a reverse of fortune, he was forced to depend upon his own efforts for a livelihood, very many of these quondam friends passed by "on the other side." He called to mind a certain proud beauty, who in days gone by did not blush to receive him as her acknowledged lover; and when he declared his love, and solicited hers in return, she pledged him her heart and hand; and he thought her sincere, for he judged her by himself; and very likely she had the same opinion, for she had not taken the trouble to investigate her heart. A year from that time he was a poor student, with no prospect but to work himself into notice, unaided, except by his own talents, if he could, and if not, then turn his attention to some other employment, less honorable in the estimation of the world, but more profitable to one who could not exist on the world's good opinion. A few days after the change in his prospects became known, he chanced to meet his affianced bride at a social gathering, but a cool inclination of the head was the only mark of recognition she deigned to bestow on her now penniless lover. From that moment Harry lost all confidence in the sincerity of woman. He believed his former lady love to have been the most perfect person in the world, and if she would deceive him, of course any one else would, if placed in similar circumstances. Friendship he believed to be mainly founded in selfishness, and as for love, that was an imaginary something that authors invented, and used as a kind of foundation upon which to build their romance, for if there was really any such thing it would surely outlive a simple reverse of fortune, if it possessed the magic power ascribed to it by novelists. But his experience had told a different story, so he set that down as another fashionable humbug.

Thus reasoned Harry Archer, naturally, perhaps; but certainly unjustly. It is true that in our large cities there is a kind of would-be aristocracy that is tolerated in the vestibules of refined circles for wealth alone, and as money was the only consideration that purchased for them a place in the upper ten, it is natural for them to look upon every one who becomes reduced in circumstances, as having lost their passport to good society. But with the truly genteel, a very different notion prevails: the social standing of a person is not to be estimated by the amount of railroad stock they possess, or by the readiness with which they can get their notes discounted; but by that unbending honor, real refinement and true politeness that alone admits a person to the true and the only aristocracy of our country. In his brighter days, Harry had not only been acquainted with Annie Clarendon, but was one of her most intimate friends; but when one after another of his former associates began to avoid him, he concluded that all would eventually follow, and as he was too proud to court the friendship of any one, he foolishly withdrew from all society; resolving to live unknown until the talents he believed he possessed would enable him to return to the position he had always occupied, but which he now considered he had voluntarily abandoned.

It would have been difficult to form an opinion of Annie Clarendon's character so totally without foundation, as the one cherished in the distorted mind of Harry Archer. Among her many friends none stood before him in her estimation and for his talents she had the most unbounded respect. Consequently she was not a little surprised when he suddenly discontinued his visits, without a word of explanation, and for two years prior to the opening of our story she had neither seen nor heard from him. Supposing he had left the city for some foreign country, she was agreeably surprised to learn that he was engaged on board her uncle's vessel, and pleased with the prospect of again renewing his acquaintance. She met him with the same cordial smile that she would have welcomed any friend, but the studied politeness with which he returned her

greeting told her that he was changed; but how or why she hardly knew.

The truth was, that the course of life Harry had followed could not have been expected to produce different results from what it did. By brooding over his misfortunes, he magnified them; and by withdrawing from all communion with the world, his nature, once open and generous, had become deeply tinctured with misanthropy. He had lost all confidence in the truthfulness of woman (or imagined he had); all of them were like Sophia Clifford, his former lady love, and therefore it was much better to avoid all intimacies with them. So he chatted with the captain, well content to let his friend monopolize the whole attention of his fair neighbor, if he pleased; wondering withal how Charley would take it when Annie skipped him for some one who was more to her fancy.

Captain Kimberley had swallowed two cups of Dick's best coffee, and answered as many scores of Harry's questions, when calling for another cup of the fragrant beverage, and clearing his throat with one or two ahems (his signal for speaking), he turned suddenly towards Morrision and began:

"I suppose, Charley, it's no more than fair to give you notice that in all probability you will have to hunt up another berth, after this voyage, for you see, ahem! I have just the same as engaged a first officer, who will sign articles next cruise."

The mate dropped his knife in dismay, and looked at his commander for an explanation, but he quietly sipped his coffee with an air that convinced Morrision that he must gain the wished-for information by direct questioning, and as he felt quite certain that his love affair was at the bottom of it, it was not strange that he should hesitate about speaking.

"Why, you see," said the captain, after enjoying his officer's uneasiness, for some little time; "you see, Charley, Annie here has taken such a fancy to our business that she has concluded to turn sailor, and has made me promise to give her the berth of first mate. I shall be sorry to part with you; deuced sorry, but it won't do to refuse a lady, you know."

Annie laughed, and Morrision relieved of all apprehension, at once responded:

"If that is all, captain, I will resign, and go into the fore-castle, whenever Miss Annie feels disposed to take charge of my watch. I would not, on any account stand in the way a moment, when you have a chance to obtain an officer so much my superior."

"Oh! Charley, uncle has not told the story quite as it was. I mean—"

"There, don't try to explain. You will only make matters worse," said the captain, interrupting her. "Charley can find a situation anywhere; and I think he has shown himself wise by accommodating to circumstances; there is no use in trying to withstand a woman. I always said they will have their own way."

"And particularly when they like nice clerks better than sailors," said Annie, alluding to the captain's old heart difficulty.

"Hold your tongue, or I will send you to the gangway," replied the captain, laughing. "If that's the way you are going to treat me, reading off all the private entries in my log-book before the company, why, I shall look out, that's all. I wonder, miss, if it ever occurred to you that young gentlemen like me hate awfully to have their old matters fished up?"

"No; I never dreamed of such a thing," said Annie, demurely.

"Then you are quite too indiscreet to be in the cabin mess. So we shall have to send you into the fore-castle; and come to think of it, you ought to go a cruise or two before the mast, for I don't believe in having officers coming in at the cabin windows. But I think on the whole, you might as well stay where you are, for the present. After we see how you navigate when the wind freshens, we can tell better what kind of a berth it will do to give you."

"So you are going to doubt my ability on the start, are you?"

"Oh! we don't doubt you in the least, miss; but come, Mr. Morrision, do worry down that coffee, and then relieve Mr.



ARRIVAL AT TUMBEZ RIVER.

Winslow; it makes me nervous to see his hungry face staring at us through the sky-light."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Morriston, hurrying to the deck, where he communicated to Mr. Winslow the welcome intelligence that breakfast was ready, and then walked aft, where he

was presently joined by Harry Archer.

"Unaccountable; how long it takes a young fellow to finish his rations when he's yard-arm and yard-arm with a pretty woman," growled the old sea dog, as he shuffled down the companion way, and without more ado seated himself comfortably at the table and prepared to make up for lost time.

CHAPTER IV.—SHOWING HOW THE WIND FRESHENED, AND WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES WERE.

THE first three weeks of the voyage passed rapidly and pleasantly away, without any remarkable event to break the monotony that had begun to grow rather tiresome, and for the last few days the good breeze with which they had been favored most of the time died away and left them almost becalmed near the equator, where such an event was anything but agreeable.

There are few circumstances perhaps more patience trying than a calm at sea. To remain for days almost motionless on the surface of the water, with scarcely a breath of air to cool the heated atmosphere; your vessel pitching lazily over the heavy ground swell, occasionally wafted forward for a moment by a little puff of wind, and then the sails which were momentarily distended flap idly against the spars, and the sleepy men who had started up when they felt the welcome breeze fan their bronzed cheeks sauntered back when it died away, and again stretching themselves beneath the awning, striving to keep one eye open, while some old tar relates with solemn face one of those incomprehensible yarns with which old sailors love to astonish the uninitiated.

Although the greater part of the Annie Clarendon's crew most earnestly wished for a change in the weather, there were at least two on board who would have been well contented for matters to remain as they were for some time longer, in other words, the lovers were in no particular hurry for the voyage to terminate. But the three weeks that had already passed had been well improved by Harry, as well as Morriston, although

their pursuits had been of a different nature. The novelty and excitement of life on shipboard was just what Harry needed to rouse him from the gloomy lethargy into which he had fallen. The natural easy good humor of his disposition returned in a measure; and this, together with the wish he evinced to make himself familiar with all the duties of a practical seaman, not only secured the good opinion of the captain, but of every one on board. The duties of his berth did not of course require him to have anything to do with working the vessel, but he disliked being idle; and besides, he made it a point never to let an opportunity for acquiring knowledge that might be of use to him at some future time pass by unimproved. So he took his place in the larboard watch, and, unless otherwise engaged, turned out when the others did; and the readiness with which he gained a passable knowledge of nautical technicalities raised him high in the estimation of Mr. Winslow, the second mate, who often declared to his brother officers in a confidential way, that Harry was as different from the common run of supercargoes as a seventy-four was from a Quaker meeting-house.

Circumstances, too, had placed him much in the society of Miss Clarendon, and little by little the prejudice he had against her, in common with all other ladies of fortune, passed away; and before two weeks had gone, he was surprised to find himself occupying the same place in her confidence and regard that he had held in former times. Indeed, it was as Morriston said; no one could be acquainted with Annie Clarendon without loving her; not that we mean to intimate that Harry had at this late hour fallen in love, as they say, with a lady he had been acquainted with ever since he was a child, and had never regarded as anything but a friend. But Annie possessed that rare sweetness of disposition, unalloyed by art or affectation, that so quickly banishes suspicion from the mind, and at once awakens all the finer feelings of our nature.

Harry sometimes surprised himself mentally congratulating his friend upon his success in gaining the affections of one who appeared all that was lovable and truthful, and he was almost tempted to believe that there were some of the fair sex who were worthy of confidence. But then the memory of Sophia Clifford would flit across his mind, and in an instant all his old feelings of scepticism and distrust were in the ascendant; and all ideas of a more rational nature were banished for the time being. Annie, he at last admitted to himself, was rather nearer perfection than the generality of mortals, but in his opinion she was without a parallel, and consequently that was no argument against his theory. "One swallow never made a summer," he repeated to himself during one of his reveries; but he forgot the reason that induced him to imagine the whole female sex frivolous and faithless was founded in the

wayward conduct of one heartless New York belle, whose only attractions were her personal beauty and her social standing; for her intellectual acquirements consisted in being able to entertain a company gracefully, talk for ever about nothing, or go into the most approved ecstasies over the beauties of an ordinary moonlight night. But to return to the brig:

The 10th of October found the *Annie Clarendon* still becalmed under the equator, and although signs of a storm had been anxiously looked for several days, as yet nothing indicated a change of weather. The gallant little brig continued to pitch lazily over the seas, and the crew, overcome by the languor that always pervades the system in these warm latitudes, lay scattered about on the deck or in the tops, enjoying the cool evening breeze, that since sunset had begun to come in fitful gusts, and gradually freshened into a good wind.

Captain Kimberley, who had been prevented by the heat from taking his usual mid-day nap, was now snoring in the cabin, while Mr. Morriston, with Annie at his side, was quietly promenading the quarterdeck; quietly we say, and so they were; for although they talked incessantly, their conversation was carried on in a voice so low that even the man at the wheel failed to distinguish a word, though they frequently paused quite near him; while the mate glanced at the compass in the binnacle, and then turned his eye aloft to notice how the sails drew, that were now filled and the brig moving along at the rate of five or six knots an hour. Mr. Winslow, the only one on board who appeared to think it worth while to pay much attention to the vessel, was comfortably seated on the foretop-gallant crossrees, where a few moments before he had been joined by Harry Archer.

"Well, this is a fine night," said Harry, after glancing round for a moment; "a very fine night, and this breeze is wonderfully refreshing to one who has been scorching in the sun all day."

"You will see a breeze as is a breeze, one that will take your shoestrings out, before eight bells," answered Mr. Winslow, rather gravely.

"Well, let it come. I for one am tired of this still weather, and I would like right well to see it pipe up pretty strong; though there is Morriston, who would not care if it didn't blow again in a month, I suppose."

"If you want to see it blow, Harry, you will have a chance before long. You see that little cloud out there; well, I don't like the looks of it at all. I remember being out in a regular old-fashioned one, in just about this latitude, once. It came upon us without a minit's warnin', as you might say, and laid us on our beam ends before you could count two and a half."

"Why, Mr. Winslow, I have seen ever so many clouds within the last twenty-four hours that looked more threatening than that, and they did not have a breath of air in them."

"We shall see; we shall see. But if it don't trouble you to pass an earring before the next half hour, I will never guess again. Do you mind how that little cloud has walked over the sky while we have been talking?"

"I see it has, but the wind has all died away, and we shall be becalmed again, presently, Mr. Winslow," said Harry as the topgallant sail flapped back against the spar.

"Becalmed in a hurricane, though; and it just occurred to me that we might as well scramble down; for unless some of these kites come in pretty soon, we shall be turn-in-turtle, and Mr. Morriston don't seem to see anything but that gal to-night; guess he means to take her in tow sometime, don't he, Harry?"

"Shouldn't wonder if he did," said

Archer, as he placed his foot on the ratlin of the weather shrouds, and prepared to follow Winslow to the deck.

The mate had been more watchful than his brother officer supposed, for notwithstanding he appeared to be thinking only of his fair companion, it was evident from the glances he cast to the windward now and then, that he was not quite satisfied with the appearance of things in that quarter, although he did not apprehend any immediate danger until the sudden calm warned him of the near approach of the tempest. That roused him, and at the very moment Mr. Winslow set foot on deck, he was striding toward the companion-way to give the captain a call; but that was unnecessary, for the change in the motion of the vessel had already aroused him.

"What's to pay, now, Mr. Morriston?" he said, as soon as he reached the deck.

"I think we are going to have a pretty hard squall, sir; hadn't we better shorten sail."

"I should think we had, and it will be a good idea to be kind o' lively about it too. Annie, go below instantly, but don't be scared; not the least danger in the world. All hands, take in sail," he shouted as the black mass of clouds, now seeming to extend over the whole western horizon, began to move towards them with fearful velocity, and at the same moment a dull, sullen roar was heard that every instant grew more loud and awful, until the tempest, howling and shrieking like an angry demon, burst upon them. The crew, to a man, had sprung to obey the first order, but they remained half way up the shrouds, clinging for life to anything that offered a substantial hold; while the tall spars writhed like reeds, and the gallant brig careened over, and remained for a moment on a perfect poise, with the end of her mainyard in the water. It was a moment of awful suspense, not a word was spoken, and hardly a breath was drawn; every one momentarily expected to see her lose her nice balance, and capsize. The rain and hail descended in such perfect torrents that it was actually impossible to move, until the first gust had in a measure spent itself; but fortunately, it lulled almost as quickly as it had risen, and as soon as the vessel felt itself relieved from the tremendous pressure aloft, she righted, and in another moment was going off before the wind with the velocity of an arrow.

As the wind lulled, the men sprung for their lives, for they well knew that life now depended on their promptness; Captain



GOING UP THE TUMBEZ RIVER.

Kimberley instantly ordered the sheets to be hauled close aft, and the helm put down; this was done, and the brig gallantly rounded to, and came up into the wind's eye; and as she came round, halyards were cast off, and the upper yards came rattling down to the caps; tacks and sheets went by the run; up went the courses and in went the light sails; and in a few moments she was safely lying to under her foretopmast and mainstay sails.

This had not been accomplished any too soon, for scarcely had the last sail been properly secured, when the whirlwind again burst upon them, but all was now comparatively safe; and as the wind whistled through the rigging, and the lightning flashed through the darkness, the helm was lashed to the leeward, and the crew gathered under the lee of the weather bulwarks, and listened to the raging storm with something like satisfaction.

"Well, Harry, what's your private opinion about being becalmed?" said Mr. Winslow, who had securely braced himself.

"I think, sir, we have got what you predicted; a regular old-fashioned one. Good gracious! how the rain pours down; and a fellow has to hold on with both hands to prevent being blown away."

"That's about what I think," remarked a tall Long Islander who registered the name of Jonathan Dogberry, who just at that moment appeared to have conceived an unusual affection for the foremast. "It's my opinion, Mr. Winslow, that it's piping up a leetle stronger than common, in this part of the world."

"Nonsense, you lubber; stow yourself away under the bulwarks, and don't stand there holdin' up the foremast," growled the second mate, who would never admit that any gales they encountered were a circumstance to some he had witnessed off East Cape, and as he was the only man on board who had cruised in that part of the world, he was allowed to ride his favorite hobby unmolested; although some of the old salts occasionally suggested that he was getting his yarns up a leetle steep. But on the present occasion, the silence that followed his injunction to Dogberry seemed an intimation to proceed, so after glancing round upon the group that could be distinguished when the lightning played above their heads, he continued:

"I hope, boys, you don't think this bit of a breeze anything to speak of. Now I remember once when I was cruising in a man-of-war, off East Cape, we met with an accident that I will relate, just to show the power of the wind, when it sets out to show what it can do. You see we were standin' along one day with all sail set, even to rawyal stunsails, which is always dangerous there; but the old man was awfully set in his way, particularly after he had been splicin' the main brace, and wouldn't listen to reason. Well, as I was sayin', we were standin' along, when all at once one of those things they call typhoons came upon us, just as a shark grabs a chunk of pork; and the old craft turns a complete somerset and came up all right, without doin' any damage, except we lost Old Chips, the carpenter, who didn't mind what he was about, and so got washed overboard."

"Hold on, Mr. Winslow, that's a little too tough," said Morriston, laughing. "Every time you spin a yarn about East Cape, you leave the last one a long ways astern. I would just like to see how big a yarn you could get off, giving you a fair chance."

"You call that an onpalpable yarn, Mr. Morriston? Well, I must say that I am surprised."

"So am I," said Harry; "it looks perfectly philosophical to me."

"In course it does, Harry; and so it would to Mr. Morriston, if he had been to sea as long as I have."

"Perhaps it would," answered the mate, "but by the by, Mr. Winslow, did you ever happen to fall on with the Flying Dutchman in any of your voyages? I have heard that he was usually found in the part of the world you have been speaking of."

"I never did but once, and that was some twenty years ago, when I was before the mast, and ——"

"Sail ho! sail ho!" shouted the look-out on the forecastle.

"Where away? where-away?" said both officers in a breath.

"About a point on our starboard bow, sir."

"I make her out," said Morriston, stepping forward. "It's a little fore-and-aft, with all sail set; and coming down this way like the wind; she will be turning a somerset like that craft of yours, Mr. Winslow, unless they mind what they are about."

The situation of the strange schooner was indeed critical. She was a small but heavily sparred craft, with a spread of canvas seemingly sufficient to drive a vessel of twice her size; and it was evident from the appearance of things, that for some reason her commander had resolved to carry sail, let the consequences be what they might; and it was equally apparent that the tremendous pressure aloft would soon capsize her, or else her tall raking spars must go by the board. The excitement was beginning to be intense, but it was destined to be of short duration; for five minutes had hardly elapsed from the time when she was first seen by the look-out when they saw her foretopmast go over the side, and the gaff-topsail come down by the run.

"That's what I was expecting," said Captain Kimberley, gazing towards their unfortunate neighbor. "But why the deuce don't they bring their craft into the wind? If they don't they won't have a stick in her in five minutes."

"The skipper spliced the main brace most too often last watch, to know where he's bound, I think," answered the mate.

"Well, he's bound to Davy Jones's as sure as can be," muttered Mr. Winslow. "There he goes!" he continued, as the schooner's jibstay parted, and the sail was whistled from its fastenings; "the old Harry will be to pay now, boys."

Mr. Winslow's fears were soon realized; for the schooner having now nothing to steady her forward, as a matter of course, broached to, and the next gust laid her on her beam-ends. A moment more, and the weather shrouds parted, and the mainmast, with all its spread of canvas, went by the board.

The schooner then righted; and as her hull was still uninjured, her situation would have been actually less critical than it was before the accident, but for the heavy spar that was still dragging by the lee shrouds, that no one seemed to think to cut away and relieve her; and to make matters infinitely worse, the vessel presently swung round, and by some means the spar was brought to the windward, where every sea dashed it with fearful violence against her side. It was very clear that she could hold out against those shocks but a short time, and as she had now drifted near the brig, the crew of the latter had no difficulty in seeing that, unless they exerted themselves promptly, the crew of the schooner would certainly be lost.

"Clear away the life boat; Mr. Morriston," shouted the captain, waving his hand. "We must get aboard of that fellow, if it can be done, or else Davy Jones will have the whole lot of them; their boats seem to be gone, and with that confounded battering ram hammering at her side, she could not stand it long, if she were made of solid iron."

The mate did not require urging in a case like this; every thought of personal danger was banished in his anxiety to relieve his distressed neighbor; and with this incentive to action, he hurried forward, and being seconded by other spirits as fearless and generous as his own, the metallic lifeboat (a convenience that few vessels were furnished with at that time) was safely lowered away; and accompanied by Harry Archer and three stout seamen, the mate left the brig's side and pulled towards the schooner. But it was a voyage of no ordinary peril, with such a gale blowing it would have been certain destruction for them to attempt to approach from the windward, and to approach from the leeward required no trifling amount of skill and patience; but none of the little band were lacking in these particulars, and after a long struggle with the elements, they succeeded in bringing their boat under the lee of the schooner.

"Well, maty, you seem to have been roughly handled," said Morriston, as he gained the deck, and generously forbearing to make any allusion to the mismanagement to which they owed their misfortune.

"Aye, aye," answered the officer of the deck, "we have been roughly handled; there goes that spar again; and I declare, I believe it stove us this time."

"It has," said Morriston, leaning over the bulwarks; "it passed right through the side, just abaft the bends: and has left an ugly hole there. You would be in a bad fix now if it wasn't for our craft. Captain Kimberley thought you could not hold out long in your present situation."

"Is that vessel commanded by Captain Kimberley, of New York?" said a tall gentlemanly-looking personage, from the companion-way.

"Yes, sir," replied the mate, looking round in some surprise.

"Then I presume I address Mr. Morriston?" continued the stranger, advancing to meet him. "I am happy to see you again, independent of the great service I expect at your hands."

"De la Moza! as sure as I live; but how, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you happen to drift off into these latitudes?"

"Haven't time to explain just now; for I presume it will be expedient to lose no time in changing our quarters; we have some more of your friends on board: Mr. Seymour and his daughter."

"Is it possible? well, thank heaven we have been able to come to your assistance. But we must be doing. Get your friends on deck, and say to Miss Ada, for me, that she can calculate on being in a vessel that stands right side up in the course of half an hour."

No more time was wasted in words. In a few moments the passengers were on deck, and were assisted into the boat. Part of the crew had already embarked in the yawl that was still left, and were making their way toward the brig, although every wave threatened to swamp them; and the remainder found accommodations in Morriston's boat, that was brought down to the water's edge; but they fearlessly pulled off, and finally succeeded in reaching the brig in safety.

"Bless my soul, don, how are you?" exclaimed the captain, running forward to receive his guest. "And here is Mr. Seymour, and Miss Ada, and a gentleman I never saw before too—all right, though; just as welcome, sir, as though you were my brother. Well, of all the unexpected adventures I ever met with, this, by all odds, is the strangest. Who would ever think of picking up a whole batch of one's acquaintance in blue water? But come below. My niece will be charmed at having a maty. Miss Ada, she has been almost scared to death, poor thing, and very lonely, I suppose? Never been to sea before this way? Hope you won't think of taking cold. Here, don, I will lend you a pair of my trousers; they will be large enough, I'll promise. Dick, bring my pea-jacket for Seymour, he is as wet as a rat. Bad affair, that schooner's getting upset in that way; can't be helped though; accidents will happen in the best of regulated families. Harry, can't you find something dry for this other gentleman to get into. You are looking rather under the weather, sir; never mind, a little salt water won't hurt you." And in this way, talking to all at once, the good-natured skipper marshalled his unexpected visitors to the cabin; and for the next half hour Dick moved as though propelled by a high-pressure engine. As soon as the party were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, the captain and De la Moza returned to the deck.

The crew of the schooner had all been saved, with the exception of the captain and second mate, who were both washed overboard when she first broached too, and the don's servant was supposed to have shared a similar fate, as he was nowhere to be seen. No attempt had been made to save anything, it being deemed dangerous to make voyages between the vessels for any purpose but to save life.

"My schooner seems in a fair way to be lost," said De la Moza, carelessly. "The captain is gone already I believe; but that is of very little consequence—he was a drunken fellow; and it was owing to his carelessness that I have lost the finest vessel owned on the other side of land."

"But that's an unchristianised way of speaking of a shipmate after he's gone to Davy Jones, Don Moses," replied the captain, addressing his companion by a name that he generally substituted for his proper one, for brevity's sake.

"Perhaps you are right, senor," replied the don, politely; but really it is against my disposition to mourn for a man who has injured me."

"That aint quite according to gospel, don; forgive and forget is a maxim laid down for us to lay our course by. But, by way of changing the subject, I would like to inquire how on earth you and Seymour and Miss Ada happened to be cruising round here?"

"I have been round to Havana for the purpose of disposing of a cargo of oil, and there I fell in with Mr. Seymour and the young lady, who were returning from a visit to England, I believe; and as no better opportunity for returning home offered, they took passage with me."

"That's it, is it? Well, it was lucky that we happened along to help you out of a bad scrape. But, by the by, who is that other passenger of yours; he's a good-looking fellow, but as solemn as a minister."

"That is what he represents himself to be, and I believe he is travelling for his health; he is from the States, and calls his name Fleetwood."

"Well, it's a good idea to have a parson aboard, though some say it aint lucky; but I always liked them, they are generally civil, and teach the boys good morals; and then I like to have some one to read service for me of a Sunday, for you see it's a little out of my line, and I can't, somehow, make it go so well as a regular parson can, who understands it all from stem to stern."

"I presume you will find him an agreeable companion, for you probably agree with him in religious belief, and he really seems to be a very sincere, gentlemanly man; and I regret that his talents are not employed in spreading the true faith (begging your pardon if I have injured your feelings, my dear captain). Ah! there goes my poor vessel!"

"That's the fact. Well, I am sorry for your loss, but it aint as though you wasn't able to stand it; still it goes against a man's feelings to see a fine little craft go down when a little good seamanship would have saved her."

"You are right there; a good seaman would have saved her; but the captain was drunk, and insisted upon carrying sail, and I was too little acquainted with the business to know exactly what to do, or I should have had him thrown overboard; but it's gone now, and I am not going to mourn over it."

"Brig a-hoy!" came faintly over the water before Captain Kimberley had time to reply. "Brig a-h-o-y!" was repeated more loudly, "for God's sake send a boat, I am drowning!"

"It's that nigger of yours, Don Moses," said the captain, after glancing for an instant through his night-glass. "We must send a boat and take him off, he's got straddle of a plank, and that's not a first-rate berth with such a sea running. Fore-castle there! three or four of you man the boat and pull off to where that schooner just now went down, there is a man there hailing us."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the second-mate, as he hurried towards the boat. "Bear a hand there, my hearties."

"Do not trouble the senor, my dear captain," said De la Moza, politely; "it is a very unpleasant night to go out, and I assure you it's of no consequence whether Lopez is saved or not; nothing will be easier than to obtain another servant."

"I presume you can do it much easier than you could bring the poor fellow to life again," said Archer, who had been the first man in the boat; "but where we came from folks have got into the notion that it pays to save a man's life, whether he is black or white."

"I don't believe I should pull far to pick him up, the hard-hearted old son of a gun," said Winslow, indignantly, as they pushed off.

In the course of half an hour the boat returned with the darkey on board, who had been hauled out half dead by the hand of Harry Archer. It was a trilling act of kindness on his part, but to that act he was afterwards indebted for his life. Yet he little dreamed of such an event when the don politely thanked him for saving his property. As no particular danger was now apprehended from the storm, the larboard watch turned in, and the captain and De la Moza went below.

CHAPTER V.—THE SUPERCARGO EXTENDS HIS CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCE.

On the morning succeeding the storm the sun rose bright and clear, and no sign of the late tempest was to be seen, except the heavy swell that, as the wind went down, increased tremendously; but the brig rode gallantly over it, and with the air cooled by the recent rain, and the breeze that had taken the place of the tornado, the voyagers found their situation changed for the better. The vessel had just been undergoing her morning ablution, and everything looked neat and tidy, and Morriston was giving an eye to some extra touches about deck, when Harry Archer made his appearance.

"How do you find yourself this morning, Charley?" he began; "and what do you think of our new passengers, though they are old acquaintances of yours, are they not?"

"Why, yes, they are acquaintances of mine, I believe—that is, I have seen them several times at Tumbuz. The don there is one of the old man's particular friends; but I never could account for it, for I always set him down as a pretty hard case, although I can't say as I ever knew of his doing anything very bad."

"I was not particularly pleased with him; he is as smooth as oil, and I should think him a man of good parts naturally; but when he objected last night to let Mr. Winslow and I go after his darkey, because he could buy another, and so save us the trouble of half an hour's row, I made up my mind that he was a very polite rascal."

"That was probably more the result of education than anything else, Harry; you know he has been accustomed to regard his slaves like any other property."

"I do not agree with you exactly; the mere fact of holding slaves will not lead a man, naturally humane, to consider their lives of no consequence. But let the don go, he is only one; and as for the others, I think we shall find them an agreeable addition to our company. I had half an hour's chat with Mr. Fleetwood this morning, and I find him to be a well-educated and intelligent man; and from the little I saw of Seymour, I am inclined to think well of him too. Isn't he a partner of Robert Clarendon's?"

"Yes, and he has been ever since I can remember, though he has always resided in London until about five years ago, when he went out to Tumbuz; partly, I believe, to give Ada the benefit of a sea voyage, and he has resided there ever since, with the exception of going back on a visit once in a while. He is a fine old gentleman; and by the by, Harry, Miss Ada would be a very proper subject for you to fall in love with. She is rich and pretty and—"

"There, there! that will do; rich and pretty and—faithless, you might have added, for I do not believe there is a woman in the universe of this description—always excepting my fair friend Annie—who would be bound by an engagement with a man if they had a chance to do better, as they call it."

"All nonsense, Harry; and the sooner you get rid of such ideas the better. Now you have a fine chance to make yourself agreeable, and allow me to remark that she is a prize worth cruising after. I rather thought George Clarendon was getting interested there when I was in Tumbuz last; but the love, if there was any at all, was all on one side."

"If Clarendon don't have any rival but me, he won't be troubled much. Miss Seymour's appearance certainly recommends her highly—I think I never saw one more thoroughly refined and lady-like; but understand, I am through with my love affairs, and I shall never be on terms of friendship even with a lady, until I am satisfied that I can trust her; and, between you and I, Charley, I never expect to find one of that description."

"That speech would sound finely for a bachelor of forty-five, Harry; they are naturally cross and crabbed, but it is decidedly out of character for you. All the girls are not like Sophia Clifford, and I shouldn't think any more about that affair, for she was not worth taking as a gift."

"Very true; I agree with you exactly on that point, and the remark would probably be equally applicable to the rest of these earthly angels, although I thought differently once; and the time was when I loved Sophia Clifford, if there is any such

thing in the world. I tell you, Charley, when you have had the same experience that I have, you will think very much as I do. I have learned to place very little confidence in the love or friendship of the present day; nine-tenths of it is founded on policy, and the rest on necessity. To be sure, like all general rules, this has its exceptions, but they are deplorably scarce. Five years ago I found no difficulty in getting into all the fashionable gatherings in the city, but I should not be recognized there now; and what is the reason? I am as good-looking as I was then—though that is not saying much—and until I shipped on this vessel, I was studying the same profession that I always expected to follow. It is all summed up in this. Then I was known to be the only son of one of the richest men in New York, and when I had money it went freely; but now I am as poor as Job's turkey, and have to work; and a hard hand and a sunburnt face (unless it got scorched in some foreign country and supports a fierce beard) are not admired in upper tendom."

"Your theory may hold good in a few cases, Harry, but it never will as a general rule. The difficulty was, you made up your mind that because a few empty-headed fops, who used to live on your generosity, turned a cold shoulder when you were no longer of any use to them in a financial line, that every one else would follow, and for this very reason you have been rude to those who were your sincere friends, by declining all advances; in fact, you give every one a wide berth."

"And so I shall continue to do, until I am in a situation to make it worth their while to cultivate my acquaintance. I never will be patronized by any man."

"A very fine sentiment, Harry, and I like your grit," cried the captain, who had approached unperceived. "That's the doctrine I always preached when I felt a little blue, and it is perfectly natural for a man to feel so before breakfast; so I propose, by way of settling the matter, that you just belay that argument of yours, and then adjourn to the cabin. I see the steward is bringing down the eatables, and I will try and rig some kind of a purchase to stow you alongside of Miss Seymour, and if that don't drive the blues out of you, I shall open the medicine chest and see if there is anything there that will touch your case."

"I am all obedience, sir, and will do my best to entertain the lady, although I can't promise to succeed very well, for it is some time since I practised in that line."

"I'll risk you though, for I see your talking tackle is in good order yet. But come, gentlemen, we are losing precious time; the flavor of that coffee strikes me as being beautiful, and coffee, sweetened with the smiles of a pretty girl, is first-rate for young fellows like you and Mr. Morriston. Bless me, I haven't forgotten when I relished that kind of diet better than duff, by a ship's length. Had to give it up though, for you see it was spoiling my appetite for other things."

"I declare, I hope it won't injure mine," said Harry, gravely. "I do not believe that I could do duty on coffee and smiles; so if you please, captain, I would rather prefer biscuit and beef in my rations."

"There is no use in saying that such things don't stand by a man better, and, as a general remark, I consider ladies dangerous; for you see, boys, this love, as they call it, comes upon a man afore he knows it, and once in, it's like clawing off a lee shore to get out again."

By this time they had reached the cabin; that was already occupied by the three gentlemen who belonged to the schooner, and in a moment Annie Clarendon entered, accompanied by Miss Seymour.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, with a general bow. "I believe you are all acquainted with my first officer; so permit me to introduce our supercargo, Mr. Archer, and let me consign him to your special care, Miss Ada; for I just surprised him and Mr. Morriston in the bluest kind of an argument on deck, which is against orders, and so I want them watched. You will find him a very sensible fellow in the main, although I ought to tell you that he is rather addicted to studying law and writing verses. But fellows naturally run into folly of some kind, and I suppose it might as well be that as anything; he will get over it and make a respectable man yet."

"You must have rather more faith than commonly falls to the lot of mortals, or you would not venture to predict such flattering prospects," answered Harry, as with a low bow to Miss Seymour, he took possession of the vacant seat at her side and prepared to make himself agreeable.

Harry was a brilliant companion—that is, when he chose to be—and on the present occasion he seemed to be exerting himself to the utmost. There was something in his air and conversation that never failed to convince those with whom he was thrown that he was once accustomed to polished society, and the ease and perfect self-possession with which he went through all the minutiae of table etiquette—the deferential yet familiar manner with which he addressed his companion, rather puzzled her. The truth was, Ada was unconsciously contrasting the man with his apparent position. Harry's dress was that of a common sailor, and notwithstanding she had heard him spoken of as the vessel's supercargo, he seemed so familiar with everything connected with the brig that she supposed, as a matter of course, he had been brought up on the ocean; but how he happened to be so different from the other officers was something of a mystery. And then he seemed to be as different from his brethren in disposition as he was in manner; he appeared to be cheerful, but at the same time there was an expression of melancholy in his face that did not seem natural. He was polite and open-hearted, and then, apparently forgetting himself, he would for a moment be as formal and reserved; and Ada saw glimpses of so many different characters that she was quite unable to make out whether she was pleased with him or not. But it was impossible not to see something to admire in one so very like herself; so they were presently engaged in a *à l'été* perfectly unintelligible to the captain, who attempted to follow them for awhile, and then left Harry to talk dictionary, as he called it, and turned his attention to the gentlemen; and as Morriston had managed to place himself next to Miss Clarendon, none had any cause of complaint unless it was De la Moza, who glanced across the table as though he would much rather chat with Annie than her uncle; but he could not attract her attention without apparent rudeness, and that was a sin he was never guilty of. He had sometimes shot a rival politely, but he never remembered displaying ill-breeding in the presence of a lady. Still the don seemed rather relieved than otherwise when Annie arose and accompanied Morriston on deck, where they were presently followed by Harry and Ada, leaving the gentlemen alone.

"Do you know that I regard it as a very fortunate circumstance that my vessel was wrecked, my dear captain? I do, because it has given me an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with your charming niece; she is more beautiful, if that be possible, than when I last saw her at New York, and I do hope that by this time she is disposed to look with more favor upon my humble self."

"Well, as to that, Don Moses, it's difficult to tell. Girls, I have observed, are notional, and it is the same as useless to try to change their whims by talking. Now, perhaps I am mistaken; but it rather seemed to me as though you didn't quite take her fancy. Couldn't see any reason for it either; hasn't any sweetheart that I know of, and as you have nothing to do now but to make love as fast as you can, I should think you might do a pretty good business; and if I can help the matter along in any way, why I will do so, for I believe you to be an honorable, high-minded gentleman."

"Many thanks for your good opinion, senior; and I trust nothing will ever happen to change it for the worst. I pray the lady may hold the same sentiments; but, my dear captain, I fear I have a rival. If appearances are to be trusted, senior, Morriston holds no mean place in the lady's good graces."

"And he is an excellent young man; I always admired him," remarked Mr. Seymour.

"Undoubtedly, he is a fine young fellow, Senior Seymour; but you know money makes all the difference in the world with a man, and senior mate is poor, I believe."

"And what if he is?" said the captain, who somehow felt as though he was connected with the mate too closely to sit by and hear a word against him. "As far as that is concerned, I look upon Charley as good enough for the president's daughter,

and she might think herself fortunate in getting so good a husband; for a finer fellow or a better seaman never walked a quarter deck, and when he wishes to take command of a vessel he shall have one. But he never thought of falling in love with Annie; he's been with me ever since he was a little shaver of ten, and he naturally looks upon her as a kind of sister."

"But are not such intimacies dangerous, as leading towards more tender relations?"

"I should have no fear of seeing a child of mine being too intimate with a person of Mr. Morriston's character," said Mr. Seymour, disgusted with the don's vanity and want of delicacy in introducing such a subject at such a time.

"Senior is probably right," said De la Moza, with manifest displeasure; "so, with your permission, we will leave this matter to be settled at another time."

So saying the don arose and sauntered out, followed by the captain, leaving Mr. Seymour and Mr. Fleetwood alone. The latter had not spoken during the late colloquy, but his silence seemed more the effect of ill-health than a naturally unsociable disposition. He was a young man of singularly prepossessing appearance, but with an unusually grave, thoughtful cast of feature; that was in perfect keeping with his profession, however, and recommended him still more highly to those with whom he was thrown in contact.

But although the young clergyman had been a silent listener, he had not been uninterested in the conference between De la Moza and Captain Kimberley; and he now seemed disposed to avail himself of their temporary absence to learn something more definite in relation to the parties, and in this he was anticipated by Mr. Seymour, who, after a few moments' silence, began:

"There is a striking contrast between those two men, Mr. Fleetwood, and it is of such a nature that I am sorry to see them together. The captain is a fine specimen of an open-hearted American sailor, unsuspecting as a child; while De la Moza is as crafty an old villain as you will not often find, and it is easy to see that he has completely duped the other."

"So I should think from what I have just heard, although it seems impossible that Captain Kimberley can consent to see his niece, who seems a very charming girl, in the possession of a man like De la Moza; but I believe my countrymen have a naturally born passion for anything foreign. With us every one is so perfectly on a level, that a foreigner with a moustache and title is at once lionised."

"There may be something in that; and then De la Moza has taken no little pains to obtain the place he holds in Captain Kimberley's confidence. He has been acquainted with him several years. You see, Tumbex has been one of the captain's favorite provisioning ports, and during his stay there, the don has always been very attentive to him; and he is so much superior to the generality of South Americans in point of talent and education, that the contrast does much in his favor."

"I have observed that he seems to possess no small share of Yankee go-aheadativeness—more than is generally found in natives of this part of the world."

"Oh, yes; he loves business as most men do pleasure, and has really done more for Tumbex than all the rest of the men in it. He is always trying to introduce the arts and sciences of the more civilized parts of the world into South America; and if there were a few more such men there, it would not be long before you would see the locomotive whirling over the old mule paths. Why, he has actually made two or three voyages to the States to acquaint himself with their mode of agriculture, and when you get to Tumbex you will see some farming on his plantation that will remind you of home; but he is so revengeful and faithless, that it more than counterbalances all his good points."

"What a pity; but how did he happen to get acquainted with Miss Clarendon, for I gathered from the conversation that he had met her before."

"Why, as I was saying, he has made several voyages to the States, and he generally made the captain's his head-quarters, and I suppose that is the way he got acquainted with the niece, although I do not know."

"Well, I sincerely hope she is not as blind as her uncle."

"There is no danger of that, I think; De la Moza was right in saying that Mr. Morriston held no mean place in the lady's good graces, but the captain has not discovered that, it seems."

The estimate that Mr. Seymour had made of de la Moza's character was a very correct one. He was a man that possessed many fine points; among friends he was obliging and social to a fault, but woe to the man who crossed his path. An injury or an insult he never forgave, and the bloodhound is not more untiring in the pursuit of prey than was the don in following the footsteps of an enemy. And yet he was much superior to the generality of men in his position. He was the son of a French gentleman and a Spanish lady, had received a polished education at Paris; but being possessed of a rambling disposition, he had early emigrated to South America, where he assumed the title of "don," and invested a part of his large fortune in the purchase of a princely estate, and flourished as the great man of the country.

With Captain Kimberley he had been acquainted for several years, and over him he seemed to possess a strange influence. None of his faults were apparent to the worthy seaman, who was quite too honest himself to suspect one who always appeared the gentleman. To be sure, he knew that he was unrelenting and revengeful; but then he imagined these were a kind of national characteristics for which he was not accountable, and as he always found him an agreeable companion, he generally passed the greater part of his time at his house when in Tumbez, and always went away with a better opinion of his friend.

About a year previous to the time of which we are writing, he visited New York, where he first saw Annie Clarendon, and on the strength of a few days' acquaintance he asked the captain's permission to address her. This was easily obtained; but with the niece he was less successful. Annie was blessed with a much larger share of penetration than ever fell to the lot of her uncle, and through the external polish of her visitor she detected a character with which she had no wish to be intimate.

De la Moza had sense enough to see that he was avoided by the object of his passion, and therefore wisely concluded to wait for some more favorable opportunity; and now, he believed, was the auspicious time, and he resolved to improve it. True, the lady seemed to prefer another; but then she would doubtless soon see the absurdity of her choice, and then the captain had promised his influence, and that was something.

In promising to assist De la Moza, Captain Kimberley was actuated by the best of motives; he believed he was studying his niece's future happiness, by doing all in his power to bring about her union with one who was, in his estimation, all a woman could desire. He acted in accordance with his judgment, but that, unfortunately, was a poor guide in such cases.

CHAPTER VI.—MORRISTON vs. DE LA MOZA.

We must now pass quickly over three months of the voyage, as during that time nothing of sufficient interest occurred on board the brig to pay the reader for following her in all the ups and downs of a cruise round the Cape. Since the gale she had been favored with fair breezes, and at the time when we again introduce her to notice, she was once more nearing the equator, and was, of course, within the influence of the trade winds that wafted her on towards her destined port, as swiftly as the impatient crew could desire.

All on board were in good health, and, on this particular evening, in good spirits, as Mr. Morriston, after half an hour's figuring in his state-room, had reported that they should let go the anchor off the mouth of Tumbez River before ten o'clock next day. In consequence of this information, hurry and confusion reigned throughout the vessel; trunks must be overhauled and repacked; plans must be laid by the crew for enjoying their expected liberty; the second mate was rummaging the hold to see what stores were lacking; decks were holystoned until they were almost as white as snow; cables were got up and laid in tiers; Mr. Morriston was everywhere and attending to everything; and the captain, who was in

unusually good humor, had been engaged with De la Moza for the last hour over a bottle of wine in the cabin, and it was evident, from the shouts of laughter that came up from down below, that the gentlemen were getting merry.

As the sun ranged low, passengers and crew seemed to have suddenly accomplished the various tasks which had occupied them for the last few hours. As if by magic, everything above and below seemed to slide into its proper place; the trunk-packing was completed; the plans for the contemplated land-cruise were all satisfactorily arranged; the grating of the holystones ceased; the gentlemen in the cabin had finished their wine, and were reclining at ease, enjoying some prime Havanas, the smoke of which began to reach the olfactories of those on deck. An hour later, and the steward, who had been told to bring down the supper somewhat earlier than usual, announced with a flourish that all was ready, and though no one seemed to be blessed with an appetite, all went through with the form of eating for appearance sake, and then adjourned to the deck or remained in the cabin, as best suited them. And now peace be with them, while we go back and notice a few events that it would not do to pass over in silence.

In the first place, then, De la Moza had not made as good progress as he could have wished in his love affairs, for the truth was, he had made none at all; and after the first week of his advent on board, he had ceased to annoy Miss Clarendon with attentions. He saw that she was, to say the least, very gracious to the young mate, and although he would not have admitted it to a living person, still, in his own mind, he rather doubted his ability to compete with him. This, of course, did not generate any friendly feeling towards Morriston; but he was quite too polite to display any ill-feeling towards his successful rival, and so he chose another mode of conquest. He remembered seeing it laid down as an axiom that "absence conquers love," so his plans were arranged accordingly.

"The lady will remain in Tumbez this winter," he said to himself one day, after reflecting upon the matter profoundly, "and this fellow will go back with his vessel. Very good; she will forget him presently, and you, don, will stand a very good chance of winning her affections. You are rich, and rather good looking, for a gentleman of fifty; not a gray hair yet, and a fine, yea, a very fine figure. I think you will succeed—"

"I rather doubt it, my dear fellow," muttered the mate, who from the adjoining state-room had overheard the don's soliloquy.

But while these gentlemen were engaged in their game of cross purposes, Harry Archer had found a more interesting occupation than studying seamanship, in studying the character of his new acquaintance, Miss Seymour. It required no common observer of human nature to read Ada's character; not that she was naturally reserved, but she had met so few whose ideas corresponded with her own—so few who could appreciate her—that unconsciously she had learned to wear before the world a character widely different from her real one. And yet she was just the one to interest a person with the peculiar notions of Harry Archer. She was a young lady of near his own age, a descendant of an old and aristocratic family, possessing an intellect of the highest order, and that perfect refinement in thought and action so indispensable to one of his peculiar turn of mind. Like him, she had been reared in the fashionable society of a metropolis; and like him, had seen how heartless and unreal were its gaieties, and being essentially worldwise, she had learned to wear before the world a cool, passionless demeanor, that to Harry was particularly attractive. Anything that bordered on the sentimental had always been the object of her ridicule. Gallant suitors had often bowed at her shrine, but as their words found no echo in her heart, the cool, incredulous or sarcastic smile with which she received every serious advance had the effect of lowering their ardor to the vicinity of zero; and they were content for the future with gazing upon the unapproachable beauty from a safe distance. And yet she was not in reality either heartless or cold-hearted. To her friends she was sincerely attached, and never failed to awaken the warmest attachment in return; still, few mere passing acquaintances ever left her presence without wondering whether they had been successful in gaining her good opinion even.

Thus she went on, offending and fascinating alternately; for she could be as affectionate as she was cold, as loveable as she was repelling.

To Ada life seemed one great theatre, where individuals acted parts for the amusement of others. She was conscious at times that her own character was seldom inspected by the world; she was naturally generous and impulsive, and keenly alive to the happiness or sorrow of those around her; but a cool, haughty bearing suited the meridian in which she was thrown, and she assumed it. But the heartless and often indelicate flirtations so common in a gay London circle disgusted her, and she learned to listen to eloquent declarations of eternal love with sceptical incredulity. Had she chanced to meet with one whose ideas corresponded with her own, and in whose attachment she could fully confide, it is probable that the entire devotion of a heart that could never love or dislike lightly, would have been given to the fortunate one who awakened it. Such was Ada Seymour, and she had now reached a new era in her life, and become aware that she was the possessor of a heart—one that could feel a strange, unaccountable interest in one she had met a stranger a few short weeks before. Friendship was the name she gave this new feeling; for to have admitted to herself even that the blind god had been making a target of her heart, would have seemed unmaidenly. She was not one to love unasked; yet why was it that she found it difficult to appear that calm, worldwise woman in the presence of that one individual; why did she converse with him with a freedom she never felt towards another? and why were his opinions always received with so much deference? These were questions Ada never asked herself, and, consequently, never answered; but had she been told, when she first saw Harry, that he was destined to work this change in her very nature, she would have treated the prophecy with supreme contempt, and even after she became conscious of the complete mastery he had obtained over her mind, she convinced herself that she only regarded him as a friend.

With Harry the case was scarcely different. He had been charmed with Ada almost from the first moment, and regarded her with that intense admiration that any one of his turn of mind feels towards a beautiful and accomplished woman. Their tastes were similar; and he could pass an hour in her society more to his mind than with any lady of his acquaintance. But he was still quite too much of a misanthrope to admit that love formed any part of the sentiment he felt towards her; nor did he so much as dream that she regarded him in any other light than a mere passing acquaintance, who would only be remembered while in her immediate presence. We now and then find an animal under a beaver, who imagines himself so irresistible that he has but to turn his all-conquering eyes upon a maiden and her heart is lost; but our friend Harry had no such idea of his powers, and, consequently, saw nothing in the kindling eyes and blushing cheeks that welcomed his coming, but the pleasure any lady feels at the approach of one she is pleased to regard as a gentleman and a friend.

Such was the view he took of the matter, and so, without the slightest idea of Ada's real sentiments, or his own, he continued to show her every delicate attention his gallant disposition suggested; and she at last came to the conclusion that however indifferently she might feel, she held a prominent place in Harry's heart. True, he had never told her so; but did he not always evince a preference for her society to that of Annie's? and would he always be at her side when she took her evening promenade on deck, unless he felt the strange witchery of the heart as only a lover can feel it? He surely loved her, her woman's eyes had not deceived her, and he would never suffer her to leave him without making known his passion. How should she answer him? Ada rather thought she should say yes! Still, he was only a friend!

Such was the state of things on the last night of the voyage. It was a lovely night, and the passengers all lingered on deck till a late hour, as though unwilling to lose the delightful prospect of the sky and ocean there seen in all their beauty. As usual, Harry and Ada were together, and as they stood half concealed under the shadow of the coach-house, Annie Clarendon thought she had never before realized Ada's exquisite

beauty. She had removed her hat, and the wind was gently lifting the heavy curls that shaded her faultless neck, while her calm eyes seemed to be following the fantastic movements of the light drifting clouds that swept over the sky, gilded here and there with the last rays of the setting sun, that, as it sank from view, left behind these traces of its twilight glory.

But were her thoughts all occupied with what she saw? The most careful observer could have detected no trace of emotion on that calm, proud face, or in the clear, musical voice, and yet it required all of Ada's iron will to appear calm and unmoved at that moment. She had been unconsciously cherishing a dream that till then had scarcely assumed a tangible form, and that dream was now fading into reality. In a few hours she would be at home, and Harry would proceed onward with his vessel. Should they ever meet again? No one could tell, and still he allowed the last few hours they would be together to pass without approaching a subject she had felt almost certain he would mention before they separated. But perhaps he feared to address one who was, in the opinion of the world, so much above him; but this idea was banished in an instant, for had such been the case, Ada was not the one to forfeit her own self-respect by any unmaidenly advances. There was nothing in Harry's manner, however, that indicated the disconsolate lover; whatever he might have felt, he kept within his own bosom, although he spoke with regret of their coming separation, and expressed the earnest hope that they should meet again, sometime, and gradually the conversation assumed a sadder tone, and at last Ada finding herself more affected than she cared to betray, complained of indisposition, and requested to be handed to her state-room.

Once alone, she could throw aside all concealment, and tears relieved her highly excited feelings. Even allowing herself to think that Harry loved her, seemed now unmaidenly, and to regret leaving him, a weakness, that was almost palpable. But the storm passed, and still true to herself, she arose, and banished all traces of her momentary weakness. Proud, calm, and beautiful as ever, she was Ada again.

(To be continued).

FOLLY OF PRIDE.—Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

"TURNING THE TABLES."—Mr. W. S. Coleman, in "Our Woodlands, Heaths and Hedges," thus explains the origin of this familiar phrase: "One of the hobbies in which the ancient luxurious Romans indulged (as the old-china mania was not then invented) was the acquisition, at enormous prices, of tables made from very rare and curious specimens of maple-wood. Their wives also happened to have another costly taste for dresses, jewellery and the like vanities, which their lords, oblivious of their own rather expensive little fancies, considered were needless extravagances, and sometimes ventured to hint as much; when the ladies, roused by this injustice, would in their turn point to the sumptuous maple-table, with an allusion to its ruinous price; and this was called 'turning the tables' on their husbands; hence the phrase used to this day for a similar kind of retort."



BAY AND SETTLEMENT OF NATAL, NOW D'URBAN.



CAPE WAGONER TAKING SNUFF.

KAFFRARIAN SKETCHES.

THE Cape of Good Hope, as is well-known, was first discovered by Bartholomew Dias, in the year 1478, who rounded this dan-



ZULU HUT, NATAL

gerous point and effected a landing upon a small barren island, situated at the north of Algoa Bay. On this island he raised a stone cross, and partook of the Holy Sacrament, afterwards naming the island Santa Cruz.

Between its discovery and the year 1620, several vessels belonging to Portugal, Holland and England touched at the Cape, but until the last year, no one entertained the idea of colonising it, when an effort was made to do so by the English. In 1652, the land immediately around the Cape was formally ceded to the Dutch, by the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, and a regular settlement was established.

The salubrity of the climate, and the richness of the soil, soon brought from Europe a swarming emigration, which rendered indispensable the necessity for a more extended boundary, than that first ceded by the natives. This was soon obtained, and in this manner Cape Colony, properly so-called, was founded by the Dutch. It was taken from them by the English in 1806, and although, through the mismanagement of the authori-



HOTTENTOT WAGONER.

ties at home, it has involved England in great expenses, it has proved a most valuable acquisition.

The original extent of the colony was defined in 1779 by the Great Fish River; beyond which was the Kaffir territory, inhabited by Amakosa and Amatambu Kaffirs. In 1779, Lord Macartney defined the boundary line as follows:

The Great Fish River, from its mouth to Esterhayzen's Port; thence along the Kaga mountains to the Tarka mountains; thence to Bamboo's Berger; thence to the Zuri Berger, and to the Beacon at Zeckoe River.

In 1819, Lord Charles Somerset, the then Governor, extended the boundary by the Keiskamma River, from the sea to the Chumi; along the Chumi to the Kat Berg; thence to the Winterberg, along the Zwart Kei River; the streams running from the west into the Chumi to be considered Colonial, and all the eastern branches Kaffrarian.

In 1835, under the Governorship of Sir Benjamin d'Urban, a further extension of territory took place, that officer fixing the line of demarcation as follows:

From the Great Kei to the White Kei; along the White Kei to the Stormberger range of mountains. A portion of this territory was subsequently abandoned, and the boundary again altered, as follows:

Along the Fish River, from its mouth to the confluence of the Kat River; along the Kat to the Chumi River; from the Chumi to the Kat Berg; thence to the Winterberg range, along the Zwart Kei River to the confluence of the Stormberger Spruit; thence along the Stormberger to the Orange River, which forms the northern boundary of the colony, where the country is of that description as not to admit of military defence; the large tract of territory immediately beyond presenting little else than a succession of arid deserts, where but few inhabitants are met with, save a solitary hunter or an occasional band of Kaffirs, intent only on the plunder of the nearest colonial farms.

To keep these marauders in check, the authorities have organized a body of Hottentots, known as the Cape Mounted Rifles, who have served with much distinction in the several Kaffir wars which have, from time to time, broken out in this usually peaceful community.

Through the exertions of the European officers, by whom they are commanded, the native soldiers have been brought to a state of the highest discipline, that would reflect credit upon any cavalry corps in her Majesty's service. The duties of this corps are of a most arduous nature, being detailed over an immense extent of country, guarding the frontier against the depredations of the wily and insidious Kaffir. So strict is the discipline observed, that when on patrol duty neither officers nor men are permitted to indulge in smoking, not even during the cold nights, which, on the mountain portion of the frontier, are occasionally very severe; nor will a bivouac fire be permitted under any circumstance. During the day, the horses (excellent ones they are, capable of performing a journey of eighty miles per diem) are suffered to graze, under the care of a non-commissioned officer and guards, and at sunset, or immediately previous, they are driven to headquarters, where they are fed and groomed for the night.

It is curious that, with these troops, the outposts are invariably established in a valley; but, as the Kaffirs do not possess artillery, this seeming error in a military point of view is of no importance, and a certain amount of shelter is thus obtained from the intense heat of the sun. Care is taken that all posts are established in the immediate neighborhood of a drift or ford, thus securing an essential advantage in an abundant supply of water, and affording facilities for intercepting any body of Kaffirs who might attempt to enter the colony. The men are armed with a doubled-barrelled carbine, sabre and pistols; and, when on patrol duty, they wear, instead of the gray overalls, a more substantial material, composed of yellow buckskin; and their appearance is altogether highly picturesque and novel, their swarthy faces and thick lips contrasting strongly with their otherwise martial appearance.

The aboriginal population of the colony originally sprang from the two races of Kaffirs and Hottentots, and are now subdivided into many tribes, each of which has its peculiar customs.

The Kaffirs are a wild, untameable race, occupying the north-eastern portion of the colony, and living principally by hunting and predatory excursions into the more settled portions of the colony.

In person the Kaffirs are tall, handsome and well-formed, quick and graceful in their movements, with a cheerful and contented expression of countenance, and in complexion almost black.

It was to resist the incursions of these natives that the Cape Rifle Corps was organized.

The Hottentot tribes principally inhabit the northern portion of the peninsula, and are diametrically opposed to the Kaffirs in nearly every respect.

They are a mild and timid people, occasionally possessing much talent, but which from their want of energy is almost useless. They are principally employed by the colonists as herdsmen and shepherds, for which occupations they seem to have a natural aptitude.

Their great failing seems to be an inordinate passion for spirits, to obtain which they will do anything, but notwithstanding this blot upon their moral character, they constitute a most valuable element in the population, being courageous, hardy and capable of enduring great fatigue, and, beyond all, having a mortal aversion to the Kaffir race, the great enemies of the colonists.

Mr. Gordon Cumming gives the following as his opinion of the Hottentot. He says: "Nineteen out of twenty Hottentots are drunkards, and they have, moreover, not the slightest scruple of conscience as to who is the lawful proprietor of the liquor, so long as they can gain access to it. No locks or bolts avail, and thus on the bay road, between Algoa Bay and Grahamstown a constant system of tapping the admiral is maintained. In this pursuit these worthies, from long practice, have arrived at considerable skill, and it is usually accomplished in the following manner: If the liquor is in a cask, having removed one of the hoops a gimlet is inserted, when a bucket or two of the spirit having been drawn off, the aperture is filled with a plug, and the hoop being replaced, no outward mark is visible.

"The liquor thus stolen, if missed, and inquiries issued, is very plausibly set down to the score of leakage. A great deal of gin arrives in Grahamstown in square case bottles, packed in slight red wooden cases. To these the Hottentots devote marked attention, owing to the greater facility of getting at them. Having carefully removed the lid and drained several of the bottles, either by drinking them, or pouring their contents into the water casks belonging to the wagons, they either replace the liquor with water and pack the case again as they found it, or else they break the bottles which they have drained and replace them in the case, at the same time taking out a quantity of the chaff in which they have been packed.

"This is done to delude the merchant into the idea that the loss of liquor occurred owing to breakage from original bad packing. The risk and damage entailed on the proprietors of wagons and owners of merchandise from the drivers indulging in such a system, on the precarious roads of the colony, may be imagined."

This failing excepted, Mr. Cumming seems to have found his Hottentots very good servants, especially as after-riders.

The Hottentot wagon-driver is exhibited in our sketch, enjoying the luxury of a native pipe, without which he is seldom seen. One of the peculiar traits of this portion of the colonial population is their intense desire to ape the soldier in dress; thus our subject is seen in the cast-off coat of a bandman belonging to a regiment of the line. His felt hat is surrounded by a wreath of ostrich feathers, bound together by a colored cotton handkerchief, serving the useful purpose of keeping his swarthy countenance free from the swarms of flies that would otherwise settle upon it. Sandy plains, rocky kloofs and steep mountains seem alike indifferent to our Hottentot driver, who wends his way for days and nights together, sometimes running by the side of his oxen, sometimes riding on the footboard of his wagon, but taking care to outspan his oxen every three or four hours to give them rest and water. The average distance a bullock-wagon travels in a day is about twenty miles.

The women of the Hottentot tribes are employed as house-servants in many of the European families, being strong, robust and faithful servants; when kindly treated, they make good nurses, and perform with alacrity other domestic offices.

Our sketch represents one of these women carrying a *monkey*, or porous earthen vessel, containing water for drinking purposes, which, in order to keep it cool, is wrapped in damp cloths and hung in a current of air. This in some measure makes up for the absence of ice, which in this country is so great a luxury.

The great drawback to these women is their want of cleanliness, to which they appear to have a great aversion. They even object to pass the night in the house of their employer, and generally sleep together in a hut of their own construction, and little better than an ordinary pigsty.

In dress the Hottentot servants usually conform to the European style, with the exception of the head-dress, which is invariably a handkerchief of some bright color, folded in the

form of a turban, which, after it is once put on, is seldom removed until it falls to pieces from constant wear.

After the day's work is done, the great amusement seems to be smoking, or sitting on the ground tailor fashion, and playing the Jew's-harp, an instrument from which, uncouth as it is, they manage to produce some tolerable music.

The Hottentot women are also employed in washing, which is performed in any stream of water which may happen to be in a convenient position.

There is one small river in particular, running between Cape Town and Table Mountain, which at the beginning of each week presents a most curious scene, hundreds of Hottentot and other colored women being busily engaged washing and beating their linen in the stream, and keeping up meanwhile an animated conversation. Some of them are accompanied by their husbands and children, and the gift of a few halfpence to the latter is acknowledged by the parents with extreme expressions of gratitude.

Not to the European settlers alone have the Kaffirs confined their depredations. Eight powerful tribes, whose names are here given, have at different times been destroyed or driven out of the country: Amahlubi, signifying, in the native dialect, a people who tear or pull off; Amazizi, or people who bring (these people are the remains of a very powerful nation which twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago inhabited the country on the north-east of Port Natal); Amabele, or people of mercy; Amayabizembi, or axe benders; Abasekunene, or right-handed people; Amintozakwe, or people whose things are their own; Amarelidwani (there appears to be no definite meaning for this appellation); Abashwawo, or people that revile or reproach.

These nations being broken up and dispersed in the surrounding country, many of the people who escaped fled from time to time to the westward, and thus came into collision with the Amakosa Kaffirs, but principally with the tribes of Hintsa.

The scattered descendants of these tribes are known collectively by the name of Fingoes, a word which appears to be a term of reproach, signifying extreme poverty and misery, a being having no claim to mercy, justice, or even life, in fact a complete outcast.

The Fingoes are very generally employed as farm servants of one kind or another.

We give an engraving of a Fingoe herdsman, as being very characteristic, and showing the general costume worn by the Fingoe women when engaged in herding the flock.

Around the head is worn a string of glass beads, which are valued according to the brightness of their color; a small box for holding snuff is passed through a perforation in the ear, while a sheepskin, either tanned or dried, covers the body.

The Fingoe women are tall and robust, and, like the Kaffir women, capable of enduring great fatigue; they lift with apparent ease a weight which would puzzle an Irish laborer to raise, and at Algoa Bay they carry passengers ashore through the surf in most excellent style.

The Kaffir races are only occasionally prevailed upon to leave their haunts, and reside with the Europeans; when, however, they do become civilized, there are made very useful as wagoners, grooms, &c.; but they have the same failing as the Hottentots—a habit of drunkenness.

Another favorite luxury is snuff, which they take, not as we do, but by rubbing a quantity on the teeth. We give an engraving of a Kaffir wagon driver, regaling himself in this manner.

Accompanying it is the noted Cape wagon, described by all travellers. Drawn by almost a drove of oxen, and driven by a carter with a whip of unwieldy length, the team reminds one of the slowness with which the Dutch farmers—generally the possessors of these wagons—have ever adopted improvements.

The value of the wagon, however, is partly dependant upon the character of the tent with which it is covered. These are of two kinds, the one being merely an arched roof of green boughs fitting into iron staples in the frame of the wagon, and fastened together at the top with strips of hide. Over the boughs are laid Kaffir mats, and over these again is placed the tent itself, made of strong sail cloth or canvas. This descrip-

tion of wagon is not so expensive as the other, which is termed a cap tent wagon, and which is made wholly of wood and neatly finished.

The whip which is wielded by these drivers is worthy of description; it is formed of a bamboo pole, fourteen feet in length, to which is attached a long lash of twisted cowhide, sometimes double the length of the handle. It is used with both hands, and the crack of it can frequently be heard at the distance of a mile. As may be imagined, it is an instrument of immense power, and even through the tough hide of the ox blood follows every blow.

The Kaffir women are more domesticated than the men, and in the planting seasons busy themselves in their gardens; at other times they find employment in making skin cloaks or *karosses*, mats, baskets, &c. The girls and young women generally remain, during the day, with their mothers, whilst the male portion of the family are absent from the kraal. Of late years, the chiefs and their wives, as well those of superior grade, have imitated the English costume by piecemeal, and many of them cut a very grotesque appearance. The ladies wear a shabby, gaudy-tinted petticoat, a shawl of doeskin, and a colored handkerchief bound round their woolly pates similar to the Hottentot women, and which never comes off until it falls off by age and dirt; ablution being never resorted to by these races. The girls, however, no matter of what rank, wear no other habiliment than a sheepskin *kaross*, bound round them a little below the waist, and the woolly part turned inwards. The men, as well as the women, wear some kind of necklace and earrings, composed of glass beads. The arms are decorated, also, with massive brass rings.

The illustrations which we have here given are taken from the Amatola Kaffirs; the following ones belong to a different tribe:

The Tambookie Kaffirs inhabit a large tract of country bordering on the eastern frontier, adjacent to that of the Amatola Kaffirs, and differ but slightly in their manners and customs from their neighbors. The same predatory habits, the same cunning, faithless and cruel disposition mark the whole race of Kaffirs.

The only difference in costume consists in the head-dress, composed of a cotton handkerchief, which some trader may have bartered with them in exchange for the staple produce of their country, i.e. wool, hides or horns. This is a tall, athletic race, residing in beehive-shaped huts, constructed of wattle and daub, having a small aperture at one side, which performs the threefold office of place for entrance, light and ventilation; and in these rude habitations an entire family of eight or ten persons huddle together, with no other clothing than a coarse blanket or sheepskin *kaross*. A Kaffir village consists of an accumulation of these beehive-like huts, arranged in concentric circles, that of the chief being larger than the others, and placed in the centre of the village.

In the same districts, but totally distinct from both Hottentots and Kaffirs are the Bushmen. Driven like the Fingoes from their country, and with man's hand raised against them, they of necessity are well skilled in the use of the few and rude weapons, which their skill enables them to make.

As enemies, they are much more formidable than the Kaffirs, not indeed on account of their numbers, but on account of their skill; and besides the deadly character of their weapons, their mode of fighting is such as to place their adversaries in great danger before they are aware.

Barrow, the celebrated African traveller, thus describes their principal weapon, the bow and arrow:

"The bow is a plain piece of wood, generally cut from the asagai-tree, with a string three feet long, made from the fibres of the springbok's dorsal muscle, twisted into a cord.

"The arrow, which, when complete, does not measure more than two feet, consists of a small reed, in one extremity of which is inserted a piece of solid bone; this is sometimes taken from the ostrich's leg, when that bird can be obtained; it is round, finely wrought and polished, and in length varies from two to five inches.

"The intent of it seems to be, that of giving weight and strength to that part of the arrow, and to facilitate its entrance.



TAMBOEKIE MAN.

To the end of the bone is affixed a small sharp piece of iron of the form of an equilateral triangle, and the same string of sinews which binds this tight to the bone serves also to contain poison between the threads and upon the surface.

"This deleterious matter is applied in the consistence of varnish or wax. The string likewise fastens a small slip of quill pointed towards the opposite end of the arrow, which is not only designed to increase the difficulty of drawing it out, but also to rankle and tear the flesh and to bring the poison into contact with the blood.

"The poison is principally obtained by inspissating the juice or sap of different plants, but the most subtle and fatal poison is that taken from the heads of different kinds of snakes, and mixed with the juice of certain bulbous plants.

"The remedy usually applied to one of these arrow wounds is a root which grows wild in nearly every part of the country, and which is also used as an antidote to the bite of snakes, from which it derives its name of *slang wortel* or snake root.

"It is used in the same manner as the rattlesnake root in this country, which it greatly resembles."

Travelling in Caffraria is almost always accomplished in a wagon, excepting for a short distance and where no baggage is carried, when horses are used. The wagon, a drawing of which we give above, is a very large and roomy affair, usually about twelve feet long by five wide.

It is drawn by a number of oxen, usually twelve or fourteen, which are yoked in pairs. The strongest two are yoked, one on each side of the dissel boom or pole, and from this the *trek tow*, as it is called, is carried out, on either side of which the span or team are placed in pairs. The draught is effected by cross beams of wood, fastened along the *trek tow* at equal distances, and which are termed *yoke slays*. They are placed on the necks of the oxen, and fastened with strips of hide, technically called *reimpys*.

The reins are attached to the horns of the leading pair of oxen, and the rest are trained to follow.

The oxen are usually tractable enough, when not over-driven or overloaded, but if they should prove refractory the long whip, previously mentioned, comes into play, and usually proves a sufficiently strong persuasive.

The trek oxen, as they are called, are of considerable value, their price being about thirty dollars and upwards, and the wagon, when new, may be obtained for from four hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars. So that when a farmer loses a span of oxen and a wagon, as he frequently does, by a Kaffir theft, it forms no inconsiderable deduction from the year's profits.

Oxen are also used by the natives instead of horses, and with them they travel great distances and at a quick rate. They drill a hole through the nose of the beast, between the two nostrils, and pass through the aperture a leather thong, and thus guide the ox, while they impel him forward with their *knob-keerie*.

The knob-keerie above mentioned requires a little notice, as it is a weapon which is rarely out of the Kaffir's hand. It is merely a stick about four feet in length and an inch in diameter, and having at one end a round knob. They are usually made from the wild olive tree, the bend at the root being formed into the ball. They are principally used in hunting, for killing the smaller description of game, and are wielded in a very peculiar manner, and not unlike the boomerang of the natives of Australia.

Holding the thin end of the stick in the hand, they throw it with a twirling motion, so as to make it turn over and over in the air, until the thin end touches the ground a few feet short of the object aimed at, when the knob in descending strikes the mark.

But the most important weapon of all is the *assagai* or spear,



HINGOE WOMAN.



FINGOE HERDSWOMAN.

of which there are seven different forms, each of which is applied to some special use, but the general character is that of a small light javelin. The faces of the blade are fluted like a bayonet, while the edges are sharp and come to a point.

One species which is used as an ordinary knife has a blade about fourteen inches in length, and about three quarters of an inch wide.

Those intended for hunting purposes or for missiles have shorter blades, usually about six inches in length, but they have a long round haft or handle, eight or ten inches long, intended to give weight to the assagai when thrown.

Another description is about the eighth of an inch in thickness and is quadrangular, coming to a fine point. This they use in making basket work, &c., the fine point being used like a stiletto.

Those which are made for stabbing have likewise a long handle attached to the blade, and all its edges are notched with teeth like a saw, so as to make the wound inflicted by it more severe.

The iron haft is then set in a wooden shaft or handle, about four feet long and very light, and is bound round with a bit of thin cord, or dried grass matting. In all cases the length of the weapon is about five feet.

It appears, from what has been said, that they use it not only for different purposes but in different ways—sometimes throwing it like a javelin, and sometimes employing it to stab, cut and mutilate. They are generally very expert at the former practice, generally sending the assagai twenty or thirty yards, and with very good aim.

By their intercourse with the European colonists, the native tribes have obtained some firearms and ammunition, which they are tolerably skillful in using, and with them they killed a

large number of the British forces which have at various times been sent against the marauding Kaffirs.

Their weapons were the more fatal from the total concealment of the marksmen, who hidden behind almost impenetrable bushes and in color scarcely to be distinguished from them, were enabled to take deadly aim at their antagonists, whose gay colored coats and glittering accoutrements formed a most conspicuous mark.

The guns and ammunition are almost entirely set apart for warlike purposes, the assagai and the knob-keerie being used in all hunting excursions.

The traders to the interior of the country find that the most profitable article to barter for ivory, skins, &c., is the common musket, and so long as this continues to be the case, so long will the natives be supplied with firearms; but there is no doubt that in case of war breaking out, the loss to the colonists would be infinitely greater than if the native weapons were the only ones used.

A great element in the defence of the country is the Boers, or descendants of the original Dutch colonists, who, from their prowess as hunters, and their gigantic size and strength, are held in great dread by the small and undersized natives.

The Boers are engaged in agriculture, at generally but a short distance from the frontier, and their knowledge of the country, and the skill with which they handle their long roers or rifles, make them valuable allies.

Their farming is of a very partial description, and their ploughs and implements the same as those used by their forefathers a hundred years ago.

This backwardness may be ascribed partly to the natural tendency of the Dutch to dislike anything that bears the stamp of novelty and innovation, and partly to the want of good roads and constant communication between the outposts and the towns of the colony.



KAFFIR WOMAN.

The capability of the soil for the growth of the vine might also be made a source of great wealth to the colony, but for various reasons the quantity and the quality produced is not what it might be, if due care were taken in its manufacture.

There certainly is some good wine made in the colony, but the quantity is but small. This is the Constantia, of which there are two kinds, the red and the white, but which are much alike in general characteristics.

Tradition says that this wine received its name from the wife of one of the former English governors, but is silent as to whether it was merely complimentary, or in consequence of her entertaining a great partiality for it.

There are also two other wines made at the Cape, which in outward appearance closely resemble port and sherry, but in flavor they are woefully inferior.

This, the wine growers say, is not to be prevented under the present circumstances, for as their article has a bad name in the market, and only a small price can be obtained for it, so they cannot afford to expend on it that care and labor which is essential for its improvement.

Quantity is now the only object to be gained, and in consequence the grapes are gathered before they are thoroughly ripe and before any have dropped from the vines or shrivelled up, and the result is a crude, sour wine, which might turn the stomach of the most inveterate lovers of acid.

Great efforts have from time to time been made by the government at home to have wine of a superior quality exported, but their endeavors have been useless, and cape, sherry and port, is now principally used for the adulteration of the genuine Spanish and Portuguese wines.

The great riches of the Boers, and indeed nearly all the colonists, consist of cattle, of which they possess large herds, which are bartered to any trader that may pass for the articles required by the farmer, such as sugar, coffee, lead, gunpowder and articles of dress.

The course of proceeding of these traders is amusing, and is conducted somewhat after the following way :

The trader drives up his oxen to the farmer's house, and asks where he is to outspan or unyoke his oxen, at the same time offering to unload his wagon.

The Boer declines this latter offer, averring that he has no need of anything, but invites the trader to step in ; for whatever may be the faults of the Dutch colonists, they are at all times a most hospitable people.

The trader, taking from his wagon some little article as a present to the farmer's wife, enters the house. He must then manage to propitiate the lady, for no bargains are ever made without her counsel and sanction.

After the meal is finished, the trader unloads a part of his stock, when in all probability the housewife will recollect many things which are absolutely necessary, and the trader concludes by taking away half a dozen oxen, worth in the colony from thirty to forty dollars each.

In this way the trader proceeds from station to station, his goods decreasing and his herds increasing as he goes. Finally he disposes of his wagon for its equivalent value in bullocks, and takes the back track to the settlements.

On horseback, and with only a few Bushmen drivers, he has now to travel with his oxen many hundred miles across plains where water is only to be met with at distant intervals, and depending for sustenance either upon what he can kill with his rifle or the oxen which he is driving before him. In danger from marauding Kaffirs, who are always on the look-out for an opportunity of stealing cattle, from the defection of his Bushmen servants, who will sometimes turn sullen without any apparent cause, and perhaps desert him for days when he most needs their assistance, he is indeed fortunate when he arrives at the settlement with only a slight loss by the way.

The bullocks are then sold to the Capetown butchers, to be fattened for the market, and to speculators who contract for the supply of the troops.

Here again the trader is subject to loss, for he has often to receive bills in payment the givers of which, when the bills are due, are frequently found to have decamped without making provision for their payment.

The following description of a Bushman driver is given by the graphic pen of the author of "The Cape and the Kaffirs :—"

"He was about four feet in height, and decidedly the ugliest specimen of the human race I ever beheld, without being deformed in body or limbs ; the most prominent feature in his face was the mouth, with its huge, thick, sensual lips. The nose could scarcely be called a projection ; at all events it was far less distinguishable in the outline of the side face than the mouth ; it was an inverted, or, rather, concave Roman—that is to say, the bridge formed a curve inwards, the nostrils were very wide and open, so that you seemed, by means of them, to look a considerable distance into his head.

"With regard to the eyes, I am guilty of no exaggeration when I assert that you could not see the eyeballs at all as you looked at his profile, but only the hollows which contained them ; it was like looking at a mask when the eyes of the wearer are far removed from the orifices cut for them in the pasteboard. The cheek bones were immense, the cheeks thin and hollow ; the forehead was low and shelving ; in fact, he could scarcely be said to have a forehead at all.

"He was two or three shades from being black, and he had even less hair on his head than his countrymen generally ; it was composed of little tight, woolly knots, with a considerable space of bare skin between each."

Having discharged his Bushmen, the trader takes a little relaxation, and then he buys a fresh wagon, restocks it, and the same things are done over again, and the same dangers encountered.

With a shrewd and careful trader the business is profitable enough, as he is aware of the bargaining propensities of the settlers, and fixes his prices accordingly, so that he can take the reduced price offered him, the Boer all the while chuckling to himself in his delight at having secured a bargain.

With the natives the principal articles of trade are muskets, ammunition, knives, beads, &c. ; and for these the trader receives in exchange ivory, skins and karosses, or native cloaks.

When it is intended to trade with the natives, who seldom give bullocks in exchange, it is necessary to retain the wagon for the purpose of carrying back the ivory, &c., which is disposed of in Capetown at a profit varying from two hundred to two thousand per cent., according to the circumstances under which it was obtained.

In giving an account of the Cape and the Kaffirs, we should not omit to notice those very extraordinary animals the Cape sheep. They have no wool, properly speaking, but a sort of coarse shaggy hair, which causes them to resemble goats more than sheep. They are perfectly lean except at the tail, which is a huge mass of fat, dangling down to their hocks, and curling sharply up at the extremity like a *nez retroussé*. It appears as if nature had squeezed all the fat of the unfortunate creatures into their caudal extremity, which is used for the same purposes as lard.

There used to be some sheep in the government gardens at Grahamstown, of which the tails were so large and heavy that they were necessitated to have small wicker carts in which to support them.

Sheep farming is an occupation embraced by many, but of all lives it is by far the laziest. A Broadway dandy, one would imagine, is not much fatigued by his day's exertions, but his life is positively a hard-working one compared with the Cape sheep farmer. A frequenter of the Plaza must do something, at any rate he must wash and dress, two things which sheep farmers never do, or scarcely ever.

The colonist rises about eleven in the morning, puts on pants and shirt, thrusts his feet into a pair of shoes, crowns himself with an old felt hat and behold—the toilet is completed. He then takes a pipe, strolls amongst his Hottentot servants, takes a cup of coffee, with perhaps a chop or cutlet of tough mutton, and then applies himself to sleep away the major part of the day.

He looks at the sheep when they come home in the evening, has another edition of the morning's meal, which he calls supper, and then goes to bed again to snooze until eleven the next morning, when the same routine is gone through.

The only thing which arouses him from this state of quiescence is a hunt, in case a wolf or hyena should make a midnight attack on his sheep fold. He will then take up his gun, rouse the herds, and go off in chase of the robber to any distance, when, having either killed or lost his game, he returns to his habitation, and falls back upon his original lazy life.

We are wrong in saying a hunt is the only thing, for at shearing time he is obliged to work, or his servants will not, and indeed from the scarcity of help, he is often obliged to take the shears in hand himself.

This is not so disagreeable, as it is the wool which brings in the ready money, and as soon as he can get it sheared and packed, he is enabled to get an advance from his agent on account of its consignment to England.

The greatest part of the cultivation of land is carried on in Natal, where, in addition to the fertility of the soil, the liability of the wheat to rust is not so great.

The Kaffirs of the Zulu tribes are also more suited by nature for husbandry than either the Cape Kaffirs or the Hottentots.

In addition to grain of different kinds, there is also cultivated in Natal the cotton plant, and within the last few years both the coffee and the tobacco plants. These last two are principally grown within a short distance of the town of Port Natal, now D'Urban, so called out of compliment to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, one of the few good governors which Cape Colony has enjoyed.

Cape Colony has no doubt suffered much from the unfitness and incompetency of the governors appointed by the home authorities, who appear to consider as necessary qualifications, that a man should have been a distinguished soldier, be totally ignorant of even the geography of the land he is sent to govern, and be too old to learn anything.

It is of no consequence that a man is perfectly ignorant of the habits, manners and customs of the people, that he is not at all likely to ingratiate himself with them, but merely that the land shall be able to pay him a certain amount per annum to mismanage it.

The fertility of Natal is so great, that the growth of the grass is too large, even with the thousands of cattle and deer which there are to eat it off, and in consequence it is necessary to burn off the old crop in order to get a new one.

To accomplish this end the colonist waits until the wind is in a suitable direction—viz., blowing up hill—when the flame is applied to the dry grass at the foot of the hill, and in a short time the whole ascent appears like a pyramid of flame, which soon burns out, and in a few weeks a short, sweet grass supplies the coarse and withered herbage destroyed by the fire.

The tribes of natives inhabiting the Natal district, although differing in many respects from the Cape Kaffirs, are still closely allied to them in race; but unless in time of war, when they unite against the common enemy, they hold but little communication.

The Natal Kaffirs are known by the name of Zulus, and are a very tractable and hard-working race, when kindly used and not overworked.

In common with the rest of the natives, however, they are liable to leave their work at any time, without any reason being assigned, and being absent for weeks at a time, which of necessity causes great inconvenience to the settler.

The huts of the Zulu Kaffirs are formed of trellis or wicker-work and thatched; in appearance they resemble a well-rounded haystack, being generally from eight to ten feet high at the vertex, circular in form and from twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter, with a semicircular opening in the side like a beehive.

The fire is generally kindled in the middle, and the smoke escapes by an aperture left in the top of the hut, but this it does slowly, and in consequence the atmosphere is so suffocating as to be unbearable to any but the natives, who do not appear to be at all affected by it.

The mode of manufacturing assagais practised by the Zulus is peculiar. First, the piece of iron obtained by a rude process of smelting is placed in a wood fire, which is kept burning at one extremity of a long smooth block of granite. Around the fire

the workmen to the number of a dozen or more assemble, each holding in his hand a smooth pebble of about four pounds' weight. The Kaffirs then commence, three men at a time, blowing with their mouths until the iron is wrought to a bright glowing heat, when it is jerked out to the opposite extremity of the flat stone and beaten with the pebbles until it becomes cold, when it is reheated, and the same process goes on until the assagai is formed. The Kaffirs in all cases prefer those of their own make to those made by European workmen from English iron, their own metal being much better suited for the purpose.

Less trouble has been experienced with the Kaffirs in Natal than in the other parts of Southern Africa, which is perhaps owing to the paucity of forest land, or bush, as it is called, into which they retreat when hard-pressed by the enemy.

Their principal inroad was in 1836, when the town of Pieter Maritzberg was being built, when the Kaffirs rushed upon the almost defenceless settlers and massacred a large number of them. Since then the Dutch system of a *commando* was organised, which put a stop to any important incursions.

The *commando* is a body of settlers, usually about five hundred in number, each man mounted on his own horse and armed after his own fashion, and having officers elected from those most fitted by skill for the position.

In approaching Kaffirs they usually advanced at a trot until within point blank range, when a volley was delivered, and the whole body wheeling round galloped out of reach of the assagais of their opponents, which generally take effect at any distance not exceeding thirty-five yards.

As they retreated they reloaded their rifles, and then again wheeling round, they dashed back upon the natives, shooting down a number more, and then again retreating. In this manner they got rid of many of their unwelcome visitors without much loss to themselves, unless, as occasionally happened, they were surrounded, when nothing was left but to cut through the ranks of the Kaffirs.

The great want in Cape Colony, and one which is universally felt, is good roads. The route into the interior of the country is generally nothing more than a wagon track, without the faintest semblance of an attempt at improvement. They often lead through rivers, which though at most times not more than knee-deep, yet on the occasion of rain become roaring and foaming torrents which it is impossible to pass, and whose waters sometimes take from a month to six weeks before they subside.

Africa has been described as a country of birds without song, flowers without scent, and rivers without water.

The absence of water lessens very much the appearance of the landscape, and at first sight there appears to be something wanting—an incompleteness, the cause of which is not at once discovered.

Where water is plentiful, and not liable to fail in the dry season, settlements are rapidly formed, as, for instance, Fort Armstrong, on the Kat River, which is one of the most beautiful districts in the whole country, and so successful that it has been said that when Fort Armstrong fails then the whole colony will fail.

The view from the Berea Hills overlooking Port Natal is strikingly grand. Far away in the distance lies the Indian Ocean, its waves sparkling in the sunshine, while closer in is the Bay of Natal, with its ships at anchor, tossing amid the foaming billows at the foot of the sharp promontory which bounds the bay.

Then comes the glassy Inner Bay, reposing beneath the sombre shade of the deep tinted forest, which fringe its shores to the water's edge; countless pleasure boats skimming its smooth surface, and here and there a fishing or picnic party, from whose boats arise the sounds of blithe and ringing laughter.

Close under the feet of the spectator lies the town of D'Urban, with its snow white buildings dotting the place in an irregular manner, till the outermost houses are lost in the bush, and looking far more like a village than a rising and populous seaport.

And lastly the eye meets the dark forest, miles in extent



KOSA FINGOE MAN.

every way, and clothing to their summits the swelling hills that rise in the distance and frame the picture.

Taken altogether South Africa is a land of rare beauty. Whether we regard it in its wild, uncultivated state, or more utilitarian in our views, we see in it only a field for the profitable employment of capital, it has still many attractions for the votaries of either, and let us in taking leave of our subject, express a wish that the colony has seen the last of her wars with the natives; wars, during the continuance of which all progress has been suspended, and a stop been put to all the operations of the civilized portion of the community, whether commerce or the advancement of science, the work of the trader or the explorations of the naturalist, and to quell which has lost to England so many gallant lives.



FINGOE WOMAN.

THE KNIGHT BANNERET.

THE STORY of me, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, Knight Banneret of the "Bloody Distance," and of my ward Essilia.

Begun on this present St. Alban's eve, being the 17th of June, 1729, when as I am, this day, fifty years and sixteen days old.

And forsomuch as, being a soldier, I write not clerkly and spell but indifferent well, I do leave this record in cipher, whereby transcription will become of necessity; and I do humbly pray any who may hereafter be concerned in making public this my narrative to be indulgent to my errors of style, and the same to correct, so far as may be.

Whereas I find that the circumstances under which it was my hap to become a Knight Banneret, surnamed "of the Bloody Distance," have been somewhat misnarrated (as who, indeed, could relate them wholly, but I, the seer and doer?) I hold it fit to detail what follows—*videlicet*:

There was, as all men of war of the time do know, a gallant regiment of volunteers attached to that portion of the British army which in the year of grace 1703 freed Spanish Guelderland from the dominion of the French, and thence proceeded with all despatch to Germany, there to co-operate with the im-



HOTTENTOT WOMAN.

perialist forces against the United French and Bavarians under Count d'Arco. In this body I was captain, and my subaltern was my young schoolmate and friend Frank Ballatine.

On the day of the fight at Schellenberg, being the 2nd of July, 1704, we marched towards Donawerth, under the orders of the brave General Goor, and, crossing the Wernitz, were hotly engaged with the enemy until near the hour of noon. At this time a pause took place, and many experienced soldiers, considering the battle over, began to think of pipe and haversack. But those who could command the distance knew that a frightful storm of war was gathering on our left, to which this pause was but the solemn prelude. Very wary dispositions were made by our chiefs to meet the impending danger, and brief was the space ere we lay armed and vigilant, coiled up, as it were, and ready to launch our strength upon any point of peril.

But ere this was completed there occurred a short but terrible episode of strife; for while the manœuvres were in progress, a portion of our regiment, retiring too slowly upon the main position, were set upon by Polish cavalry, and saved themselves, hardly, under the fire of our guns, at the cost of some ten or twelve of their number, and, woe the while! the bat-



AMAKOSA KAFFIR.

talion ensign left, with him that had borne it, midway between the hostile fronts.

When our old colonel, gallant Sir Piers Tylden, saw his color lie thus exposed to capture, he was like a man demented. He tore his white locks, and, snatching his watch and money from his pouch, offered all, and promotion to boot, to any bold grenadier who would venture to bring it in. That some were found to essay it need not be told; but so hot was the fire, that none from either part lived to reach the spot, and when the attempts ceased twenty-three brave fellows were added to the slain—nine to capture the color and fourteen to save!

Suddenly there galloped to the front my young schoolmate, Frank Ballatine, his black ringlets flying abroad and mingling



THE EUPORBIA TREE, NATAL.

with the satin ribbons of his shoulder-knot, and his fine blue eyes (so like his sweet mother's!) dancing with a strange delight. He leaped from his horse.

"At last," he cried. "She calls me! What a brave signal!"

"How now, Frank! What is it, my son? What she?" quoth stott Sir Piers, growling, and tugging his old moustache.

"Do you want your ensign, colonel?" shouted Frank. "I'll fetch it. Shake hands, Charles. God bless you, old boy."

Some tried to dissuade him, since death was all but certain; and old Tom Deverell, half-laughing, half-crying, swore that since some gentleman of worship must go, we might as well despatch the regiment's baboon, that always marched at our head on field-days, imitating the gestures of the colonel, and, with all his frolic and mischief, was not half so boon as merry Frank Ballatine. But the boy was obstinate.

"Come hither, Charles Lyndwode," he muttered to me. "Look yonder—beside the ensign. Dost see nothing?"



HOTTENTOT FROM SOMERSET.

There was smoke enough, and dust, and mangled men, and, six score paces distant, dark lines of the enemy, half-sheltered by low earthen breastworks. More I saw not. But I knew he meant not these.

"I thought you were a seer, like myself," said Frank, with a short laugh. "She stands there, like a queen, above the color; one white arm—handless—raised and beckoning me, the other pointing to the ensign. 'Scath, sir! she'll think me a coward! Don't grasp me! Farewell.'"

And he strode away.

For a moment we almost persuaded ourselves that the enemy would not fire. Dust and smoke had cleared away, and the scene was as distinct as in a theatre. We could see the black and yellow beards of the crouching French.

Now, surely as I, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, write these words, I beheld, as Frank strode on his fearful errand, a shape grow forth of the air, having the bearing and attitude, yea,

and the handless arm, he himself described. Head, bust and arms were those of a fair woman with long hair, such as your French fantasists call *argent doré*, which sparkles when the sun doth kiss it. A gauzy robe floated round her, but faded, as to the lower folds, into air, so that I saw through it the glittering arms of the foe—and, alas! moreover, the flash of their pieces—for a whole platoon drew trigger at once upon the solitary man. Frank neither stopped nor staggered, but walked straight on, not to the color, as was expected, but to the beckoning presence beside it. Then, as though stricken by the levin-bolt, threw up his arms and fell dead upon the fallen color. The white, dismembered arm was gone, and, as before, nothing was visible but smoke, dust and blood—dead Frank and the crouching foe!

A howl of rage broke from the ranks as Frank fell, and needed all the exertions of us officers to prevent a general burst from the shelter of our half-cover, a movement which could only have resulted in death and discomfiture. When order was restored, Sir Piers, to cheer our spirits, gave permission for one more volunteer to make the attempt.

Before any could answer I felt myself step forward; and thereupon ensued what I can better describe than understand.

As I quitted the line I was conscious of nothing so much as the intense, oppressive silence, and a sensation of hot breathing in my face, as from the lip of a volcano. I had but sixty yards to traverse, yet, in that brief space, stepped over the bodies of twelve of my slain comrades—every foot of earth bearing some lethal trace of what had befallen. Well might it thereafter be called the "Bloody Distance."

At my third step a single shot was fired—soon another—then a whole platoon. I was in an atmosphere of fire. So continuous was the whistle of the shot, it seemed as though some one was swinging a ball round and round my head. The earth was grooved into twenty furrows at my very feet. Still nothing touched me. Truly I was not then a God-fearing man, and little versed in holy writ. How was it, then, that some low, sweet voice, distinct above the pealing musketry, spoke perpetually within me that assuring psalm—the soldier-psalm: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust?" Here the din of the musketry increased mightily, but the sweet voice overcame it all: "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

Henceforth, and ere I had accomplished the distance, all sense of personal danger had departed—I felt invulnerable—more, a strange, pleasurable exultation possessed me, involving all the outward senses in its operation. As though stained glasses had been suddenly placed before my eyes, all surrounding objects became of one uniform color—red. My frame appeared to dilate into gigantic proportions. I felt at least twenty feet high! The sound of the firing seemed to have receded to a vast distance, and was like a grand, low music, on which the ear dwelt with delight. These sensations, and more which it skills not to relate, are as vividly impressed upon my memory now as at the moment of their occurrence. Nor is there anything marvellous in the tale. I had, in truth, but an access of that strange disorder—since well enough known—the "cannon fever."

I had now reached the debated spot where poor Frank lay extended beside the blood-soaked color. Stooping down, as though from a vast altitude, my hand came in sharp contact with the ground; but this caused no change in the strange possession. First, as in duty bound, I caught up the precious flag—now a mere handful of bloody tatters—disposing what remained of the sacred folds round the wounded staff; then raising poor Frank's body on my shoulders (he was a slight fellow, and no burden), walked slowly back to my men.

Strangest of all is the sequel.

Frank, although stone dead, appeared to have received no injury; neither wound nor abrasion of any kind appeared upon his clear white skin. And I, though alike untouched, even to my clothes, and in perfect health of body, remained for nine days thereafter so prostrated in strength as to need the assistance of two men to mount my charger.

For this service was I created Knight Banneret in the field, and surnamed of the "Bloody Distance."

And the handless spectrum? What of her? Poor Frank's own hands disclosed the tragical matter. As his friend and executor, it fell to my charge to examine his papers. These, it must be owned, were neither important nor voluminous, consisting, in the main, of old tavern scores with boon companions in merry England. There were, in addition to the aforesaid, many rolls which had contained tobacco, an unfinished sonnet, and a little journal-book, very much creased, and, withal, ill-penned. In this was contained the secret of his latter life, and of that secret I will, as briefly as possible, deliver the substance:

At the commencement of the Dutch campaign, General Krogh requested that a British officer, familiar with the language of the country, might be attached to his personal staff. Now Krogh, though a brave and experienced commander, was, perhaps, as atrocious a monster as the times, prolific in brutality, produced. His temper was as violent as his heart was cold. Impatient of contradiction, it demanded the most delicate circumspection on the part of his coadjutors to preserve that cordial harmony so essential to the success of the campaign. It was consequently enjoined most peremptorily upon any individual upon whom this unenviable duty might devolve to confine himself strictly within his office—that, namely, of attending the movements of the fierce old general, and forming the channel of official communication between him and his allies.

Poor Frank's genial good-nature, combined with other qualities, seems to have pointed to him as the officer best qualified for this peculiar service, and (with some misgiving, rather implied than expressed in his notes) he accepted the same.

Note, at this period I myself was languishing, with a grievous hurt, at Ostend on the sea, and knew nought further than that Ballatine, after an absence of but a few weeks, threw up his appointment and returned to his regiment, no otherwise changed than that he was now subject to occasional fits of dreamy meditation, which, however, never failed to yield to the influence of regimental wit—and wine! Nor was any one of his comrades better informed than myself, all that was fully known being that Frank had fulfilled his duty to the satisfaction of our chiefs, and was marked for early promotion at the instance of Krogh himself.

The secret remained locked up in Frank's own bosom, and here, at last, is the key.

It appeared, from the poor boy's notes, that upon a certain reconnoitring expedition, and when at a distance of several leagues from camp, Frank had made a descent upon a lone farm-house, situated upon a small oasis in the midst of a swampy flat, and had there effected the capture of three fat Flemish hens, leaving, in exchange, his too susceptible heart. For in that humble, and, as she doubtless hoped, unnoticed dwelling, there resided, with her brother, a woman of half Spanish blood, of beauty so surpassing that Frank's hair (if we may believe his own words) stood on end with mingled awe and admiration, as though one should open a dingy cupboard, and a radiant angel should step out.

That the parties in question had especial reasons for inhabiting this desolate and all but inaccessible demesne, was easily observable; and strong suspicions were on foot that the invisible brother (for neither on the first occasion nor in any of Frank's subsequent visits to this swampy Eden was this man to be found at home) was no other than a celebrated spy in the service of the enemy, who passed by innumerable names, and, although his person was well known, had hitherto foiled every attempt made to capture him.

In brief, between the lovely eremite and poor Frank there arose a dangerous, a fatal intimacy, how carried on it is absolutely impossible to surmise, since no prolonged absences on his part were discernible. Incalculable must have been the risks run by the headstrong lover in his perilous pursuit, which nevertheless continued for the space of some months previous to the period of which I am now to speak, namely, that of Ballatine's appointment to the Dutchman's staff.

Some short time after Frank had joined, Krogh, upon a certain foggy evening, such as he and his countrymen appeared to hold in especial delight, desired Frank and a favorite aide-de-camp of his own to accompany him, and, followed by a select

escort of a dozen well-mounted troopers, rode forth, an hour after sundown, upon a secret errand.

A quick trot of several leagues brought them to the junction of three roads, and here, in a fir coppice, the general established a sort of ambushade.

Silence succeeded for nearly an hour, interrupted only at intervals by the champing of bits, the impatient shiver of some restless steed, the "ohoo-e, ohoo-e" of an owl, astonished and disgusted at this unceremonious military occupation, and the "kax, kax" of the fat burghers of Marstown, disporting themselves in the plashy environs.

Suddenly a horse's tread echoed faintly on the stony road. A growl from the leader signified "Silence and preparation." The very owl stopped hooting, as if from interest in the scene. A tall, powerful man, dressed like a peasant, in a yellow blouse, and leading a great black horse, came slowly by, the uneven gait of the latter showing that he had sustained some injury of the foot, or, at the least, the loss of a shoe—no slight misfortune, since the halo of mist that enveloped the halting creature indicated that the journey thus delayed had objects of pressing moment.

"Out! Seize him!" shouted Krogh, dashing his horse through the low brush as he spoke. But with inconceivable promptitude the man was in his saddle and away, the noble horse, invigorated by his late breathing-space, starting off at a pace that, lame as he was, distanced for the moment the enraged general, who, cursing furiously, spurred after, followed by Ballatine and the rest.

As though conscious that his horse's unprotected hoof could not last on the hard road, the hunted man, after a race of a few hundred yards, pulled up with a suddenness that threw more than one of his immediate pursuers beyond him, and, jumping a low dyke and hedge, was lost in the darkness, though the splashing of his steed through the swampy ground could be still distinctly heard. Without a moment's hesitation the general plunged after in pursuit, Frank, the Dutch aide, and such of the escort as could persuade their animals to take the blind leap, still at his heels. The ground was frightful, for though the mud and water were not more than a few inches in depth, the land was intersected by narrow ditches three feet deep, and equally difficult to jump or wade.

"Curses on the villain! He has escaped us," panted the excited general, as he brought up his beast after a terrific stumble. "Halt and listen!"

Eyes and ears were strained to the utmost, and presently an exclamation from one of the party drew attention to a gleam of red light that had appeared and vanished again almost too quickly for general observation. As far as could be guessed, it was not distant more than the third of a mile. Some pronounced it a marsh light, but the Dutch aide, who was famed for his quick vision, swore it was the entrance of a fire-lighted dwelling that had suddenly opened, and as quickly closed.

"Right! We have him!" cried the general. "Now, gentlemen, yonder is Quesnel, the despatch-bearer. A thousand guilders for the rascal's head. Ten thousand for the papers he carries, this night, in the left pocket of his yellow blouse. Forward!"

Proceeding with more caution, the general himself presently detected a narrow tridle-path, winding so deviously through the marsh as to cause some doubt whether it led ultimately in the desired direction, or to the point from which they had started. At length it took an abrupt turn, widened, ascended a broad plateau, and conducted them within view of a low house, with outbuildings, dimly perceptible against a background of pines.

Halting the party, Krogh and his sharp-sighted aide leaped from their horses, and were able to ascertain that recent horse-tracks led up to the very door. The latter even averred that he could distinguish the track of a shoeless hoof. If, however, one line of tracks approached the house, another quite as recent departed from it, and, by the deep indentations, evidently at furious speed.

"Escaped, herr general," said the disappointed aide.

"A shallow trick, sir," replied the latter. "He has en-

tered, and let his beast go. Break up the door and pike the vermin."

But, as they approached, the door opened suddenly, and a woman, holding a lamp, looked out. She was on the point of retreating again, when Krogh caught her roughly by her loose dress, and demanded Quesnel.

"*No esta aqui! Nadie esta aqui!*"—(He is not here. There is no one here)—she replied.

But though the general understood no Spanish, her confused manner at once confirmed his suspicions.

"Fiends choke your gibberish! Interpret, sir!" he shouted, turning to Ballatine, who truly had scraps enough of language to have reconciled the conflicting tongues of Babel.

Frank, who—as reported after the poor toy's death, by a soldier present—looked strangely agitated, stammering and in a low voice, rendered her words into the general's tongue.

The latter made no reply, but roughly pushing her before him, strode into the dwelling.

It was rather chateau than farm, and exhibited unmistakable traces of its occupation by persons of the superior class.

"Look you, my little child," said Krogh, using his favorite expression, and speaking in tones of such superhuman gentleness that all, except the unfortunate lady, knew that he had passed into his well-known "white passion." "Quesnel is here, and so is Krogh. If, within three minutes, you present him not bodily, in this room, I will burn the house and your ladyship within it. I invite Monsieur Quesnel to supper," said the general, sitting down. "You will seek him?"

"*No quiero!*"—(I will not)—said the woman quietly.

All eyes turned upon the daring speaker. She was of commanding beauty, an example of that rare but most lovely variety, the Spanish blonde. Krogh regarded her with about as much interest as he would have bestowed upon a Barbary ape. English Frank made an involuntary step forward, as though to assure the beautiful, unprotected woman of the presence of at least one friend. As he did so she started, but did not speak.

"Shall we search, general?" asked the Dutch officer.

"Search, sir! No. It is time wasted. He's safe enough, unless we get the secret from her lips; and that she knows. Will you swear, woman, that you know not his hiding-place?"

"*No quiero,*" was the stern reply, of which Frank dared not attempt a gentler paraphrase.

"Good. But let us be sure. Will you lay your hand upon the table and repeat that?"

The woman did so without hesitation.

Krogh dipped his broad finger into the bowl of his ex-pipe (he had been smoking while in the copse), and, collecting some of the black ash, drew a sooty bracelet round the delicate wrist.

"In one minute I will have this dainty limb—or Quesnel!"

Ballatine started; but he deemed the savage in jest.

"Strike, Piet," said Krogh to a rough dragoon, who caught her hand and held it to the table. "Not with your sword, fellow," he continued; "that's for battle. Here's your surgeon's tool."

And he caught up a large bread-knife with a wooden haft that lay near, and thrust it towards the man. Still the victim retained her composed demeanor.

"Is he thy husband?" demanded the general.

"*No esta!*"—(He is not).

"Thy paramour?"

As Frank hesitated in translating the insolent question, the woman herself spoke:

"*Puede usted asasinarme, pero jamas por mis manos!*"

Ballatine interpreted mechanically—

"You may indeed murder him, but not through me!"

"Cut, hound!" roared Krogh.

Frank's blood boiled. He stood irresolute, not from want of pity, from no fear of crossing the savage, whom he would have taken by his shaggy beard as soon as shaken a puppy; but the reiterated caution—"Interfere not—leave the man his will—no remonstrance—your duty is allotted—do it," rang in his ears, and warned him to forbear. Added to this, he still believed



VIEW IN KAFFERARIA—CAPE WAGON

that Krogh's purpose was solely to practise on the woman's fears; and, finally, the general himself, who had probably noticed the dangerous gleam in his young follower's eye, made a step towards him, saying sternly, in an under growl:

"Be still, sir; stand back; let me try her."

Not till the edge of the huge weapon touched the white skin did the unfortunate lady appear to become fully conscious that no empty menace was intended; then, with a sudden shriek, and a convulsive struggle, she strove to get free. Too late. The doomed hand remained fixed as in an iron vice, while the other was caught and retained by a second ruffian, in the person of the Dutch aide.

"Cut, fellow!" repeated the general, administering as he spoke a savage blow with his sheathed sword to the half-reluctant soldier.

Wildly the victim threw her magnificent eyes around. They rested on Frank's red dress (his face she could not see, for it was purposely averted), and hope seemed to revive as she recognised the tokens of a British presence on the scene. Then, in language incomprehensible to all but him who was powerless to aid, in accents expressing the wildest extreme of anguish and passionate entreaty, she implored Frank to interpose, and protect her from the threatened outrage.

The unfortunate young man writhed in mental anguish scarcely less than her own, and, in the agitation of the moment, turned his changing features full upon her. She paused suddenly, mute and rigid, as though turned into stone, her marvellous eyes fixed on her lover, and apparently insensible even to the tightened grip of the man who held her hand.

One second longer Frank hesitated—a second only; but in that the tragedy was consummated. With a horrible crunching sound the soldier forced the knife slowly, frightfully through the limb, till it passed into the wood beneath; then they released their victim. She had never removed her burning eyes from Frank, nor did she then; but raising the mutilated arm and directing it to him, as though he alone had been the doer, she sank slowly forward upon the table, her bright hair literally "dabbled in blood"—the blood from her own rich veins. A rude hand raised her. She was dead.

At the instant, the sentinel without dashed his musketoon through the casement, and announced that flames were bursting from more than one window in the building; and ere they had assembled on the outside it became evident that some skilful incendiary had fired it in twenty places at once.

"A shriek! a shriek!" cried some one, as they rushed out; and a low, faint wail sounded from within the burning house.

"'Tis but a cat," sneered the aide.

But, without a word, Frank darted back—and in a few moments reappeared, carry-



FINGOE WOMAN.

ing a white bundle in his arms, which he handed to a dragoon of the escort, who sometimes acted as his orderly.

"Look to it with your life, sir," he muttered, and resumed his place by the general's side, whose attention, with



HOTTENTOT HOUSE-SERVANT.

that of his aide, had been attracted to a new and remarkable object.

At the centre window of the mansion, directly above the door, a tall dark form was visible, in strong relief against the blazing interior, apparently watching the party below, and wholly insensible to the flames which played so closely around him that they must have singed both garments and hair. The figure was that of the spy.

"Put me a ball through him," growled the general; and almost before the last word had escaped his lips, two of the men fired.

The figure turned slightly to the side from whence the shots proceeded, as though courting a repetition of the attempt, but made no other movement.

"Donner! Again! No, hold! we must save the despatches. Try escalade," said the general.

Some rude furniture was hastily dragged forth, and a tolerable platform erected; but before this was complete, a horrible change had taken place above. The fire had caught Quesnel's clothes. Still he neither moved nor spoke. A frightful minute passed, when the figure, suddenly leaning



BEUTCHUANA WAGON LEADER.

forward, passed, a sheet of flame, headforemost through the window. On examination, a piece of his red silk sash remaining unconsumed about his neck, betrayed his self-destruction. After firing the house, and no doubt destroying the precious despatches, which had cost so dear, he had hung himself to a hook in the window at which he had been discovered.

Such was the result of the general's ambushade.

The circumstance was widely enough bruited at the time, but the causes which rendered it an event of such dear import to Frank Ballatine remained concealed in his own breast.

A few days later, however, Frank sent in his formal resignation as aide and interpreter, and, without awaiting a reply, returned quietly to his regiment. Strange to say, General Krogh, so far from taking offence at this unceremonious departure, wrote to the English chief, expressing in the most cordial terms his high appreciation of the young officer's conduct and zeal.

And the white bundle—what treasure did that contain which Frank's dragoon was charged to defend with his life? Good reason have I to answer that.

On the day we buried my poor friend, I found, on returning

to my tent, perched upon my baggage, the most beautiful but most inconvenient of babes. It was busily engaged in sucking a stirrup-leather. The lovely imp never cried, but waved its tiny hand around, as though to assure me that I was still master of my tent, wherein there was abundant room for both.

The thing was right. We made that campaign together.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

THE ANEMONE.

The situation proper for the culture of this flower is one that is properly drained and open to the south, and unincumbered by the shade of trees. The anemone will prosper and flower in tolerable perfection in any common moderately light earth, only observing to avoid planting in overmoist and stiff soil, which rot the roots in winter; and if any addition is necessary to raise or form the beds, no more is needful than common light and well-wrought soil, working the whole deeply and thoroughly. The beds, however, are often formed of composts.

In planting anemones in the borders, plant them in patches of three, four or five roots together, in a patch of five or six inches breadth, putting them two or three inches deep. Mark out the beds three feet and a half broad, the length according to the number of plants, with alleys eighteen inches wide between bed and bed. The beds should be worked fifteen or eighteen inches deep; break the earth small, but avoid sifting it, observing that to prevent lodgment of wet, and to give the beds a good appearance, as well as to show the flowers to the best advantage, it is desirable to elevate them three inches above the common level or general surface; but if there is danger of moisture standing in winter, double or treble that height is preferable, working the whole a little rounding, and raking the surface smooth. In each bed plant six rows lengthwise, the roots at six inches distance in each row, and two inches deep.

An easy way of protecting anemones is to bend across the beds wooden or iron hoops, securely fixed in the ground; upon these mats can be thrown, should the weather be such as to render it necessary; but care must be taken that they are firmly secured to the hoops by pegs. Double anemones may be potted in October, and the soil is excellent if composed of one-half maiden loam, fresh from the pasture, with one quarter well-decayed manure, and one quarter fine sand. After potting they may be placed in a cold frame, and watered but sparingly till the following spring, when they may be put into a warmer place.

CULTURE OF TULIPS.

Tulips are called seedlings until they have bloomed; after this those preserved on account of their good form and habit, as well as the offsets they produce, are called breeders. After some years the petals of these become striped, and they are then said to be broken. A feathered tulip has a dark colored edge round its petals, gradually becoming lighter on the margin next the centre of the petal; the feathering is said to be light if narrow, heavy if broad, and irregular if its inner edge has a broken outline. A flamed tulip is one that has a dark-pointed spot, somewhat in shape like the flame of a candle, in the centre of each petal. Sometimes a tulip is both feathered and flamed. A bizard tulip has a yellow ground, and colored marks on its petals; a byblomen is white, marked with black, lilac or purple; a rose is white, with marks of crimson, pink or scarlet.

A properly arranged bed of tulips consists of seven long rows, of which the tallest tulips should be the middle, and shorter ones nearer the sides. Tulips are, on account of their different heights, called first row, second row, third row, or fourth row flowers—the first row being nearest the sides, and the fourth row being in the middle, both sides of course being alike. There are but four heights recognized. Although a bed should consist of seven rows, it is necessary to be understood by those who have not grown a bed of tulips, that every seven which cross the bed is called a row. Tulips should always be planted six inches apart every way; consequently a bed of twenty-five

feet would take fifty rows of seven each. Mark a space twenty-five feet long and four feet broad, and lying as near as may be convenient north and south. Tulips cannot be grown more advantageously than in two beds, well arranged and sheltered; but whether grown in two beds or in one, highest in the centre as before mentioned.

GREENHOUSE FLOWER PLANTS.

It is known that greenhouse plants are chiefly kept in pots or tubs for moving them into shelter in winter, and into the open air in summer; for, being all exotics from warmer parts of the world, they are not able to live in the open air excepting a portion of the year. Most of them will prosper in any good rich garden earth, but some sorts require a particular compost. As to the pots and tubs to contain the plants, they must be of different sizes, according to that of the plants; and when these become too large for pots, they must be shifted into tubs. All the sorts succeed in the open air from June until October; but from October until June again they require the shelter of the greenhouse. The varieties of myrtle, geranium, oleander, vistus, phlomis, shrubby aster, tree wormwood, tree candy-tuft, yellow Indian and Spanish jasmine, Indian bay, are the first that will bear removal into the air; the others should not be brought forth until there is a fair prospect of settled warm weather. A mild warm day should be chosen for this work, and if during a warm rain it will be of much advantage. When they are first brought out it is proper to place the plants in some sheltered sunny place for a fortnight, till they are inured to the open air.

As soon as plants are brought out from the greenhouse, they should be cleared from dead leaves and dead wood, and the earth on the surface of the pots be stirred, taking a little of the old out and adding some fresh in its stead; then give a moderate watering, not only to the soil but also over the heads of the plants. Supply them with water during the season, in hot dry weather; all except the succulent kinds will require it three times a week at least, and in a very hot dry season once a day will be requisite. The succulent kinds must also have a moderate supply of water twice a week in dry weather, observing that the proper time of the day for watering all the different sorts, at such a season, is either in the morning before nine o'clock, or in the afternoon after four or five. Moderate rains should not deter from watering, especially such plants as have spreading heads, as these prevent the rains, unless very heavy or constant, from falling in sufficient quantities on the earth of the pots to moisten it properly. In very hot weather, if some mowings of short grass or moss are spread on the surface of the orange-tree tubs and others, it will greatly preserve the moisture.

PRUNING ROSES.

The pruning of roses is an operation essential to their proper growth and blooming, and requires to be performed with care and judgment. In the case of a standard, with only one branch from the bud, which is always stronger and better than if there are two or three, in the first season it should be cut within two eyes of the ground if a rose on its own root, or within two eyes of the stock if it be a budded one. These two eyes would the first year send out two blooming branches, which would grow a considerable length. The next season both of these should be cut into within two eyes of the short branch they started from, which will make each of those branches start out two more; and, unless to get the tree or the dwarf-bush into some particular form, the pruner should never omit cutting down shoots, and often to cut out old limbs of wood and branches to thin the tree, which must never get crowded.

China roses, and all constant bloomers, which require continued attention, should have only the old wood and the weak shoots cut away, because any violent pruning would throw the plant out of flower for a considerable time; while carefully removing the seed vessels and taking away weak wood to make room for the stronger will keep them constantly flowering. This is especially requisite with climbing roses, where the favorable aspect and other circumstances may set the seed of almost every bloom. The swelling of their seed-vessels will take

all the nourishment from the shoots that would otherwise continue to blow and bear flowers; and the seed will often complete its growth and ripen before there is anything like a general bloom again.

A very good time for performing this operation is immediately after the bloom is over; cutting out the old exhausted wood, shortening shoots which have flowered to a good bud accompanied with a healthy leaf, but leaving such shoots as are still in a growing state untouched till October. Where very large roses are wanted, all the buds but that on the extreme point of each shoot should be pinched off as soon as they make their appearance, and the plant liberally supplied with water. To lessen evaporation and to keep up a constant moisture at the roots, some half-decayed stable manure or partially rotten leaves may be mulched in around them.

PELARGONIUMS.

These are chiefly greenhouse evergreen plants, but a few are herbaceous, and a still smaller number tuberous-rooted. The shrubby evergreens are increased by cuttings, new varieties and the tuberous-rooted from seed, and all thrive in a mixture of light loam and leafy mould. The shrubby evergreens are the most beautiful and most generally cultivated. In a perfect specimen the flower should be large, composed of broad rose-leaf petals, free from crumple or unevenness of any kind, smooth on their edges, and forming a compact surface, round which, if a circle be drawn, the perfect symmetry of the flower would appear by the extremity of each petal touching the circle without extending beyond it. It is indispensable that the flower should be of a stout, firm texture, with sufficient liberty at the bottom of the cup to prevent its being in the least cramped, but allowing it to retain, when fully expanded, a fine cupped form, and preventing the falling back of the petals. Its color, whether rich or pale, should possess great clearness; the under petals must be free from veins, and the upper petals should have a large dark spot running to the bottom of them, as destitute as possible of a small white feather, which is usually present, and which greatly impairs the richness of this important part. The beauty of the flower is greatly enhanced by having this spot clearly defined, and, if it is surrounded by a dash of crimson, this should have a distinct termination also. The petals ought to be quite free from the least appearance of a watery edge. Finally, it is essential that the leaves should be large, delicate, and have a healthy appearance, and that the truss should be composed of several flowers, supported by a firm footstalk standing quite clear of the foliage. It is not often that a specimen is produced of this flower possessing these various characteristics in perfection, and it is only by great care and attention that even an approach to all these qualities is met with.

A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

At the carnival in Paris, last winter, a lady who had long been *de trop* in society there was got rid of by means of a most remarkable practical joke.

The story is so completely Parisian in all its details, that, to do it justice, not one ought to be omitted. The mystification began so natural that one would be led to imagine some busy fiend had been at work with the lady's affairs. It was at a fancy ball that one of her friends, bringing up a stranger to introduce to her for the polka, was suddenly seized with that uncontrollable desire for practical joking to which the most sedate people are found to give way in Carnival time. The lady, be it premised, was raised to her present position of affluence and splendor by her marriage with a rich Englishman, who, by his death, has exalted her to the highest place in the social hierarchy of Paris—a widow, rich, independent and pleasure-loving. The stranger who was thus presented to her was attired in a rich Persian garb, and some merry friend inspired his friend with the idea of adding to the usual form of presentation:

"The only man in the room, my dear madame, who has not assumed a costume to which he has no right. My friend is

really the eldest son of the Shah of Persia, just arrived in Paris to study our manners. His taste is formed already, for the moment he cast his eyes round the room he requested an introduction to you, declaring you to be the most beautiful woman he has beheld since his departure from Persia."

The vain and credulous lady snatched at the bait, and flirted with the mighty Persian with all her heart and soul, until he was induced, before the evening was over, to offer her his heart and hand, with the reversion of the throne of Persia and a share of the thousand slaves and eunuchs with which his imperial father had lately presented him. The joke was supposed to be complete, the lady fooled to the top of her bent, when one of the best mystifiers of our day proposed to complicate the affair, and declare himself the rival to the Shah's son in the lady's affairs. From this moment forward did the *garnement* follow the lady wherever she went, and lie in wait to kill the Persian prince before the lady's eyes, much to her terror and dismay, and the rapturous delight of those initiated in the mystery. The whole of the society to which the lady belonged entered into the joke with the greatest willingness; and when the prince obtained such empire over her that he insisted upon her wearing dresses, *coiffures* and bonnets of such and such a make, the word was passed amongst the conspirators to admire the costume, and eagerly inquire where the articles, of which it is composed, have been obtained.

At the ball given by the Marquise de C——, in the Rue Laffitte, the great diversion of the evening was afforded by the display of jealousy between the two rivals. The Persian lover feigned the greatest rage and horror on perceiving the dress of the lady cut low according to the fashion, and insisted upon covering the shoulders with a thick cashmere scarf he drew from his pocket. As soon as his back was turned the Parisian lover approached, and, tearing from her neck the covering placed there by his rival, vowed death and vengeance against the tyranny which could deprive an admiring world of the contemplation of so much beauty. At length the Persian, weary with the uncertainty to which he was condemned, insisted upon the immediate signature of the contract which was to bind his fair enslaver to his side for ever. The whisper of the ceremony about to take place in the boudoir of the marquise floated through the ball-room in a moment, and expectation was on tiptoe. One or two of the most important of the guests were chosen as witnesses, and in great mystery was the ceremony accomplished in the boudoir, the prince binding himself by the contract, in addition to the throne of Persia, to bestow upon her at once a string of camels laden with jewels, which should be led to her door the next morning! Scarcely was the parchment signed when a loud altercation was heard at the door. It was the rival lover (one of our best comic authors), who was using violence to gain admittance.

The greatest confusion reigned—the fair bride listened to that angry voice and trembled—the gentlemen in vain endeavored to impede his progress. He broke through all restraint, rushed in, and, seizing the contract from the table, tore it into a thousand pieces, defying the Persian prince to mortal combat on the instant, then and there. The lady was roused indeed this time. Forgetful of the sweet gentleness of her nature, which had induced the Persian to call her his "snow white nymph" in some beautiful verses which he had printed on white satin and distributed amongst his friends, she flew at the intruder like a tigress, biting and scratching him with all her might, pulling handfuls of hair from his head, and finally rolling on the floor in violent hysterics. The joke was carried out to the fullest extent—a letter, written in the blood of the Persian prince, was laid upon the lady's pillow the next morning, wherein his departure, wounded and dying, for England was announced: not wishing to grieve her soul by yielding up the ghost in a place she had dishonored by her perfidy, he had resolved to be carried to London, where he would be found at the address inclosed, if she really were not an accomplice in the attack of his hated rival.

Of course the hoax was complete, an impossible address was given, and the lady started for London the next day in search of the runaway. How long she was in coming to a sense of the mystification of which she has been the victim is not stated.



THE YOUNG LOBSTER MERCHANTS.

LOST AT SEA.

BY ADA TREVANION.

WHERE art thou—where? Had I but pressed
 One lingering kiss upon thy brow,
 While thy bright head lay on my breast,
 My heart's cry had been silenced now;
 I would have culled all pallid flowers
 To drooping Love and Sorrow dear,
 With which the Spring the green earth dowers,
 To strew upon thy early bier;

White violets from the vernal woods,
 Sad hyacinths, primroses fair,
 Frail wind-flowers, and faint May-buds
 Should have enwreathed thy shining hair;
 The cypress I had gathered, too,
 The willow-boughs which ever weep,
 And rosemary, and sable yew,
 To shade thy last, cold, dreamless sleep.

But thou art lying far away,
 Where Love no farewell-gifts may shed;
 Thy dirge the dashing of the spray,
 The moan of billows o'er thee spread.
 The sweeping floods the gray rocks lave
 Whereon thou hast in beauty roved;
 That waste of waters is thy grave,
 Thou who wast fairest and most loved!

BETWEEN FRANCE AND SPAIN.

THE traveller in the Pyrenees who only frequents the watering-places—Pau, Eaux Bonnes, Eaux Chaudes and the like—where the roads are in tolerable condition, and his mule always finds a sure footing, knows but little of the perils to which those are

subjected who venture into the more inaccessible portions of this glorious range of mountains.

In these latter regions, and especially at Vic d'Essos, the mercurial appointment of winged feet seems to be almost indispensable. Yet the inhabitants of this district are not troubled much by these steep ascents, and think nothing of taking their evening's walk up perpendicular rocks, providing there is the slightest irregularity on which to rest the toe or the least symptom of a crevice in which to thrust the finger.

A tourist in these parts, whose name we are unable to ascertain, but who, from the style in which he writes, we should take to be an Englishman, gives the following interesting narrative of a clamber over the mountains at the afore-mentioned point:

"I had been passing the summer months in the south of France," he begins, "and had made up my mind to get a glimpse of Spain from the slope of the Pyrenees. Fortunately chance threw into my way an old friend, who had been wandering about 'promiscuous-like,' and was only too glad to have some settled object in view. We accordingly found ourselves one fine evening making inquiries for guides in the vicinity of Vic d'Essos, and having succeeded in making a satisfactory bargain with a stout-limbed peasant named Ruffier, we retired early to rest, to prepare ourselves for the morrow's fatigues. We were awake betimes by our mountain *chaperon*, who had everything in readiness for our departure, and making a hasty toilette, we mounted the mules provided and fairly commenced the passage of the Pyrenees. Before us rose the lofty peaks, that had not yet divested themselves of their misty nightcaps, and in front of us was a winding path about six feet wide, plentifully besprinkled with boulders from the size of a bullet to the dimensions of a beer-barrel. The path lay along the mountain-side, following the course of the little turbulent stream of Vic d'Essos, which here and there resolved itself into a cataract, taking a plunge into some leafy hollow.

For a time we got on famously, and I began to think that, after all, there was not so much in mountain travelling as some people would have us suppose. But soon my growing confidence received a check. Before us stood a hut at the foot of a rock, the summit of which appeared to me about as accessible as the top of the Monument, to be got at from the outside. Here we were to make our first halt, and here we were to leave behind us the mules that did not enjoy the faculty which allows flies to walk up the wall of a room. We took this opportunity to examine what we had in our havresacks, and soon a portion of their contents was transferred to the yawning regions beneath our waistcoats. I have since had my doubts as to the wisdom of this proceeding, as I apprehend that in climbing it is advisable to be as light and unencumbered as possible. It seemed to me that the plentiful meal I had just partaken of would have been much better on Ruffier's back than in the place where I had bestowed it. Here it was, then, that we commenced the veritable work of ascent, and, I freely acknowledge it was not without some misgiving that I glanced upwards at the first specimen of what we were to contend against. Ruffier carried the larder and certain sundries we could not well do without, while my friend, who lovingly cuddled a skin of wine, stalked onwards in a manner that would have done honor to Rob Roy himself; as for me, I found it sufficient to carry myself and my iron-



MOWERS FALLING DOWN A PRECIPICE.

pointed staff. Occasionally I had to assist my onward progress with two members that are not usually called into operation for the purposes of locomotion, and place myself in attitudes that would not be considered graceful in a metropolitan thoroughfare. Frequently I would turn round and measure the distance gained from the plains below, and, as it became greater, I experienced a certain amount of satisfaction, which, alas! was considerably tempered when I turned to the wall above me, the summit of which appeared as far off as ever.

"At last, after an immense display of gymnastics, it was reached, and we found ourselves on a plateau with, merciful powers! a mountain before us higher than the one we had just escalated. However, there was no alternative but to advance boldly to the assault, and I went to work with a courage which was mainly supported with the idea that it was the last serious obstacle that separated us from Spain. More straining of muscles, more crawling on hands and knees, with an occasional slip backwards, only arrested in time by a clutch at some friendly tuft of grass—and, hurrah! we're there, and find ourselves on a platform

similar in every respect to the one we had lately left, with the exception that, perhaps, the rocky pile that rose in front was somewhat more elevated than the two former. That rascal Ruffier had not prepared me for this anything but pleasing surprise, and I threw myself to the ground in utter despair,



A MOUNTAIN PATH.

wishing myself back in the vineyards of southern France. I will not attempt an explanation of how I surmounted this fresh difficulty, which the guide, in answer to my queries as to how many more of these gentle undulations stood in our way, assured me was the last. My fellow-tourist appeared to treat the thing in the most philosophic manner, and I verily believe, from the way he went to work, he would have walked over Mont Blanc as though it had been Highgate Hill. For my part, I am not ashamed to own that nature has not provided me with those talents which enable the goat to stand upon the sharpest of pinnacles, and to walk along a ridge six inches breadth. However, we had gone too far to think of turning back, and with a deep sigh I girded up my loins and recommenced a labor to which a fortnight on the treadmill is as nothing. At length we attained the summit, and then came the question of descent to the land of the "Cid." Even my friend was visibly impressed with the scene that lay before us. An almost perpendicular declivity, broken up with huge masses of stone, was the sole path that was open to us. How on earth were we to get down immediately suggested itself to my not over-confident mind; but before I could arrive at a conclusion on this point my companions had valiantly commenced the task. Nothing was left but to follow in their wake, and this I did in the most cautious fashion, though I occasionally gained an impetus which would have introduced me in rather a sudden manner to Spain had I not come into collision every now and then with a mass of rock, that acted as a buffer. The further we got down the more steep did the mountain become, and about half-way there were not even any stones against which to plant the feet. The slightest slip would have precipitated us into a frightful chasm. I was now compelled to rely entirely upon the guide, who succeeded, by means of various stratagems, in depositing me in a place of safety. We passed that night in a mountain-cabin, and the next morning descended into Taosca, the first Spanish village, and glad enough I was to get there."

Our traveller goes on to say that while he and his companion were resting themselves from the fatigues they had gone through with, a melancholy accident happened in their immediate neighborhood. On some of the small plateaux in the mountains grow most luxurious crops of grass, and men are found who, for the sake of the small gain to be derived from it as forage, risk their lives to obtain it. Many of these plateaux have a considerable slope towards the edge, making it exceedingly dangerous for the mower, should he lose his footing. A party of three left the village, the day after the arrival of our travellers, to cut the grass in one of these positions. The operation of cutting the grass was accomplished in safety, when, as one of the men ventured too near the edge to gather up what they had mowed, his foot slipped, and in attempting to save himself, he caught hold of his two companions and dragged them both down with him into the fearful chasm. What added to the horror of the scene was that these unfortunate men were dashed to pieces on the sharp ledges of rock far beneath them, in very sight of their wives, who were below awaiting their return.

A SPANISH BOARDING-HOUSE.—It may suffice to give an idea of the kind of thing into which she had rushed, when we say that she found the breakfast-room turned into the lavatory for the children, and soap-suds, basins and towels all thick upon the table where, ten minutes after, they had their coffee and bread. The hostess adorned her hair, which was very beautiful, with a bunch of white jasmine on the one side, and a tooth-pick, run in and out like a darning-needle, on the other; her gown was torn, open at the waist, and ragged, and she strove to conceal all defects by a limp old tattered shawl, which dragged piteously from her shoulders. Her guests were much of the same character. A certain Donna Dolores, who ate with her elbows on the table, and was dirty and ugly, had usually but one garment, and that a loose, untidy wrapper, with strings by which to fasten it that were never tied, and always daubed horribly about her feet.

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

A soft rain fell, ere morning came,
And thawed the frozen snow;
A fresh wind blew across the sea,
And the streams began to flow;
The lark sprang up, on quivering wings,
Trilling music wild and low;
The sun arose behind the hills,
With a rosy, golden glow.

The blackbird took a mate and made
A nest; the dormouse woke from sleep;
And the meadows long resounded
With the beat of lambs and sheep;
The trout leaped up beneath the alders,
In the mill stream clear and deep;
And under the hedgerows, leafless,
The flowers began to peep.

Kiss'd by the beams of the morning sun,
The pink fringed daisy grew;
And violet perfumes floated
On every wind that blew:
The daffodil and gay jonquilla
Put on their sunset hue,
And the cup of the pale primrose
Sparkled with diamond dew.

The nightingale came back, and sang
In the silent moonlit hours;
And faint scents from briar roses
Came over hawthorn bowers:
The balmy air of evening
Was fraught with dewy showers,
And the world was full of beauty
In the birthtime of the flowers.

MAY MERYTON.

O sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health from vermeil lips?

KEATS.

"She is starving."

"Then let her starve."

"She is absolutely destitute. He has deserted her again. Oh, mother, have you no pity?—no mercy? Let her come here. She shall not trouble you. You shall neither see nor hear her, nor know that she is here."

"She darkens my door at her peril."

"Then send her some money; you can spare it."

"Not one farthing."

"May I read her letter to you?"

"Give it to me."

The daughter advanced from the door by which she had been standing and gave the letter into the trembling hands of the old lady, who, without looking at it, tore it across and across and threw it on the floor.

"Oh, mother, mother! may God have more mercy on you than you have on this poor creature. May God forgive you."

Her eyes streamed forth sudden tears. You could hear them drop upon her dress; but the weeping caused no other sound—no sobbings nor sighings, nor catchings of the breath. There was no spasm of the face, scarcely any change in the voice. She lingered a moment, then opened the door noiselessly and went.

The mother, propped on her sofa, turned with difficulty, just catching sight of the closing door. She was paralysed, unable to move from the place where she lay without assistance; was carried from her bed (in the same room, behind yonder curtain) to the sofa, every morning, and back again at night. The partial use of her twitching hands still remained to her; the full use of her strong, coarse intellect, of her merciless will, of her unchangeable hates.

"The lost wretch!" she muttered, giving bitterest emphasis to the bitter words.

Outside the door the daughter paused. Her streaming tears had ceased as suddenly as they had commenced, like the drops that fall in the lulls of a thunder-storm.

"What shall I do?" she said, pausing, speaking the words,

not in a passionate, despairing manner, but quietly, as a person used to deciding without help under difficulties and sorrows.

She mounted the stairs, turned into a passage and opened a door.

A little boy ran to her and put his hand in hers, looking up wistfully in her face.

She placed her finger on her lips, enforcing silence.

"Has she read my letter? Will she see me? Will she help me? Will she save my boy from starving?" cried a haggard-looking woman, starting from her chair beside the fire. "Oh, May, tell me, is there any hope?—is there any forgiveness in her?"

May shook her head sadly. "Do not be impatient, dear," she said. "Our mother is not quickly moved, you know."

"Mother!" interrupted the other; "no mother of mine. She always hated me; I hate her."

"Stop!" May said, authoritatively. "She is not your mother, Kate; but remember that she is mine. Not one word against her."

"What are we to do, May? What are we to do?" (wringing her thin hands.)

"You must stay here—for the present, at all events."

"Stay here, in hiding! in this house too! stealing our very bread from her—our bitterest enemy!"

"People are their own worst enemies," said May. "It is not you that steal, it is I, Kate. You must stay here until I can arrange better for you. Have you no notion where your husband is?" she continued, as she sat down and took the boy upon her lap. "Is there no friend of his you could write to? His lawyer—any business connection? Surely some one knows where he is to be found."

"Write to him?" cried Kate. "Do you know," she hissed out, "that before he went he raised his hand against me? He struck me!"

"Hush! For shame! before the child," said May.

The boy began to cry bitterly upon May's bosom.

"Tell me where I can direct, with any chance of finding him, and I will write to him," she continued. "I might do some good—I might."

"You write to him?" said the other, with a little miserable laugh, sad to hear. "You write to him?"

"Are you jealous of me still, Kate?" May returned, curling her lip in scorn. "Well, think of it. I must go now to our mother. Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"Oh, do not leave me, May dear! please do not go! My troubles drive me mad when I am alone."

"I cannot stay. My first duty lies by my mother's bed. There are books; read. There is Shakespeare; he has done me good in sorrow before now. There is a better book still; read that."

"I cannot read with my mind in this state. Sorrow! what sorrow have you ever known?"

"I?—Take your boy on your lap then, if books will not serve you. In my sorrow I had no live thing—no other self to turn to."

She put the child on his mother's lap, kissed her forehead—kissed it again, and left the room.

To hear these two pretty names bandied between them—what a mockery it seemed! Kate and May!—names that bring with them pictures of young girls in their first happy beauty; young girls who, as yet, do not know the existence of sorrow; whose thoughts are of innocent, guileless love, true and lasting. Kate and May, under the apple-blossoms, talking of their boy-lovers; Kate and May singing a two-part spring song; Kate and May listening to the nightingale, and growing pale with mimic sentiment under the pale moon. The names lost when all that seemed to be the essence of them has faded away. "Airy, fairy Lilian" becomes staid and sad, slow of foot and dim of eye; all her "silver-treble laughter" dies into harsh discords. Lutin Lydis grow old; and the same name suggests love or loathing, infinite delight or infinite sadness.

May Meryton and her half-sister Kate—Meryton by birth, Blunden by marriage—had passed those happy days when their pretty names seemed suited to them. This haggard, thin woman, on whose form and face want had stamped its gaunt,

wolfish outlines, who sat crying passionately over her child, clasping it to her meagre breast with feeble, feverish hands, had been but a few years ago the prettiest of village belles; coquettish, charming, such a picture as would rise ever after at the sound of "Kate" to those who had then known her. Her dark hair was grizzled and uncared for, her forehead furrowed, her fever-flushed cheeks channelled as if by constant tears. She seemed to have forgotten her beauty—beauty, which women cease to remember only when they are utterly hopeless. Her pretty, self-willed temper, so bewitching in her girlhood, had hardened into querulousness most unlovely.

It is a sad story I have to tell, and so let any young Kate or May who happens to glance over these pages pass it by. Shadows of sin and sorrow are not good for all in this beautiful spring-time, though to some they may suggest beneficially how summer-storms, great or small, never fail to come in due season; how the leaves, now so fresh and bright, will fall from the trees one by one.

Mrs. Meryton, the stern-hearted woman, lying paralyzed on the sofa in that room, whence she never comes forth, married, years ago, a widower with one child, Kate. The match was, I suppose, a love-match on her side (little as she seems capable of any gentle feelings now); for she was rich, and her husband was poor, so that all worldly advantages arising from the match were his. One child was born to them—May; and soon after the husband died. Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Meryton was left to bring up these two children—her step-daughter Kate, her daughter May, while they were both very young. She did her duty by them impartially, acting from a sense of rigid justice, which was at the root of her character, being equally kind and liberal to both, though demonstrative to neither. Kate was undeniably the most beautiful. May was the most amiable, and pretty too. She had brown hair, rosy, bright complexion, and trustful, honest gray eyes. In disposition she was remarkable for the quiet depth of her affections, and for a simple, deep trustfulness in others, sure to bring sorrow upon her in after-life. Kate was self-willed, jealous, saucy—foibles so pretty in a pretty girl, so intolerable when beauty is wanting. Of course it was known in the neighborhood that Kate had little or no fortune, while May was heiress to her mother. "What a pity," thought many, allured by Kate's flashing eyes and bewitching coquetties, "that Kate is not the heiress." However, in due time a lover paid his addresses to May Meryton, and was accepted as such, though there was no absolute engagement between the lovers, May being as yet so young. This lover's name was Michael Blunden. He was much older than May, strikingly handsome, of winning manners and good talents. He had been a little wild in his very young days, but his conduct now and his promises were unimpeachable. May grew to love him, to trust him, to identify her every feeling with him, until her whole heart, down to its earnest depths, was his. Never was girl happier.

Meantime Kate manifested daily more and more a certain jealousy and envy of May's happiness. By three or four years the elder, she as yet had no declared lover, though she had admirers enough, with whom she coquetted turn by turn. She grew restless and uneasy, petulant, ill, unhappy. Blunden watched her narrowly out of his soft, dark eyes, and smiled a beautiful, evil smile.

Kate had conceived a love for this handsome Michael Blunden. He admired her; saw that there was more of beauty in her than in May. His eyes began to speak a language to hers such as he spoke only with his tongue to poor trustful May. He, like others, began to think "what a pity that Kate is not the heiress!" His admiration of her increased into a passion uncontrollable. What he intended to do I cannot say. Whether he thought at all of what he was doing, or was wholly hurried away by blind impulses; how far he was tempted, how far he was tempter, I cannot say.

Suddenly there was a discovery terrible to all. Brand of shame on Kate; brand of most villainous dishonor on Blunden; brand of woe unspeakable on May. Kate fled with Blunden. They were married secretly after a time. Their first child died. Mrs. Meryton was struck down with paralysis on the day of that discovery.

This is the story of the past.

Sorrow, if rightly seen, is not the least of the blessings vouchsafed to us in this world. Joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, leisure or labor—each is blessing or curse, according as we use it. "What will he do with it?" writes a great novelist; and in that form of words lies a whole system of life-philosophy. Not on circumstances themselves so much as on the use or abuse we make of these same circumstances does good or evil, happiness or misery depend.

May Meryton bore this heavy blow bravely and well, even from the first. The successive stages were to be gone through—the dumb sense of unreasoning pain, then the questioning "wherefore?" (terrible quicksand wherein so many are swallowed up); then the deep darkness and chillness heralding dawn; and, at length, the dawn itself—felt, and acknowledged humbly and thankfully to be that end for which the night, as a means, had fallen. Through these stages May passed, suffering much mute pain, raising blind eyes to a blotted-out heaven, hiding bruised heart helplessly under covert of the blackness of darkness. She left her youth and beauty behind in this Valley of the Shadow of Death, coming out of it pale and thin, sunken-eyed, stern-mouthed; and yet having a youth and beauty better than the old—youth and beauty imperishable. We see such women as she became—we happy girls and boys—and sneer at them as old maids, wondering at their husky voices, and their lightless eyes and their dull complexions, not knowing of the bitter bread they have eaten, of the bitter waters they have drunk. Absurd that such a person should be called "May."

By the paralytic stroke which struck down her mother May's grief was divided. It was good for her. There is infinite good in all these seeming ills, could we but see it. I think if there had been nothing to rouse her, nothing to take her attention from these heart-wounds, she would have died. Thus Mrs. Meryton's affliction saved her daughter's life, preserving that daughter, her sole comfort, to her. How foolishly we write! Always trying to "justify the ways of God to man!" Let us keep silence about these matters.

May awoke from this nightmare-woe, into which her golden dreams had deepened, to reality. Not the reality, my dear practical friend, that you prate about—that love and poetry, and that sort of thing, are all *enfantillages*; that feelings and emotions, other than the omnivorous, are weaknesses to be "preached down;" that the world is prosaic, material, and that the chief wisdom of life, youthful follies being over, is to take this hard world as it is and assimilate oneself thereto. These, it strikes me, are "evil dreams," not more unbeautiful than fabulous. May awoke to another sort of wisdom and theory of life. Her trustfulness, outraged, only became the stronger; her love, dead and uprooted, only taught her more the truth and beauty of love; she learned from human wickedness and falseness that grand lesson that the human affections are the wisest guides through this world (though they be sometimes astray), leading upwards to other worlds, where omnivorousness and materialism find no resting-place for their slow feet. She learned to recognise those past girl-dreams as foreshadowings, presaging visions of this real, earnest life, initial to it, as also to a life more real and more earnest beyond.

The duty that lay nearest to her she performed. Her former craving for exclusive, individual love marvellously changed itself into this sense of duty. Quietly she sat down in that prison-room, devoting her life thankfully and lovingly to tending her stern, unsympathetic mother—her life, which was to have been so beautiful, so full of rapturous passion, so full of placid wifely and motherly happiness. And she did this with no under-current of repining, with no thought that it was praiseworthy. I think if we could hear her at her prayers we should hear thanks that her path of duty had been so clearly set before her, that this great blessing had been granted to her.

This nearest duty of the sick-room performed, there was little opportunity or time to seek duties elsewhere; and yet she managed to do some good to the poor, to the sick, to the sinful in the neighborhood around. She had little money to give, though an heiress; but she had large store of pity, and sympathy, and kindness. Knowing sorrow herself, she could feel

the sorrow of others; having been sinned against so deeply, she knew how and when to warn against sin; having forgiven, she could pity while she warned.

And yet it must be confessed that this woman was of unprepossessing exterior. Her speech was curt and blunt, her manner cold and almost repulsive. She had little mobility of expression; her smiles and tears did not come readily. She had no eloquence of words, no vivacity of action. With the gay and thoughtless she was not a favorite; they accused her of her quiet sadness as of a crime, and said it was wicked of her not to be more cheerful. The poor mostly liked her, although she did not give them much in coin; and children, looking up into her gray eyes, clung to her instinctively. The doctor—a middle-aged bachelor, tart and shrewd, who came night and morning to move the invalid from sofa to bed and from bed to sofa—assured she was an angel; and people said, jestingly, he was in love with her—a notion too preposterous to be seriously held.

Meanwhile, Kate and her husband dragged on a wretched life: now together; now separated: now in momentary affluence; now miserably poor. He was a rogue in grain, this handsome specious Michael Blunden—a blackleg among men, a villain among women. He soon ceased to love his wife, and did not scruple to execrate her as the means whereby he had lost the heiress. She loved him still—as woman will; loved him the more, I think, the more cruel and faithless and brutish he grew. Kate wrote for assistance to her old home again and again. Mrs. Meryton would never read or hear the letters. May did what she could; wrote in return, sympathizing, cheering, never reproaching by a word; sending money out of her private pittance, until her mother discovered this and the pittance ceased.

Which is the worse—one great woe, which prostrates by a thunderstroke? or a life of continuous minor troubles? We recover from the thunderstroke, maimed perhaps, but painless; we get used to the daily troubles, and sorrow becomes as the air we breathe. Which is the worse—the intensity of the one, or the continuity of the other? Kate, of a lighter nature, had not the capacity of suffering that May had; her griefs tore up her surface-temper into sharp angry jagged waves, vexing the depths but little. Earthquakes hurl seas upon their continents, or swallow them up, never to return to their old beds; when the winds lull for a moment, the foaming waves grow smooth. Kate not only forgave but forgot Michael's faithlessness when he came back to her; his return was always a renewing of her first love—a love not very pure, not very deep, much soiled and deformed with the dirt of materialism. When money poured in from some successful gambling transaction, Kate forgot the preceding poverty; relished the costly dainties, ruffled in the glittering plumes, giving no thought to yesterday, no thought to the morrow. She forgot even that first shame. She forgot; there lay the fault. Sorrow had taught her no wisdom; sin no repentance. The past was as much a blank as the future. "Forgive and forget," we say: while they are direct opposites. Sterne's Recording Angel blotting out an error with a tear, in that tear encrystallizes the remembrance for ever.

Years rolled on. — One night Kate—ragged, foot-sore, hungry, ill—crawled, with her boy, up the garden of her old home, and begged at the servants' door to see May. This was two nights before the conversation above recorded took place. Her husband had again deserted her; quarrelled with and struck her, before he had gone—gone she did not know whither. He had left her almost destitute. Where to take refuge? She carried into operation a plan which had crossed her mind under like circumstances before, and made her way home. She had lost clear remembrance of her stepmother's relentless sternness, and felt sure that she would meet with compassion and forgiveness. May received her into the house—what else could she do? but as yet said no word to her mother, hoping against hope to win her over to consent by slow degrees. Thus Mrs. Meryton, in her sick prison-room, did not know that this hated step-daughter was under her roof.

It was a matter full of difficulties for May. She felt, pro-

bably, some compunction at the deception she was obliged to practice; but this was less than it would have been had she been younger and of a more tender conscience. She was not faultless; she only acted as she judged to be best, and doubtless her judgment was not invariably right; how far she was wrong in this instance let others decide. She accepted circumstance, as they came, always looking to find in them a Divine purpose: looking for this, perhaps too earnestly, as is the way of those who have learned to acknowledge a blessing in sorrow. She acted as she honestly saw to be best according to the light she had. In this case the choice lay between turning her sister from the door to starve, and disobeying and deceiving her mother. She chose the latter; chose it, I think, more readily because the burden fell thus on her own shoulders.

Mrs. Blunden was ill when she arrived. Meagre diet, unwonted fatigue, excitement of grief, passion, fear and anxiety had worn down her feeble body to an extreme of weakness. A low intermittent fever preyed upon her, destroyed her appetite, fretted away her strength shade by shade. If she had still been friendless—had been forced to exert herself to gain daily bread for her child and herself—she would not thus have given way; but now, having May to trust to and to advise with, having no pressing urgent wants to supply, or troubles to bear, her fortitude failed, her powers of resistance slackened, and the reaction came on. She took to her bed, and it became more and more evident to May that this exhaustion of system was dangerous.

One evening, as Mr. Gerard, the doctor, was leaving, after having performed his accustomed kindly offices, she followed him from the room, and detained him in the hall.

"Sir," she said, in her usual calm manner, "I must trust in you. There is a person in the house of whose presence my mother does not know—this person is ill. You must come and see her. Follow me, and please walk gently."

As he mounted the stairs after her, he remonstrated in a paternal manner, which his long intercourse with her justified, "A person of whose presence Mrs. Meryton does not know? What is all this, Miss May? Have you secrets?"

She did not answer, but led the way to the room where Mrs. Blunden lay. Leaving him outside for a moment, she entered, found Kate in a half stupor, and then returned and admitted him.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, when he had felt the patient's pulse, and noted her wasted haggard features, "why did you not let me see her before?"

"Is she so very ill?"

He shook his head.

"May," murmured Kate, rousing, "give me water. My throat is dry—dry."

She caught sight of the doctor, and started up, screaming—"Not Michael? My husband, my husband!"

Mr. Gerard soothed her. He recognized her, not so much by the face and voice—they were so altered—but by the name Michael; for he remembered the old story.

When he and May left the room, he reverently raised her hand to his lips. "God bless you, May!" he said.

"She will not die, sir!" she asked.

"We will do all that is possible to save her. She is fearfully weak. Cannot you tell Mrs. Meryton? You must tell her. It is impossible to keep it secret. Let me break the ice to-morrow?"

"She must not be told yet; and if the necessity comes, I will tell her myself," May answered ungraciously.

"You know I am ready to do anything for you. Use me."

"I will, if I need help."

Kate grew weaker and weaker. The fever clung to her failing body like a wolf. May stayed with her as much as she could; but it was little time she could spare from her mother's side. Often at night, when Mrs. Meryton was asleep, she stole upstairs, and watched through the weary hours, listening to the delirious mutterings of Kate. In that restless, uneasy state, which is neither sleeping nor waking, which weakness and low fever always bring with them, the poor invalid lay night after night. Whether it was the familiar appearance of the room that haunted her memory, or whatever other cause,

in these feverish dreams Kate always returned to the time of her girlhood—to the time of that unhappy love. She prattled with Michael Blunden, coquetted with him, expressed her jealousy of May, confessed her passion. Now she talked with Michael of their duplicity, of the discovery that must come—begged him to fly with her, to save her shame. Now she would mock with him at the absent May, so bitterly deceived; ask which he loved the best, which was the prettiest.

Her sister sat by, grim and silent. All the past came before her in these phantasmagorical dreams. Many a scene she had fancied as taking place between the two was realized. In that first bitterest jealousy she had pictured how they had mocked her; how Michael had told this other of her fondness; how he had gone to this other with her innocent kisses yet warm upon his lips. She sat and saw her old ghostself, and pitied it, and she sighed, "Poor Kate!"

She had already written to Blunden, directing to his lawyer's according to her own suggestion: she now wrote again. Kate wished her to write—begged her to write. All the wife's anger at her husband's desertion, at that cowardly blow, had melted away. She transmuted his baseness into precious metal by that illogical alchemy in which women have intuitive proficiency. "I deserved it," she told May. "I have not your temper, dear; and I drove him from me. I dared him to strike me, and he struck. Oh May! my better angel! write to him, and tell him I am ill. He will come, I know. He loves me still, May—he always loved me. Forgive; oh! forgive."

"I have forgiven. I will write."

Blunden did not come, and there was no answer to the letters.

"If he should come?" thought May, every morning. "How can I bear to meet this man again?" She pressed her hand on her lean bosom. "How shall I keep his visit secret? This is selfish. She will die; and she shall see him before she dies, if I can accomplish it."

Yes; Kate must die. "There is no shadow of hope," said Gerard, the doctor. "She may linger for days or weeks; but she has no strength to rally."

"What am I to do? Help me, sir."

"She cannot be moved now."

"She must die here! It is better."

"I will do all I can for you, May. God bless you!"

The greatest comfort to May, in these troublous times, was the boy. Stilled into preternatural quietness, never raising his voice above a whisper, crawling downstairs, lest childish troubles and pattering feet should be heard by the paralytic woman in her prison-room, this boy—so tractable, so solemn in his grief and his silence, so loving—grew into May's desolate heart, and filled up in a measure that yawning abyss whence the old love had been rooted out. He clung round May's neck with his small arms, and, pressing against that poor heart, warmed it into unwonted beatings. Him, however, May was to lose. The enforced stillness and imprisonment were not good for the child; and beyond this, it was better that he should be separated from his mother. Mr. Gerard took charge of him; and people wondered whence the bachelor-doctor had got this child.

In vain May attempted to soften her mother's hate, and thus to open the way for a confession of her terrible secret. "Kate is dying, mother!" she said, one day, in her quiet voice.

"I hope she has repented?"

"Have not you repented? Will you not let me tell her you forgive her?"

"I will not!"

It was hopeless. May nerved herself for the duties that lay before her.

"A woman of no feeling, this; of coarse nature, lacking sensitiveness!" you might have said, had you seen her calm mien at this time. She looked a little older; her face took a leaden tinge from want of proper sleep; her eyes were red—it might be from watching, it might be from weeping. She was not a heroine, to whom tears added a new charm. She performed her customary duties about her mother in her customary manner; read the daily services and the appointed lessons in her

ordinary voice; worked with a hand not more trembling than usual. Into the room of the dying woman we will not penetrate: the story-teller's art has no business there. Listening at the door, we might hear sobs and prayers.

Michael Blunden neither came nor wrote: his wife ceased to hope to see him; indeed, towards the last she lay constantly in a stupor, and was not troubled by such disappointments.

Why should we linger over these scenes? why play with skulls and cross-bones, and beat idle tunes upon coffins?

Kate died, and was buried; and her step-mother, who so hated her, never dreamed of what had taken place within the same house. "Another funeral, May!" she said, as the tolling of the bell reached her ear. "Ah! it will be my turn soon!"

"Yes, mamma," said May, using that more tender word instead of mother—"yes, mamma, a funeral. Let me kiss you, dear mamma. Do you know poor Kate is dead? I will read the burial-service: listen."

It was not very long before another stroke of paralysis deprived May of her mother. As Mrs. Meryton lay on her death-bed, the remembrance of her relentless anger against her dead step-daughter smote her, and disturbed those solemn moments. Then May told her what she had done, confessed that mournful secret. Mrs. Meryton learned that her roof had given shelter to the closing days of the unfortunate Kate; and in this thought there was some comfort for her. She asked about Kate's child, learned that he was at hand, and asked to see him. He was brought, and Mrs. Meryton gave him solemnly into the charge of May. May had seen wherein her plain duty lay as regarded this child before; but it was inexpressibly consoling to her to receive the boy thus in trust from her dying mother. There were no secrets between them now, no disagreement of feeling or purpose. There would be no regret, no compunction hereafter.

The first days of sorrow were over. May, after her hard life of penuriousness and imprisonment, found herself rich, and at liberty. As she wandered, on summer mornings, through the garden, sombre with ancient trees, a very wilderness of untrimmed shrubs and flowers, it seemed to her that she had entered into another world and a new life. She never tired of the open air. The sounds of the rustling leaves, of the wind, of birds and insects, of distant cattle; the scents of flowers and of hay, the sight of the sun playing through green leaves, of the blue sky with its gliding clouds, of the shadows changing on the shadowy hills—all these charms of Nature were literally enchantments round her. Oh this beneficent Nature! How we country folks, who lie in her very bosom, and might feel the beatings of her mighty heart, ignore her influences, and are blind and deaf, and altogether senseless!

May, after her long captivity in that darkened room, felt the smallest common-place as a miracle. She could watch some tiny insect crawling through the grass-blades for hours together. The monotonous whistling of the wind through the rank grasses of the churchyard played, to her ear, elaborate fugues; and to watch the changes of the church, how portions went back into shadow, and portions came forward into light, as the sun swept round the heavens, was an endless study. This out-door life recalled her girlhood, when, from morning till night, she had lived among the flowers as the butterflies did—recalled her love, recalled her sorrow; but the sorrow was chastened and subdued, and only harmonized her serenity of heart as shadow harmonizes light.

She had her boy constantly prattling about her. That shrill laugh of childhood, when it began to break forth unrestrained, startled her at first almost into tears; but she learned to listen for it, to call it forth, to love it as she had never loved anything, save a low, sweet, lying voice years ago. This boy grew into her heart more and more, striking down firm fibres, whose youth and sweetness and strength renewed the worn and weary soil in which they rooted. Her heart learned to bound and thrill and tremble, waking, as it were, from the dead.

A second summer came to her. Sometimes, when the spring foliage has been blasted in its prime by winds or storms or blights, out of the withered leaves new buds will burgeon, fresh

blossoms come upon the trees, with new promise of fruit. Very different from spring, but still a renewal; of soberer tint, of fainter vividity, to the spring exuberance "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine"—but still a renewal.

On a hot summer afternoon, as she was bending over the boy, who lay asleep upon the lawn, soft feet crept over the grass, and stopped humbly, at the distance of some feet from her.

"Miss Meryton—May!" whispered a trembling voice.

"My God!" she started to her feet gasping, pressing her clenched hands upon her heart.

There he stood. "I will go," he said, sadly, turning but lingering. "Where is my wife's grave? Tell me. Is that my child?"

Very poorly clad, his shabby hat in his hand, of woe-begone countenance, wrecks of his beauty showed still about his mouth and his downcast eyes.

She stifled her emotion. "Why do you come here? It is too late to come now!"

He told a long, lying tale—how he had not received the letter; how he had been abroad—of his troubles, his sorrows, his repentance. He always acted well. He slept at an inn, close by, that night, and came again the next day. May feared that he would claim the child; but he had other views in coming there. He talked beautifully about his lost wife, about his many errors, and gradually brought the conversation round to the time when he used to make love to May.

"Stop!" she said; "you had better go now. You have seen your wife's grave and your child: what more do you want? Do you want money?"

He took the money and slunk off. Not long after he wrote to May, stating dimly how he had always in his heart loved her, how he hoped yet—hoped that she would forgive him, that his repentance would be received; this, and much more.

She was not troubled by him again—simply for the reason that soon after he was transported for some base transaction or other, and did not live to return.

May had another offer of marriage about this time.

"Miss May," said the doctor, one day, "you are an heiress; I am not a rich man. You are as near to an angel as any mortal can be; I am selfish, sour-tempered, as weak and wicked as most men. Will you marry me?"

"My dear, dear friend, I thank you from my heart," said May, taking both his hands; "but I shall never marry; you know I shall not. Do not ask me this question again."

"We are to be friends?"

"Always—for ever!"

THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—This magnificent river, running through the heart of the Chinese empire for upwards of two thousand miles, will, indeed, open a new field of enterprise for all classes of Englishmen. Along its banks, we are told, countless thousands of the teeming population are busily engaged in the every-day concerns of life; and city after city is passed by the wandering traveller. The river itself may be fairly classed amongst the richest of the world; it rises in the centre of Thibet, just above the source of the Brahmapootra; it gathers in its course hundreds of tributaries, which swell the parent stream as it proceeds towards the sea, until it reaches a depth sufficient to bear the inland navigation of this great country. It is up this stream, as far as Hankow, about six hundred miles from Shanghai, that Lord Elgin and his naval escort are about to proceed; that he will make a favorable impression on the inhabitants of the interior we sincerely hope; nor can we doubt that his footsteps will soon be trodden by the mercantile representatives of the English nation. As years roll on, we may expect to see mansions built after the European fashion on the sides of this river, and inhabited by Englishmen who have left their fatherland for the purpose of creating a commerce in the heart of this gigantic empire. It may never be that a race of Anglo-Saxons in China will equal in numbers the present population of the province of Kweichau, but it is within the range of possibility, and probability too, that a colony of Englishmen will locate themselves in the great valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, and introduce the civilization of the West.

THE LAST WITCH BURNING AT FORFAR, JUNE, 17—.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

There was a swoon of yellow cloud,
A scud of wind-tossed blue,
A drift of vapor, crimson proud,
Shot purple through and through,
Then a scurl of the grays of a wild-dove's wing
With shifting pearly hue.

At Forfar, on a bright June eve
(The sun in blazoned pride),
They led old Elspeth to the stake,
Her withered hands both tied;
They brought her with a blast of pipes,
As men bring home a bride.

The pointing children hooted her,
Even the beggar's bitch
Bit at her as she trembling went
To die—"the poisoning witch."
Patched cloaks flocked with soft scarlet hoods—
The poor as well as rich.

They struck her as men do a thief,
Pelting the blackening mud;
They would not stay to file the bridge,
But dragged her through the flood.
Old be'rid bags from windows screamed,
Longing to drink her blood.

Looking across the fields you saw
Black lines, that widened out,
Of ploughmen running; on the wind
Came curse, and groan, and shout;
But, God! to hear no single sob
Or sigh from all that rout!

She gasped for mercy. Ask the dog
To spare the strangling life
That in the vixen moans and barks
Deep in the tumbling strife;
Or ask the Indian chief to give
Mercy when blood is rife.

Old Elspeth, with her lean arms crossed
Humbly upon her breast,
Walks painfully with bleeding feet,
A rope strains round her chest;
Flickly her watery eyes upturn
To the gillows further west.

Her coil is off, her ragged hair,
Snow-streaked with wintry years,
Floats out when any gust of wind
Brings billowing storms of cheers;
The rolling mob still screech and roar,
No bloods of eye drops tears.

She kissed a Bible—close she kept
The volume to her lips;
Oh! then arose a flame of yell
As when war's red eclipse
Passes. The leaning hangman then
Cried out for "stronger whips."

Yet all this time the mounting larks
Sang far from hum and trill—
Miles, miles around the ripening corn
Was in a golden bill;
The bee upon the blue flower swings
In restless, happy toil.

With stolid care across the moor
The distant death-bell rung,
And drowning it five thousand screamed
The ribald dirge that's sung
When the great King Devil has his own,
And another witch is hung.

'Twas pitiful to see them bind
Those shrunk limbs to the stake;
Her idiot sisters' thankful smiles
Approve the pains they take,
And all the cruel, mocking care
With which the sticks they break.

A caliced collar round her neck
The hardfaced hangman fits,
An iron chain around her waist
And round her ankles knits,
As ready for the fire his man
The bosch log cleaves and splits.

They thrust the cruel arrow flame
Into the billet heaps,
Its fiery, serpent quivering tongues
Make eager hungry leaps;
The poor old creature stretched her hands
To warm them. No one weeps!

The savage tiger fire is lit,
A thunder cloud of smoke.
In one ribb'd column tall and black,
Rose thirty feet, then broke:
It blotted out the setting sun
As with a burial cloak.

You heard from thickness of the cloud
The mumble of a prayer,
And lo! a shriek, swift, dagger keen,
Sprang up and stabbed the air,
Then just one burning hand that strove
To wave and beckon there.

A silence came upon the crowd,
As when the softening spring
Breaks up the icy northern seas,
Melting ring after ring:
Then, rising o'er their guilty heads,
The lark sought Heaven's King.

Was it the sinner's pleading soul
That rose up to those skies,
High, high above the burning light
And sea of brutal eyes,
The storm and eddies round the stake
Of brutal, wild-beast cries?

* * *
An hour ago! Now but a ring
Of ashes silvery white,
And filmy sparks that broke in blooms
Of fitful scarlet light,
When scudding winds with fiery gush,
Drove the children left and right.

And chief amongst the staring crowd
A child laughed with those bands—
She was the maid the hag bewitched
Upon the laird's own lands;
And when she saw the ash blow red
She clapped her little hands.

Thank God, the frightened, cruel folk
Ne'er lit that fire again;
None wore that caliced collar more,
With its gripping throttling strain:
'Twas a cruel deed, and only sweet
To the bigot's blighted brain.

SEEKING IS BELIEVING.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES ROWLEY was one of the pupils in the office of an eminent architect and surveyor in the city. He was fond of his profession, and as he possessed both talent and industry, was in a fair way of rising to a high degree of celebrity, especially as his father was a rich and influential man, and did not spare money for his son's advancement.

He was a very good-looking fellow, too, was Charles; and could make himself extremely agreeable in general society, for he could waltz well, sing, play at billiards, and belonged to a rowing club, so with all these qualifications he may well be excused if he did not feel particularly bashful in offering up his devotions at the shrine of Miss Emma Buckland, a beautiful girl, with a good fortune, she being the only child of a wealthy London banker.

The young lady listened to his vows with a favorable ear, and responded thereunto in a manner altogether satisfactory, so that he appeared to be one of the happiest lovers in the world. There were no obstacles thrown in the way on either side by friends, who, in some cases, may, with more justice, be styled enemies; but the friends of Charles Rowley and Emma Buckland behaved themselves as such, even to the extent of holding private consultations as to settlements and so forth, with a view of promoting the speedy marriage and future comfort of the affianced pair. One really might have ventured a wager that this would prove an exception to the general rule respecting "The course of true love"—everything seemed to go on so very

smoothly. But alas! for the uncertainty of all human affairs. The calm surface of that deceitful stream only served to hide an under-current of a more turbulent nature, that might at any moment disturb its apparent tranquillity.

Mr. Rowley, senior, though an excellent and liberal father, was rather a stern man by nature, with very strict notions as to propriety, and if he had not been entirely satisfied with his son's general conduct, and well pleased with his choice, he would not have scrupled to express his sentiments of the former in pretty severe terms, and to have set up a decided opposition to the latter without much regard to the young gentleman's inclinations. There had been no Mrs. Rowley for several years, and as the younger son was at college, the domestic circle was formed at the time we are now speaking of by two members only, Mr. Rowley and his eldest son, Charles, the hero of this story.

The courtship had been going on for several months as pleasantly as possible, its delights being varied occasionally by a little quarrel, that gave a piquancy to the affair, and was by no means disagreeable to either party. It was the seasoning that corrected insipidity, which seasoning is an essential ingredient in the process of love-making, and it may be questioned whether courtship would ever come to matrimony at all without it.

The time passed pleasantly away till it wanted only three weeks to the day fixed for the wedding. The cards were printed, some of the bridal apparel had already been sent home, a first-rate confectioner was spoken to about the breakfast, and sundry other matters were in a satisfactory state of progression, when a somewhat awkward circumstance occurred, which led the elder Mr. Rowley to suspect that his son was not altogether the exemplary character he had hitherto believed him to be; and he thereupon began to doubt the propriety of permitting the arrangements for the marriage to proceed, without apprising the very respectable family into which Charles was about to be received of his delinquency.

The facts were these: Mr. Rowley was returning home from the house of a friend one evening about ten o'clock, when, in passing by one of those showy and brilliantly illuminated edifices where liquors of an exciting nature are vended, he was petrified with horror and astonishment at beholding, within the doors, his degenerate first-born chatting gaily with a young person of the opposite sex, each with a glass in hand, sipping its contents with great gusto.

Here was a sight for the eyes of a father so correct in his ideas as old Mr. Rowley! He literally gasped for breath—he clutched the lamp-post to prevent himself from falling—and there he stood, with his eyes fixed on the offender, who was wholly unconscious of being thus watched, uncertain whether to go in and confront him, or remain an unseen spectator of his wicked doings. But whilst his mind was yet oscillating between these two modes of action, the question was decided for him by the egress from the house of entertainment of the happy pair, who walked away, arm in arm, laughing and talking just as if there had been neither a Mr. Rowley, senior, nor an Emma Buckland in the world.

As soon as the old gentleman had in some measure recovered from the first stunning effects of the shock, he proceeded homewards in a very perturbed state of mind, repeating to himself over and over again that he never could have believed it if he had not seen it with his own eyes.

It was Mr. Rowley's custom, when Charles was out later than usual, to take his supper and go to bed exactly at eleven o'clock, but on this occasion he did neither the one nor the other, but waited for the coming of the gay Lothario, with a view of putting him to shame and confusion. It was nearly half-past eleven when the young gentleman knocked at the door, and knowing his father's regular habits, he was somewhat surprised, on entering the dining-room, to find him there, but without any misgiving as to the cause of such an unwonted deviation from the general rule, he said, with his usual pleasant smile:

"Good evening, sir."

Mr. Rowley started from his seat and began to walk up and down the room in a hurried manner.

"A good evening, sir, do you call it?" he asked in a wrath-

ful tone of voice; "it is the worst evening I ever experienced in the whole course of my life. A good evening, indeed! I wonder how you have the face to stand there and say so."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Charles, putting on the most innocent look imaginable.

"The matter!" vociferated the angry gentleman. "You ask me what is the matter, and I ask you where you have been spending your time since you left the office to-day?"

"That is a question very easily answered," replied the young man. "I went down to Richmond, to meet Henderson; we had agreed to row up to Hampton Court, but he didn't come, so I got some dinner at the Star and Garter, and played a game at chess with a fellow I met there, which lasted so long that I missed the train I meant to return by, and that made me later than I intended."

"And where have you been since?"

"Nowhere. I came home direct from the station."

"A very pretty story, truly; but it will not do, sir. I am not blind yet, and I believe I have all my senses entire."

"I really do not understand you, sir," Charles answered: "you asked me where I had been, and I have told you."

"And I will tell you where I have been, sir," returned the excited old gentleman. "I have been in Duke-street, sir, and I passed by a certain house there, sir, just at ten o'clock; now I suppose you understand me?"

"Upon my word, sir, I do not. I don't know what your being in Duke-street has to do with my being at Richmond. Perhaps you will have the goodness to explain what you mean, for I have not the most remote idea."

Mr. Rowley muttered something that sounded very like "matchless effrontery!" and resumed his perambulations up and down the apartment, not condescending to enter into any further explanation, or express his abhorrence of his son's duplicity; whereupon Charles lighted his bed-room candle, and and rather indignantly left the room, with a slight bow and a cold "Good night, sir," to which no answer was vouchsafed.

On the following morning the two gentlemen sat down to breakfast together, but not a word was spoken by either of them during the repast. Charles, on entering the room, had made a slight demonstration of respectful greeting, which was responded to by a formal bend of the head on the part of his father, who, after that, did not once look up from the newspaper, nor take any sort of notice of his companion, who felt so thoroughly uncomfortable that he swallowed his breakfast in about half the time it generally took him to get through what his father sometimes pleasantly called "the opening business of the day," and as soon as he had finished he rose from the table and was leaving the room, when Mr. Rowley put down the paper and said:

"You will stay a moment, if you please."

Charles paused at the door, where he stood with his hand on the lock, not choosing to return to his seat, but awaiting in silence the parental command or reproof, as it might be; and there he remained standing, "like patience on a monument," while his father thus addressed him—

"It is with extreme reluctance that I again allude to the disgraceful scene of last evening. I could not have supposed that a son of mine would have so far forgotten the respect due to himself as well as to me. However, as I trust you will reflect seriously on the impropriety of your conduct, and that nothing of the kind will ever happen again, I shall say no more about it."

As Charles, after listening with deference to this harangue, bowed and withdrew, it was difficult to decide whether or not he meant to profit by the wholesome advice therein contained as to reflecting on his sins with a view to amendment, and, perhaps, the remonstrance would have been much more severe, and attended with graver consequences, but that Mr. Rowley had been considering the inexpediency of interrupting the approaching marriage by showing up any indiscretion on the part of Charles to such people as the Bucklands; therefore he resolved, for this once, to pass it over. True to his promise, he did not say another word to his son on the subject; still there was an unpleasant feeling left on both sides, that occasioned a degree of coolness and constraint by no means agreeable—it was

evident that the circumstance was unforgotten, though not again mentioned.

It happened a few days afterwards that Charles received one morning at the office a note from Miss Buckland, to inform him that she was going with her mamma to spend the day with her aunt at Dulwich, and as they would not be home till quite late, she should not expect him that evening. Being thus at liberty to arrange his own plan of amusement, and not feeling much inclined, under existing circumstances, to bestow his company on his father, he decided upon dining in the city, and then going to one of the theatres. Whether he regretted the necessity thus forced upon him is best known to himself—our business is to relate facts, not pry into feelings.

CHAPTER II.

EMMA BUCKLAND was tying on her bonnet before a large cheval glass, and as the picture presented by the said glass was pleasant and satisfactory to look upon, she was in no particular hurry to turn away from it, but stood there, quietly contemplating her own fair face and graceful figure, till the room door was opened, and she was startled into a more active state of being by her mother's voice—

"Emma, my dear, it is getting late; are you almost ready?"

"Yes, ma, quite."

And snatching up her gloves and parasol, she tripped down the stairs with a fairy step and a light heart, by which tokens, as will presently be seen, was clearly proved the falsity of the principle that "Coming events cast their shadows before them."

Mrs. Buckland had just turned back to give some final orders, as ladies always do at the last minute, when a carriage drove up to the door, from which there alighted some very dear friends, Mrs. Shelton and her daughter Sophia, from Highgate, and as Emma and Sophia had not seen each other for some time, the latter having been in Paris during the last few months, the meeting was delightful to both, and the proposed visit to the aunt at Dulwich was at once given up, nor did the two ladies need much persuasion to induce them to stay to dinner.

"But we must let papa know," said Sophia, "for he intended to take us to Covent Garden this evening to see 'The Huguenots,' and will expect to find us at home."

"Then suppose we send and ask him to dine here, and all go," said Mrs. Buckland. "It is our favorite opera, and is only to be performed three more nights this season."

"Oh, yes; that will be charming," replied the lively young lady.

And so it was arranged.

The two girls had so much to say to each other that Emma quite forgot for some time the interdiction she had put upon Charles Rowley till it was recalled to her mind by her companion.

"I am dying to see this lover of yours, Emma. Why, he must be quite a phoenix, if one is to believe all one hears of him. What right have you to keep such a piece of perfection all to yourself?"

"If you expect to see perfection, I am afraid you will be disappointed," returned Emma, laughing. "However, you remind me that I have sent him word not to come this evening, because I thought I should be out."

"Dear me, how provoking! But I suppose there is time to countermand the order?"

"Oh, yes. I will write directly, and tell him to join us at the theatre."

"Do, dear. I wouldn't miss seeing him on any account."

Emma wrote a short note; and as it was too late to find Charles at the office, she sent it to his father's house, not doubting for an instant that he would get it in time to come to her, as she knew he seldom dined away from home.

The theatre was so crowded that no front seats were to be obtained, consequently Mr. Shelton's party (for Mr. Buckland having no great taste for operas, had excused himself from joining it) did not make a very conspicuous figure, being very

simply attired, and seated behind some rather vulgar folks gorgeously dressed for the occasion. However, they were not at all disturbed on this account, as they had come to see, not to be seen; and Emma felt sure that Charles would find them out, so she made herself perfectly easy.

The first act was over and he had not yet made his appearance. She began to feel uncomfortable, and looked round a little nervously every time the box door was opened. The curtain was again rising when her mamma, who was sitting behind her, leaned forward and whispered in her ear,

"Emma, my dear, surely I must be mistaken, but just look in that box opposite—the third from the stage."

She did look, and the sight she beheld sent all the color from her cheeks and the light from her eyes in a very summary manner, for there, in the front seat, was Charles Rowley with a very handsome girl by his side, to whom he was talking with great animation, and they appeared to be so well entertained with each other that they were paying no attention whatever to anything that was going forward on the stage. But the worst of it was there was no mistaking the fact that they were alone there together, for the other occupants of the box were a party of foreigners who evidently did not belong to them.

Poor Emma tried very hard to control her feelings, but it was all in vain. The lights grew dim, the whole scene faded gradually from her sight, and she leaned back against her mother, who exclaimed in terror:

"Good heavens! what can we do? The heat is too much for her, she has fainted."

Fans and smelling bottles were tried without effect, and at length Mr. Shelton proposed to carry her into the saloon, where they could procure some iced water, and taking the insensible girl in his arms, he left the box, followed by Mrs. Buckland, who begged the other ladies to remain where they were.

Emma soon came to herself, but she said her head ached very much, and that she should like to go home.

"You shall go, then, my dear, and I will go with you," said her mother. "Mr. Shelton will be so kind as to put us into the carriage, and make our excuses to Mrs. Shelton and Sophia." And so the two ladies went home.

The next day, about one o'clock, Charles was very busy at the office finishing a design for a new church when he received a message from his father desiring to see him immediately.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" he said to himself as he somewhat pettishly put away his drawing; then taking his hat he sallied forth and got into the first omnibus that was going westward.

On reaching home he found Mr. Rowley in a high state of excitement; something had evidently gone wrong, but Charles did not choose to ask what it was, he only said:

"You sent for me, sir."

"I did, sir. I sent for you to inform you of the consequences you have at length brought upon yourself by your most unprincipled conduct. I have just had an interview with Mr. Buckland, who came to me to say that, after the insult you offered last night to his daughter, the intercourse between you must be considered at an end: and this is not only his determination, but that of the young lady also, who very properly declines having anything more to do with such a profligate."

"Their discovery of my profligacy must have been very sudden," said Charles, "since I found a note from Emma when I got home last night, asking me to meet her at Covent Garden Theatre. If I had received it in time, of course I should have gone; and I presume it was my absence that her father thinks proper to term an insult, for I know of nothing else."

"It was not your absence, it was your presence. Were you not at the theatre last night?"

"Yes, I was at a theatre."

"And you were not alone?"

"No, I was not alone."

"Then you cannot be surprised that, having been seen there, and with such a companion, you should be discarded by one

whose delicacy has been outraged by your shameless proceedings."

"This is all a mystery to me," said Charles; "I will go at once to Mr. Buckland's and have it cleared up. Pray may I ask who it was that saw me at the theatre, and what there is to object to in the person that was with me?"

"Say no more, sir—say no more!" vociferated the old gentleman, his passion rising to violence. "I am utterly disgusted with your conduct altogether. What I have heard to-day agrees with what I saw with my own eyes a few nights ago. You have disgraced me, you have disgraced yourself, and from this time I can regard you with no other feelings than those of shame and sorrow."

And so saying, Mr. Rowley walked out of the room, leaving his son quite as much excited as he was himself.

Without a moment's consideration Charles went off to Mr. Buckland's residence, but was told there was nobody at home; and the peculiar manner in which this information was conveyed made him suspect the man had received orders not to admit him. His next move was to write to Miss Buckland, requesting an explanation, but the letter was returned unopened with a few cold, formal lines from her father, merely saying that it was his daughter's wish as well as his own that Mr. Charles Rowley should in future be to them as a stranger.

Charles tossed this note from him with great indignation. He accused the Bucklands of caprice and all manner of scandalous behavior; declared he was shamefully treated, and vowed he would never condescend to seek explanation or reconciliation more. But a man while under the influence of powerful excitement may think he can brave manfully a disappointment which, when his temper regains its usual tone, he finds cuts him to the heart; and so it was with Charles Rowley. He was miserable—he could neither eat, drink nor sleep—and to make his condition more unendurable his father did not speak to, or take any notice of him whatever.

Three days had passed in this unpleasant manner, and Charles was thinking that he should be obliged to leave home and provide a lodging for himself, it was so extremely mortifying to submit to such contemptuous treatment; besides which, it was not comfortable to sit down at table with one who did not think proper to exchange a single word with him.

"I will bear it no longer," he said to himself, as he was returning home on the third night. "I will tell him to-morrow morning that I shall take apartments somewhere else, for I cannot go on this way, nor do I see why I should."

He had just arrived at this conclusion when, in turning the corner of the street, he saw a crowd collected, and having no great fancy for getting into a crowd, and feeling no curiosity respecting the occasion of it, he crossed the road hastily to avoid it, and had scarcely gained the pavement when he found himself collared by a policeman, who called out:

"Here—I've got him fast enough." And two more of the staff instantly ran up to assist in holding the prisoner, who, being conscious he had committed no crime, naturally endeavored to free himself from their grasp.

"Keep him tight, Jem," said one of the last corners. "This is him and no mistake; but the young woman's bolted."

"I am not the person you take me for," said Charles. "Nor do I know what all this disturbance is about."

"You don't, don't you? I suppose you've got a short memory, and forget as how you knocked the cabman down just now and cut his eye a most out?"

"I have not spoken to a cabman. I had but that moment turned the corner of the street, and seeing a crowd, I crossed over to get out of it."

The officials winked at each other and laughed.

"Of course you wanted to get out of it," said the one who had first taken hold of him. "But, you see, it was our business to circumvent that dodge."

Another now came up, who seemed to have authority over the rest, as he said, in a commanding tone:

"What do you stand parleying there for? Why don't you take him off at once?"

And, in spite of his protestations, poor Charles was marched

off between two of his captors to the station-house. It was half an hour before it came to his turn to answer to the charge against him, and, as he did not exactly know what it was, the suspense was intolerable.

At length he was placed before the magistrate, and found that he was accused, first, of having refused to pay the driver of a cab his proper fare, and then of knocking him down and striking him on the head with a heavy stick, whereby he was seriously injured.

Here the cab-driver came forward with a handkerchief bound over his eye, and on removing the bandage the eye exhibited a frightful appearance of blackness, and there was a cut just above it, from which the blood was oozing. He stated that he had brought the prisoner and a young woman from a tavern at Kilburn, where they had been dancing; they got out of the cab at the corner of the street where the affray took place, and that he demanded eighteenpence, which was his right fare; but the gentleman would only give him a shilling, and on his refusal to take less than was his due had maltreated him in the way described.

Charles was called upon for his defence. He declared he had not been near Kilburn, nor in a cab at all that evening, but was walking quietly home, when he was seized by a policeman, and to his great surprise charged with an offence of which he was perfectly innocent. The cab-driver, however, swore positively to his identity, as also did the policeman and two or three persons who had been bystanders and had followed to the court from idle curiosity.

The magistrate said he was sorry that a young gentleman of his appearance should have placed himself in such an unpleasant position, but that he must either give bail for his appearance to answer the charge in the morning or be locked up all night. Charles had already given his name and place of abode, and it was intimated to him that he had better send for his father. Now, if all had been right at home he would not have hesitated for a moment to act upon this suggestion, but he exhibited such evident signs of reluctance so to do, that the magistrate began to suspect he was not the person he represented himself to be, and this suspicion was almost confirmed by another circumstance. The cabman offered to withdraw the complaint on condition that the gentleman would disburse a sovereign as compensation for the damage he had sustained, and Charles agreed to the proposition, thinking it would be best to get rid of the affair at once if he could do so by the sacrifice of the sum demanded; but when he put his hand into his pocket, he found his purse had been abstracted, and he had not a single shilling about him.

The declaration of his loss was regarded as a mere subterfuge, and his whole statement being now disbelieved, he had no alternative but to send to his father or be locked up for the night, and as the former, though by no means agreeable to his feelings, was less unpleasant than such a night's lodging, a messenger was dispatched to Mr. Rowley's house.

Charles was then placed in a room with five or six human beings of the most wretched description, and there he had to abide for nearly an hour, when he was again ushered into the justice-room, where the first person he beheld was his father, with pale face and frowning brow, a far more terrible object than the magistrate himself.

"Is this young man your son?" was the first question put to him, to which he replied in a trembling yet stern voice:

"Yes, I am sorry to say he is."

The effect of this reply on the opinions of all present may be easily imagined. Little more was said. Mr. Rowley gave the cab-driver the sovereign, the charge was dismissed, and poor Charles, in a very miserable state of mind, was following his father out of the court, when an apparition presented itself that equally astonished them both. This was a young man, the exact counterpart of Charles Rowley, entering the court in the custody of two policemen, one of whom, seeing Charles, cried out—

"That's the gentleman as has been had up in mistake."

Mr. Rowley looked at his son, and then at the prisoner. They so exactly resembled each other that, had they entered together, he would have been puzzled for the moment to tell

which was which. The real delinquent, however, was accompanied by a young person of the opposite sex, whom he instantly recognised as the fair damsel he had seen with the youth he mistook for his son, at the house in Duke street, so that if any doubt had lingered in his mind, her presence must have dispelled it. Turning to Charles with a smiling face, he held out his hand towards him, saying :

"I see I have been in the wrong, my boy, and am very glad this has happened, or I might have remained always under a false impression. I never saw such an astonishing likeness in my life."

The other young man, who had been told the case was dismissed, as the complainant had withdrawn his charge, now advanced, and said to our hero—

"I am sorry you have got into trouble on my account, and shall be very happy to repay you the sovereign I understand you have given the fellow to settle the business."

"By no means," said Charles; "I never laid out a sovereign more to my satisfaction, and you can repay me in a much better manner by clearing up another mistake or two, for this is not the only scrape I have got into from the same cause, I suspect. Will you have the goodness to tell me whether you were in a box at Covent Garden Theatre with a lady last Tuesday evening?"

"Yes, certainly. I was there, and this young lady was with me, as she had a good right to be."

And then he whispered to Charles in confidence that they were going to be married the next morning.

Charles and his father walked home arm-in-arm in the most friendly manner possible, the old gentleman declaring he would never trust to appearances any more. It is needless to say that the lovers were speedily reconciled, and that the star of their destiny shone the brighter for the temporary cloud by which it had been obscured.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I WAS just eighteen years of age, and had been serving for two years, as ensign, in the Paulovsky regiment.

The regiment was stationed at the great building still standing on the other side of the Champ de Mars, opposite the Summer Garden.

The Emperor Paul I. had reigned for three years and lived in the Red Palace, which had just been completed.

One night, when I had been refused leave, owing to some boyish prank, and was alone in the guard-room, asleep, I was aroused by a voice, whose breath swept along my face, and whispered in my ear :

"Dimitri Alexandrovitch, arise, and follow me."

I opened my eyes: a man was standing before me, who repeated the invitation as soon as I was awake.

"Follow you!" I repeated; "and where to?"

"I cannot tell you. Still, you may know that I come from the emperor."

I shuddered.

From the emperor! What could he want of me, a poor ensign, of good family, but too remote from the throne for my name ever to have reached the emperor's ears. I remembered the gloomy Russian proverb, which originated in the time of Ivan the Terrible, "Near the Czar, near death." Still I dared not hesitate. I leaped from the bed, and dressed myself. Then I looked attentively at the man who had come to wake me. Although wrapped in his pelisse, I fancied I could recognise an old Turkish slave, first the barber, then the favorite of the emperor. This examination, however, was not long; by prolonging it, it might have become dangerous.

"I am ready," I said, after five minutes, as I fastened on my sword.

My discomfiture was doubled when I saw my conductor, instead of going towards the barrack-gate, descend a small staircase leading into the cellarage. He lighted our road with a

species of dark lantern. After several turnings, I found myself opposite a door quite strange to me. During the entire walk we had not met a soul; the building seemed deserted. I fancied I saw two or three shadows flit past; but they disappeared in the obscurity. The door was closed; my guide rapped upon it in a peculiar way; it flew open, evidently by the assistance of some one on the other side. In truth, when we had passed, I distinctly saw a man close the door and follow us. After proceeding five hundred paces we reached an open grating, which my guide unlocked and closed after us. I now remembered the tradition that a subterranean gallery connected the Red Palace with the grenadiers' barracks. I saw we were following this gallery, and must be going to the palace. We arrived at a door like the one we had gone through first. My guide knocked; it opened, and we found ourselves opposite a staircase, which we ascended. It led into the offices of some large building which was carefully heated.

Then all my doubts ceased; I was being taken to the emperor—to the emperor who sent to fetch me, an insignificant subaltern. I remembered the story of the young ensign whom he met in the street, and raised in less than a quarter of an hour to the rank of general. But I could not hope he summoned me for the same purpose. Whatever it might be, we soon reached a last door, before which a sentry was walking up and down. My guide put his hand on my shoulder, saying :

"Take care of yourself; you will soon be in the presence of the emperor."

He whispered to the sentry, who moved on one side. Then he opened the door by some secret spring, as it seemed to me. A little man, dressed in the Prussian fashion, with boots coming half way up his thigh, a coat flaring to his spurs, and wearing a gigantic cocked-hat, turned round at the noise. I recognised the emperor: it was not difficult to do so, for he reviewed us every day. I remembered that, on the previous day, his eye had rested upon me; he had called my captain from the ranks, and asked him some questions; then gave an officer of his suite some sharp and decided order. All this only served to increase my apprehensions.

"Sire," my conductor said, with a bow, "this is the young ensign with whom you desired to speak."

The emperor drew near me, and as he was very short he stood on tiptoe to look at me. Doubtlessly he recognised me as the person he wanted, for he nodded his head, and, turning on his heels, said, "Go!"

My guide bowed, went out, and left me alone with the emperor. I assure you I would sooner have remained alone with a lion in its den. The emperor at first appeared to pay no attention to me; he walked up and down with long strides, stopping before an open window to take a breath of fresh air; then returning to the table, he took a pinch of snuff. I had ample time to examine all the furniture and arrangements of the room, which was the one in which Paul was afterwards killed. Near one of the windows was a bureau; on it lay an open paper.

At length the emperor appeared to remember my presence, and came up to me. His face seemed to me furious as he stopped in front of me.

"Dust," he addressed me, "dust!—thou knowest thou art only dust, and that I am everything!"

I know not how I found strength to reply,

"You are the chosen of the Lord, the decider of the destiny of men."

"Hum!" he growled. And turning his back on me he began walking up and down again, taking snuff furiously, till he resumed :

"Thou knowest that, when I command, I must be obeyed without resistance, observation or comment."

"As one would obey God. Yes, sire, I know it."

He looked at me fixedly. There was an expression in his eyes of so strange a character that I could not endure his look; I turned away. He seemed satisfied with the influence he exercised over me; he attributed my conduct to respect, while it was disgust. Then he went to the bureau, took the paper, read it once more, folded it, placed it in an envelope and sealed it,

not with the imperial cypher, but with a ring he wore on his finger. Then he came back to me.

"Remember that I have chosen thee among a thousand to execute my orders," he said, "because I thought they would be well executed by thee."

"I shall ever have before my eyes the obedience I owe my emperor," I replied.

"Good, good! remember that thou art but dust, and I am everything."

"I wait your majesty's orders."

"Take this letter, carry it to the governor of the fortress, accompany him wherever he may be pleased to take thee, be present at what he does, and come and tell me 'I have seen.'"

I took the packet with a bow.

"'I have seen'—thou understandest?—'I have seen.'"

"Yes, sire."

"Go!"

And he opened himself the door by which I had entered: my conductor was awaiting me. The emperor closed the door after me, repeating, "Dust, dust, dust!"

I stood all amazement on the threshold.

"Come!" my conductor said to me.

We left the palace by a different route. A sledge was awaiting us in the courtyard; the gate of the palace looking on the Fontanka-bridge was opened, and the sledge started at a hand gallop. We crossed the place, and reached the banks of the Neva. Our horses rushed upon the ice, and, guided by the belfry of Peter and Paul, we traversed the river. The night was gloomy, the wind howled in a mournful and terrible manner. I had scarcely noticed we had reached dry ground ere we arrived at the gates of the fortress; a soldier asked the password, and let us in. The sledge stopped at the governor's door. The word given once again, we entered his house as we had done the fortress.

"By the emperor's order!" This command soon aroused the governor, who came to us trying to hide his alarm beneath a smile. With a man like Paul there was no more security for the gaolers than for the captives, for the hangmen than for the victims. My guide made the governor a sign that he had to do with me, then he regarded me with more attention; still he hesitated before addressing me—my youth doubtlessly surprised him. To put him at his ease, I gave him without a word the emperor's order. He took it to a light, examined the seal, and on recognising it as the signal of a secret order, he bowed, made an almost imperceptible sign of the cross, and opened it. He read the order, then turning to me, said,

"You are to see?"

"I am to see."

"What are you to see?"

"You know."

"But do you know?"

"No."

He remained for a moment in thought.

"You came in a sledge?" he asked me.

"Yes."

"How many persons will it hold?"

"Three."

"Does this gentleman go with us?" he asked, pointing to my conductor.

I hesitated, not knowing what to say.

"No," the latter replied, "I will wait."

"Very good: get ready a second sledge, choose four soldiers, let one take a lever, another a hammer, and the last two hatchets."

The man to whom the governor spoke went out directly. Then turning to me, he added,

"Come and you shall see."

We left the room with a turnkey behind us, and walked on till we found ourselves opposite the prison. The governor pointed to a door. The jailor opened it, went in, and lighted a lantern. We followed. We went down ten steps, passed a row of dungeons, then down ten more, but did not stop. At last we descended five more, and at length stopped. The doors were numbered: the governor stopped at the one marked No. 11. He gave a silent signal: it seemed in this abode of the

dead as if he had lost the power of speech. There was at this time a frost of at least twenty degrees outside. At the depth where we found ourselves, it was mingled with a damp which penetrated to the bone; my marrow was frozen, and yet I wiped the perspiration from my brow. The door opened: we went down six steep and slippery steps, and found ourselves in a dungeon of six square feet. I fancied, by the light of the lantern, that I saw a human form moving in it. The governor remained on the last step, and said to the prisoner,

"Rise, and dress yourself."

I had a curiosity to know to whom this order was addressed.

"Turn on the light," I said to the jailor.

I then saw a thin and palid old man rise up. He had evidently been immured in this dungeon in the same clothes he had on when arrested, but they had fallen off him piecemeal, and he was only dressed in a ragged pelisse. Through the rags his naked, bony, shivering person could be seen. Perhaps this body had been covered by splendid garments; perhaps the ribbons of the most noble orders had once crossed his panting chest. At present he was only a living skeleton, that had lost rank, dignity, even name, and which was called No. 11. He rose and wrapped himself in the fragments of his pelisse without uttering a complaint; his body was bowed down, conquered by prison-damp, time, it might be hunger. His eye was haughty, almost menacing.

"It is good," said the governor, "come."

He was the first to go out.

The prisoner threw a parting glance on his cell, his stone bench, his water-jug, and rotting straw. He uttered a sigh, yet it was impossible that he could regret anything on this. He followed the governor, and passed before me. I never shall forget the glance he turned upon me in passing, and the reproach that was concentrated in it.

"So young," it seemed to say, "and already obeying tyranny!"

I turned away: that glance had pierced my heart like a dagger. He passed the door of the dungeon. How long was it since he entered it? Perhaps he did not know himself. He must have ceased for a long time measuring days and nights. On reaching the governor's door, we found two sledges waiting. The prisoner was ordered into the one that had brought us, and we followed him, the governor by his side, I in front. The other sledge was occupied by the four soldiers.

Where were we going? I knew not. What were we going to do? I was equally ignorant. I had only to see, the action itself did not concern me.

We started.

Through my position the old man's knees were between mine: I felt them tremble. The governor was wrapped in his furs; I was buttoned up in my military frock, and yet the cold reached us. The prisoner was almost naked, but the governor had offered him no coverings. For a moment I thought of taking off my coat and offering it to him: the governor guessed my intention.

"It is not worth while," he said.

Soon we reached the Neva again, and our sledge took the direction of Cronstadt. The wind came off the Baltic, and blew furiously; the sleet cut our faces; though our eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, we could not see ten yards before us.

At last we stopped in the midst of a furious storm. We must have been about a league and a half from St. Petersburg. The governor got off the sledge, and went up to the other. The soldiers had already got off, each holding the tool he had been ordered to bring.

"Cut a hole in the ice," the governor said to them.

I could not restrain a cry of terror. I began to comprehend.

"Ah!" the old man muttered, with an accent resembling the laugh of a skeleton, "then the empress does remember me. I fancied she had forgotten me."

Of what empress was he talking? Three had passed away in succession, Anne, Elizabeth and Catherine. It was evident he believed he was still living under one of them, and did not know even the name of the man who ordered his death.

What was the obscurity of the night compared with that of his tomb!

The four soldiers had set to work. They broke the ice with their hammers, cut it with their axes, and raised the blocks with the lever. All at once they started back: the ice was broken; the water was rising.

"Come down!" the governor said to the old man. The order was useless, for he had already done so. Kneeling on the ice, he was praying fervently.

The governor gave an order in a low tone to the soldiers; then he came back to my side, for I had not left the sledge. In a minute the prisoner rose.

"I am ready," he said.

The four soldiers rushed upon him.

I turned my eyes away; but though I did not see, I heard.

I heard the noise of a body hurled into the abyss. In spite of myself I turned round. The old man had disappeared. I forgot that I had no right to give orders, but shouted to the driver:

"Away, away!"

"Stop!" cried the governor. The sledge, which had already moved, stopped again.

"All is not finished," the governor said to me in French.

"What have we yet to do?" I asked.

"Wait!" he replied.

We waited half an hour.

"The ice has set, your excellency," one of the soldiers said.

"Art thou sure?"

He struck the spot where the hole had so lately yawned: the water had become solid again.

"We can go," said the governor.

The horses started at a gallop, and in less than ten minutes we had reached the fortress. There I rejoined my conductor.

"To the Red Palace!" he said to the driver.

Five minutes after the emperor's door opened again to let me pass.

He was up and fully dressed, just as I had seen him the first time.

He stopped before me.

"Well?" he asked.

"I have seen," I replied.

"Thou hast seen, seen, seen?"

"Look at me, sire," I said to him, "and you will not doubt."

I was standing before a mirror. I looked at myself, but I was so pale, my features were so altered, that I scarce recognised myself. The emperor looked at me, and went to take a second paper from the bureau where the first had lain.

"I give thee," he said, "an estate with five hundred peasants between Troitz and Peresloff. Start this night, and never come back to St. Petersburg. If thou speakest, thou knowest how I punish. Go."

I went. I never returned to St. Petersburg, and this is the first time I have told the story to a living soul.

Such is one of the legends of the fortress.

PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.—Of prejudice it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark or light, lonely or inhabited; still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterized by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY.

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY.)

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The Louse for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square.
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horns of a bull
Just on a mountain's edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
I scratch my cow, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry!
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights:
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? you've summer all at once;
In the day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns!
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and plash
Round the lady atop in the coach—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash!

All the year long at the villa nothing's to see though you linger,
Except you cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some thick fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and mingle,
Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a tangle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicada's shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous fir on the hill,
Enough of the seasons—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere opening your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:
No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in:
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene picture—the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the archbishop's most fatherly rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
"And moreover" (the sonnet goes rhyming), "the skirts of St. Paul has
reached,

Having preached us those six Lent lectures more unctuous than ever he
preached."

Noon strikes—here sweeps the procession! our lady borne smug and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her hair!
Bang, whang, whang goes the drum, tootle-te tootle the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers—but still—ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cows and sardals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a holding the yellow candles.
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandal.
Bang, whang, whang goes the drum, tootle-te tootle the fife.
Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

THE RELIQUES OF ST. PHILOMELE—A LEGEND OF MUGNANO.

About the close of the year 1826, the inhabitants of Mugnano
had the misfortune to lose their curé, one of those worthy sort
of men, not ambitious of fame or fortune, but content to in-
struct his flock as far as he knew, both by precept and example.

Having found the church without the smallest relique, in default of other saints he placed it under the protection of St. Anthony, in which it continued till his death; but the parishioners had the perpetual mortification of seeing in the adjoining parish an altar erected to the Madonna del Arco, a virgin more miraculous than any seven virgins in Naples. Favoring this jealous feeling no sooner was his successor installed in his parish, than he opened his mind to his people, and descanted largely and urgently on the necessity of having a saint of their own. Several discussions took place as to the choice of a male or female saint; but the majority decided in favor of a female, because there could be no rivalry in the selection, and according to the laws of politeness St. Anthony must cede his protectorship and power of working miracles to the new saint.

These arrangements having been unanimously decided on, after very many meetings and discussions on the subject, the ambassador went to Rome, and, descending into the Catacombs, placed in a box the first bones that came to hand. These were baptised by the Pope with the melodious name of Philomele, and transported to Mugnano with great care and attention. The inhabitants still, however, preserved a suitable veneration for their ancient patron, whom they did not wholly abandon for their new poetical patroness. Like St. Rosalie at Palermo, the virgin martyr of Mugnano is placed in a reclining posture in a shrine on the altar exclusively dedicated to her. She is dressed in a robe of blue silk, embroidered in silver, and crowned with a wreath of white roses. The face is of wax, and of an agreeable expression, but the body is formed of a coarse kind of pasteboard moulded to resemble the human shape. There are several manufacturers of this sort in Naples, and bodies, legs and arms are exposed for sale in many shops, similar to those used by tailors to set off ready-made clothes.

For nearly ten years after the translation of the bones of St. Philomele to Mugnano the saint remained inert, for the few miracles wrought by her were of a nature so insignificant, and wital so ill executed, that they excited no curiosity beyond the boundaries of the parish. The curé was in despair, and trembled for the reputation of his favorite saint, for the Madonna del Arco was ever and anon performing wonders, calling forth the fervent devotion of the faithful, who flocked in multitudes to her shrine. But the time was at hand when this reproach was to be wiped away, and the fame of the saint established for ever.

Some time in the year 1834 the son of a cattle merchant or farmer at Nocera was attacked with paralysis. The father, who adored his son, consulted all the best physicians of Naples, but the healing faculty were ineffectual in procuring any alteration in his state. The charlatans were next consulted, but their powders and pills had the same result. In utter despair the farmer prayed for a miracle, and sought the intercession of seven different Madonnas, all of whom had been omnipotent on numberless occasions, repeatedly saving the victims of accidents, and appearing in time to rescue drowning men. But, to the surprise and disappointment of the unhappy farmer, the seven Madonnas were as powerless as the medical tribe and the charlatans. As a last resource, he determined on a vow to some saint who had been highly recommended. For this end he started for Naples with his afflicted son, and on his way thither met an intimate friend and companion, who, upon perceiving the melancholy countenance of the farmer, demanded if the poor invalid was not better.

"See," replied the disconsolate father, pointing to his son, and at the same time brushing away a tear that stole from his eye—"I am become quite a fool, and know not what to do."

"Why is all this?" demanded the friend.

"Because," said the farmer, "I don't know now to whom to address myself, except St. Januarius, and I have some hopes of him."

"Nonsense," cried the friend; "the saint is worn out, and no longer of any use in such matters, and can no longer perform a proper miracle. Besides, he is occupied all the year with his own affairs, and has no time to think of a case like yours."

"What shall I do, then? to whom shall I apply?" demanded the farmer, with increasing anxiety.

"I tell you what it is," replied his friend, "were I in your place I should at once address myself to St. Philomele. She is a new saint, you know, and has a reputation to make. Go at once to her, my friend; if she don't do you good, she won't do you harm."

"Thank you, my good friend," said the farmer; "there is reason in what you say—I shall follow your advice."

The farmer returned to Nocera, determined to execute the advice of his friend the next day. Accordingly, at an early hour he started for Mugnano, assisted devoutly at the mass, and as soon as he found the church empty, cast himself on his knees before the shrine of the saint, and made a solemn vow that, if the saint was propitious to his prayers, and restored his son to health, he would scrupulously, conscientiously and religiously devote to the saint all the cows that should follow the bull the first day his paralytic son should himself be enabled to open the door of the cow-house.

From the day on which this vow was registered there was observed a sensible alteration in the health of the young man. Six weeks after he rose from his bed of suffering, where he had lain for more than a year, and walking across the farm-yard without the slightest assistance, in the presence of his family and all the villagers, who had collected to view this spectacle, accomplished to the letter the first part of the vow of his father.

Nineteen cows, out of a herd of thirty, followed the bull!

The farmer was overjoyed at seeing his only son so completely restored to health and the use of his limbs. But his first ebullitions of delight were soon calmed down; discontent and dejection succeeded. The saint, he observed, had done the business well, but she had been far too largely recompensed; and he thought with sorrow on the immense diminution of his herd of cattle. He now thought of the friend who had given him such good advice, and he determined to consult him again in this fresh dilemma. The following morning he betook himself to Sarno, the village where he resided. The news of the miracle had already preceded him, but the friend affected great surprise at the gloomy countenance of the farmer.

"Well," said he, "what have you got to say—is it not all true?"

"Oh, yes," replied the farmer.

"Then you ought to be very happy!" exclaimed the friend, in evident exultation at the success of his project.

"Yes, certainly, very happy!" responded the farmer—"very happy indeed! only I am two-thirds ruined by it!"

"How is that?" demanded the other.

"Nothing more simple, my good friend. I made a vow that the day my son should be sufficiently recovered to open the door of the cow-house that I would devote to the saint all the cows that followed the bull."

"Very well; and what then?" said the friend.

"Very well, my son opened the cow-house yesterday, and out of thirty cows that were within, nineteen went out!"

"Diavolo!" cried the friend; "this is very embarrassing. All that remains to be done is to drive the cows to the house of the curé of Mugnano, who is probably chargé d'affaires of the saint, and to take at the same time half the value of the cattle in money. There is a chance that the holy man, who has not as yet heard of this godsend, may accept the money, as he is probably ignorant of the real value of the cows, which will only prove a source of great trouble to him, and are entirely out of the line of any but a cattle merchant. Mind you offer him only half their value in money, and if he accept it, which is very probable—indeed, almost certain—you will have lost only nine cows and a half, and will consequently be only a third ruined."

"Excellent idea!" cried the farmer, with a sensation of profound admiration. "You are the best counsellor I have met with. I shall go to-morrow to Mugnano, and take both cows and money as you direct."

"No, no," rejoined the friend. "I should not take both; one or the other will be sufficient."

"True," replied the farmer. "But if he should prefer

the one which I did not bring with me, I should be obliged to return to Nocera again, and that, you know, would be a day lost."

"Very true," said the other; "then do as you like."

The farmer, enchanted with the proposition of his friend, and in high good humor with the saint, set off the next morning. Driving before him the nineteen cows, and taking in his pocket the half of their value in money, he arrived at Mugnano under the best possible auspices. The cattle entered the court-yard of the Presbytery in proper order, and the farmer ascended to the apartment of the curé, to pay his respects and ascertain his wishes.

Meanwhile the curé, supposed to be ignorant of what had occurred and of the vow of the farmer, expressed great astonishment on seeing his court-yard invaded by such a host of horned cattle. The honest farmer explained, and was received by his reverend host with an expression of countenance and in a manner so gracious, that he became fully persuaded in his own mind that the negotiation, as arranged by his friend, would most certainly come to pass. The curé was very agreeable to any accommodation about the cows, and understood wonderfully well how much more satisfactory to the saint the payment in money rather than in kind would prove; and after some little time spent in debating the price of the cattle, finally accepted the five hundred Roman écus which the farmer had proposed.

The farmer, on taking leave of the curé, descended to the court-yard, enchanted with having got off so cheaply, and without incurring any reproach or want of proper respect for the saint. Flushed with the success of his mission, he proceeded to drive the cattle out of the yard. This, however, was not so easy a job, for they had found some nice fresh herbs springing up under the shade of the high walls, and were in no hurry to leave such agreeable pasturage. Various methods were tried by the farmer to induce them to return home, but in vain. In a fit of desperation, he seized the cow nearest the gate by the tail, and endeavored with all his might to pull her out in the road, hoping that the rest would then follow. But he was not more happy in the success of the coercive than in the persuasive, for the cow, thus served in a manner so unusual, fixed her four feet firmly to the ground, and had no more intention of moving than if she had been made of bronze, giving at the same time a proof of her resentment for such treatment by lowing in a most lamentable tone.

Seeing the extreme obstinacy of the cattle, which the farmer now began to think somewhat supernatural, a sudden thought rushed across his mind—namely, that the saint evidently preferred the possession of a herd of cattle to the money, and would not ratify the arrangement made by her chargé d'affaires, who, perhaps, for his own convenience, had accepted the five hundred écus. No sooner was he possessed of this idea than he let go the tail at which he had been laboring with all the desperation of a Brahmin, and rushing up-stairs with a countenance pale and covered with sweat, entered the apartment of the curé at the very moment when he had deposited the five hundred écus in the open drawer of his secretary.

"Well, my good man," demanded the curé, "what now—what has happened?"

"May it please your reverence," replied the farmer, in a state of great excitement, "the saint is discontented with the bargain you have made."

"What makes you think so?" asked the curé.

"Because," answered the farmer, "the cows will not stir out of the court-yard, in spite of all I can do."

"And what do you infer from that?" again demanded the curé.

"Why," responded the farmer, with an air of confidence, "that St. Philomele prefers the cows to the money."

"That is exactly what I perceive," rejoined the curé.

"But how is that?" demanded the farmer, indignantly.

"Why," replied the curé, "you see the cattle will not be driven home. Is not that the case?"

"That they won't," cried the farmer—"not for the devil himself."

"Then you are now convinced that it is the saint who pre-

vents their leaving the court-yard, are you not?" demanded curé.

"Clearly," replied the farmer, with emphasis.

"Very well; you see in that open drawer of my secretary the money which you just now gave me. Suppose the saint, who evidently prefers the cows to the money, because she has prevented their leaving the court-yard, should also prevent the drawer containing the money from being pushed into its place, what will you say to that? One miracle is not more difficult than another."

"Very true," replied the farmer, with evident confidence.

"Push the drawer, and you shall see that it won't go in."

The curé made a movement of his head in token of assent, and pushing the drawer at the instant, it slid into its place as if by magic. The farmer was filled with astonishment.

"Now you see," said the curé, "what has happened."

"I do, indeed," replied the farmer; "but what does it prove?"

"It proves that we have committed a serious error, my dear friend," responded the curé, locking the secretary, and putting the key into his pocket. "I am now convinced the saint will have the money and not the cows."

The farmer looked confounded.

"Now do you still think that the saint prefers the cows to the money?" again demanded the curé.

"I do, indeed," replied the farmer.

"Ah, my friend, as I have already told you, we have committed a serious error in this business. We have both been deceived. St. Philomele will have both money and cows!"

"True, true!" said the farmer, looking the very essence of stupidity. "I am wrong, the saint is right." And the poor simple fool returned to his home without the money or the cattle.

The very day after this stupendous event the curé refused an enormous sum for the reliques of St. Philomele. In the court-yard of the Presbytery a fresco will be found commemorative of this singular miracle. The painter has happily chosen the moment when the farmer had seized upon the tail of the cow nearest the gate, and was endeavoring to pull her out by force. The expression of his countenance when he began to suspect that the cause of the animal's immobility was supernatural, exhibits a strange mixture of fear and astonishment. The fresco is extremely rude, and in the execution there is a total absence of study or artistic sentiment.

SNAKES AND THEIR PREY.

I WAS out shooting (writes a gentleman resident in the colony of Port Natal, to a friend in England), and observing an orebec (a small red buck), I endeavored to approach to a secure shot, and making a circuit I thought I might venture to look out and see the whereabouts of my intended game. What was my surprise when I found that the animal had not moved since I first saw it, and was then standing in a peculiar attitude, perfectly motionless, and not twenty yards from me. These little creatures have extraordinary sight, and are very timid, rendering it difficult to approach within a hundred yards, unless you surprise them while sleeping in long grass.

I stood watching the buck for some time, at first supposing it to be sick. I then thought I would see how near I could get; and there being an ant-heap close beside the buck, I approached, and looking over the mound saw the head of a large box-constrictor lying just out of a hole under the heap; and the buck stood with its head turned on one side, in an awkward position, gazing intently on its deadly enemy, and not in the least aware of my vicinity. I retreated cautiously, fearing to break the spell, and wishing to watch the last act in this singular mesmeric drama.

The buck must have remained at least five minutes in this transfixed position, the hair of his back erect, its eye dilated

and its attitude stiff and unnatural. Suddenly I saw it on the ground, and the thick black coils of the boa enfolded its body and legs. I fired instantly, and the reptile slowly unwound himself, compelled to succumb to a power more terrible than his own. My gun has one barrel rifled, the other a smooth bore for shot. I measured the snake, and found its length to be eighteen feet nine inches. The eye of the boa is very peculiar while mesmerizing its prey; it appears to emit flame. It may be compared to an amethyst or ruby, or both, with an emerald stuck together, and rapidly revolving in the sun. Its mouth was closed, or nearly so, and its long tongue darting from side to side, as if in greedy anticipation of the dish of venison which awaited its devouring jaws.

On another occasion I watched a smaller boa, about eight feet long, whilst engaged in the act of swallowing a fowl. It first seized the head, and appeared to swallow with great difficulty, making convulsive efforts, observable from the rings of its tail upwards. After some hard struggles, the head and neck of the fowl disappeared, but the wings, being extended, presented rather a serious impediment to further proceedings; and I was curious to see how the snake would get over his difficulties—for even a juggler would be nonplussed if required to swallow knives and forks crossways—and I soon found that he was quite equal to the emergency. After a series of painful efforts, tantalising, doubtless, to a hungry boa, the reptile brought his tail to the rescue—extremes meet, and, folding the wings together, he at last forced the body of the fowl between his jaws.

He now, however, seemed to have got himself in a greater fix than ever. The distension caused his neck to appear only as thick as my thumb, and from the form and setting of his teeth he could not disgorge his Brobdignag mouthful, and I began to think that his snakeship had rather more than he knew what to do with. Not a bit of it. After resting a minute or two, he coiled round his distended jaws, and commenced an ingenious process of compression, beginning at his head and working downwards along the neck and body—stuffing himself as you would a sausage—till he had completed this extraordinary manœuvre of deglutition. The whole operation lasted about twenty minutes, and, I must confess, seemed anything but a gratifying mode of appeasing the animal appetite.

I captured this boa, and kept him some time in a cask, and ultimately gave him to a friend who was proceeding to Cape Town. The skin of the boa, and that also of the iguano (a large water lizard), make beautiful, soft and very durable slippers.

THE GREEN-GROCERY OF THE CLASSICS.

The cabbage has had a singular destiny—in one country an object of worship; in another, of contempt. The Egyptians made of it a god; and it was the first dish they touched at their repasts. The Greeks and Romans took it as a remedy for the languor following inebriation. Cato said that in the cabbage was a panacea for the ills of man. Erasistratus recommended it as a specific in paralysis; Hippocrates accounted it a sovereign remedy, boiled with salt, for the colic; and Athenian medical men prescribed it to young nursing mothers, who wished to see lusty babies lying in their arms. Diphilus preferred the beet to the cabbage, both as food and as medicine—in the latter case, as a vermifuge. The same physician extols mallows, not for fomentation, but as a good edible vegetable, appeasing hunger and curing the sore-throat at the same time. The asparagus, as we are accustomed to see it, has derogated from its ancient magnificence. The original "grass" was from twelve to twenty feet high; and a dish of them could only have been served to the Brobdignagians. Under the Romans, stems of asparagus were raised of three pounds' weight, heavy enough to knock down a slave in waiting with. The Greeks ate them of more moderate dimensions, or would have eaten them, but that the publishing doctors of their day denounced asparagus as injurious to the sight. But then it was also said, that a slice or two of boiled pumpkin would reinvigorate the sight

which had been deteriorated by asparagus. "Do that as quickly as you should asparagus!" is a proverb descended to us from Augustus, and illustrative of the mode in which the vegetable was prepared for the table.

A still more favorite dish, at Athens, was turnips from Thebes. Carrots, too, formed a distinguished dish at Greek and Roman tables. Purslain was rather honored as a cure against poisons, whether in the blood by wounds, or in the stomach from beverage. I have heard it asserted in France, that if you briskly rub a glass with fingers which have been previously rubbed with purslain, or parsley, the glass will certainly break. I have tried the experiment, but only to find that the glass resisted the pretended charm.

Brocoli was the favorite vegetable food of Drusus. He ate greedily thereof; and as his father, Tiberius, was as fond of it as he, the master of the Roman world and his illustrious heir were constantly quarrelling, like two clowns, when a dish of brocoli stood between them. Artichokes grew less rapidly into aristocratic favor—the *dicum* of Galen was against them; and, for a long time, they were only used by drinkers, against headache, and by singers to strengthen their voice. Pliny pronounced artichokes excellent food for poor people and donkeys! For nobler stomachs he preferred the cucumber—the Nemesis of vegetables. But people were at issue touching the merits of the cucumber. Not so regarding the lettuce, which has been universally honored. It was the most highly-esteemed dish of the beautiful Adonis. It was prescribed as provocative to sleep; and it cured Augustus of the malady which sits so heavily on the soul of Leopold of Belgium—*hypochondriasis*. Science and rank eulogised the lettuce, and philosophy sanctioned the eulogy in the person of Aristoxenus, who not only grew lettuces as the pride of his garden, but irrigated them with wine, in order to increase their flavor.

But we must not place too much trust in the stories either of sages or apothecaries. These pagans recommended the seductive but indigestible endive as good against the headache, and young onions and honey as admirable preservers of health, when taken fasting; but this was a prescription for rustic swains and nymphs—the higher classes, in town or country, would hardly venture on it. And yet the mother of Apollo ate raw leeks, and loved them of gigantic dimensions. For this reason, perhaps, was the leek accounted, not only as salubrious, but as a beautifier. The love for melons was derived, in similar fashion, probably, from Tiberius, who cared for them even more than he did for brocoli. The German Cæsars inherited the taste of their Roman predecessor, carrying it, indeed, to excess; for more than one of them submitted to die after eating melons, rather than live by renouncing them.

I have spoken of gigantic asparagus: the Jews had radishes that could vie with them, if it be true that a fox and cubs could burrow in the hollow of one, and that it was not uncommon to grow them of a hundred pounds in weight. It must have been such radishes as those that were employed by seditious mobs of old, as weapons, in insurrections. In such case, a rebellious people were always well victualled, and had peculiar facilities, not only to beat their adversaries, but to eat their own arms. The horse-radish is probably a descendant of this gigantic ancestor. It had, at one period, a gigantic reputation. Dipped in poison, it rendered the draught innocuous, and, rubbed on the hands, it made an encounter with venomous serpents mere play. In short, it was celebrated as being a cure for every evil in life, the only exception being, that it destroyed the teeth. There was far more difference of opinion touching garlic, than there was touching the radish. The Egyptians deified it, as they did the leek and the cabbage; the Greeks devoted it to Gehenna—and to soldiers, sailors, and cocks that were not "game." Medicinally, it was held to be useful in many diseases, if the root used were originally sown when the moon was below the horizon. No one who had eaten of it, however, could presume to enter the Temple of Cybele. Alphonso of Castile was as particular as this goddess; and a knight of Castile, "detected as being guilty of garlic," suffered banishment from the royal presence during the entire month.—*Dr. Doran.*

THE HAUNTED MANOR HOUSE; OR, THE COUNTESS
AND THE CLERGYMAN.

A TRUE TALE OF MESMERISM.

BY MARIAN M. PULLAN.

READER, was it ever your fate to reside in a haunted house? one where the spirit of some wicked knight or ill-used lady paces the corridors at night, scaring the human inhabitants and terrifying even the dogs by the sound of clanging armor or rattling drapery? or, perchance, the ghostly resident favored but a single apartment with its presence, and kept the chamber which had been the scene of some awful tragedy or deadly sin sacred to its own occupancy, unless on a rare occasion of family festivity, every other room being tenanted, a daring but unlucky guest would venture to sleep in the haunted room, and after a night of strange terrors would rise to add his testimony to the current traditions of the place! Possibly such adventures may be almost unknown to the readers of this true story, since in America there are not, I believe, as yet, those uncomfortable evidences of family antiquity! Ghosts have not yet become an institute, and the best friends of this great country can hardly desire that they ever should.

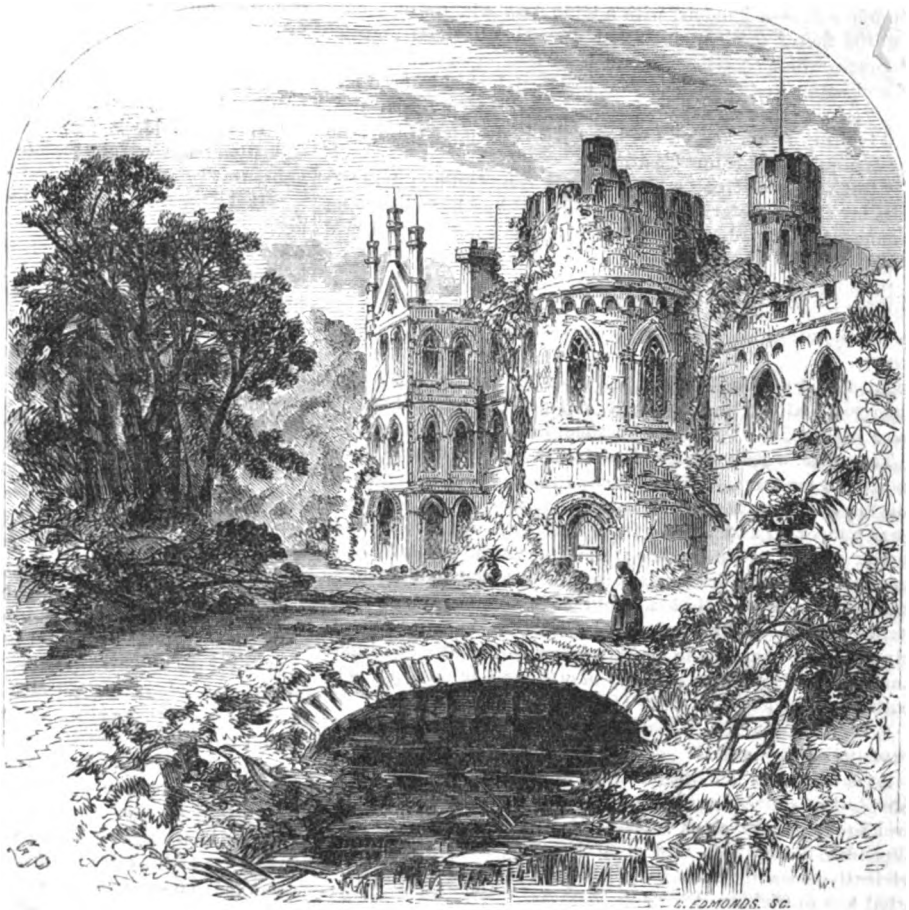
But in Old England there is scarcely an abbey or a castle with any pretensions to age that cannot boast of its mysterious noises or strange apparitions, the jest of the family and the terror of the servants, but often devoutly believed in by both, and even mentioned with a sort of pride, (as Dogberry talks of having had losses!) as proof incontestable of ancient lineage and pure descent. Even the humbler homes of the private gentry and middle classes are not without this strange species of distinction; and many a simple grange, or hall or mansion vies in its traditions with the grander but not more ancient homes of the nobility.

Conspicuous among the many possessing this evil reputation was, but a very few years ago, a house known as the "Manor," in one of the prettiest and most rural of the suburbs of London. It was a queer, irregular building, erected, or perhaps re-erected only, during the wars of the Roses, and having had additions and alterations from time to time during nearly five centuries, so that the original edifice was hardly distinguishable from the rooms, wings, gables and towers which then surrounded it. Odd and fantastic was its appearance some thirty years ago, but there was, to an imaginative person, an inconceivable charm in its irregular outlines, quaint ornaments, low-ceilinged, queerly-shaped rooms, mulioned windows and gothic doors. Then the grounds belonging to it, rare in their extent and rich in forest trees—the growth of ages, were made still more charming by the air of retirement they imparted to the house; and being surrounded by high walls, which entirely shut them out from public view, the inhabitants felt themselves as secluded in

their sylvan retreat as if they were two or three hundred instead of but two or three miles from the great metropolis.

And, if the legends of the neighborhood were to be relied on, as strange and varied as its architecture had been its destinies. A convent in the days when Romanism most flourished in England; the abode of various chiefs of leading factions during the oft-recurring periods of war and tumult; affording refuge to many who were known to enter but never seen to emerge from the shelter of its walls—it seemed, like some individuals, predestined to an existence of turmoil; and even when the days of excitement had passed, and public adventures were no longer possible, the Manor House maintained its character for being haunted; and so bad was its reputation that for some years no one could be found who dared to inhabit it, and it was sold for probably a tenth of its value to a young but already eminent clergyman, whose mind, doubtless, was too well balanced to be affected by popular rumor. This gentleman, with his wife and one or two children, lived undisturbed in their abode for two or three years, and then, disposing of it to a foreign nobleman, whose acquaintance they had made in Florence, they removed to another house but a short distance beyond the walls of the Manor, which having been endowed by a grateful and admiring congregation for their rector, was now called the Rectory.

Hardly, however, had the Count Gonzaga taken possession of his residence than once more began rumors of strange noises and other evidences of the ghost's return to be current among the servants and in the adjoining village. It was said that the Countess Amalie, the only daughter of the count, a very lovely girl of eighteen, had been alarmed by the intrusion of some unknown visitant, who entered her room in spite of locked doors and bolted windows. The village locksmith confirmed the tale by saying he had been summoned to put additional fastenings to every shutter and door, although those he found there already were sufficient to keep out everything of human form and human powers, were it the most expert housebreaker that ever lived: "nothing, in short," said he, "but the devil



THE MANOR HOUSE.

could get in, or once in, get out again." Then came news that the poor young countess had become deranged; that insanity was hereditary in her family, and that her alarms and assertions were merely the first symptoms of the fearful malady. Her health declined visibly, it was said; she saw no company, nor could enter into any amusements, unless the society of the young rector and his amiable wife could be so called. They were constant in their visits to the afflicted girl and her wretched father. At length that lonely father was bereft for ever of his child. He laid her in the grave; and then, heart-broken, detesting a land to whose ungenial atmosphere he imputed his misfortune, he left England for ever, placing the Manor House in the hands of a lawyer, to be sold for anything it would fetch.

About a year before the period of our story it had been purchased by the Earl of Ripendale, the then Prime Minister of England, whose youthful wife, having chanced to visit it when advertised for sale, had been enchanted by its quaint yet cozy appearance, and the beauty and extent of the grounds, promising so much more tranquillity than they could hope to find in any other direction within an easy ride of the earl's official residence in Downing street, had prevailed on him to buy it and instal her there. The earl's duties obliging him to be much more in London than is usual among the aristocracy, he and Lady Ripendale had continued, with but brief interruptions for country visits, to make the Manor their home. Ministers, whether of the government or the church, seemed to possess the power of driving away the evil spirit who was reputed to haunt the Manor. No alarm of any sort had been experienced by the family during almost a year's residence; and now the countess rejoiced in the birth of an heir, in whose tiny face she fancied she traced the lineaments of the husband she so earnestly desired the infant to resemble.

It was the first day that she had left her apartment after the birth of her boy, and still feeble and delicate, but radiantly happy, she had been laid on a lounge and wheeled into the adjoining room—a boudoir, with a large bow window overlooking the flower garden, and fitted up with all those graceful elegances which contribute so much to making a woman fond of and happy in her home. The earl had looked in for a moment to congratulate her on the improvement in her health, and imprint a fond kiss on the brow of his sleeping child, who lay tranquilly in his nurse's arms.

"Get well and strong as soon as you can, darling; I sorely miss my chief secretary!" said the earl, bidding her adieu; and a moment afterwards the sound of his horse's hoofs were heard clattering on the London road.

"And I sorely miss my employment, and long to be at it again," observed Lady Ripendale. "I am sure, nurse, you are needlessly careful of me. I feel quite able to read a little at all events. No? Well, then, just give me my boy for one moment, that I may look at him and kiss him, the darling! And then you shall lay him in his cot, and perhaps you will read to me a little. That would not hurt me, I am sure. Pray do."

The nurse, a still young but matronly-looking woman, bearing in her manners, dress and countenance evidence of having all the advantages of education and position, good sense and good temper, so desirable for those in her position, brought her young charge to its mother; she took it in her arms, and smothering it with her caresses, seemed to forget that the little viscount was not a doll that would bear such treatment with impunity. He did not cry, indeed, but he opened his large blue eyes, and fixed them on his mother with that wistful look and soft smile that so strongly assures us our child has been with angels in its sleep.

"Look at him, Mrs. Lillian. Now tell me if his eyes are not exactly like my lord's?"

At this moment a clock on the mantelpiece struck mid day. Mrs. Lillian started, glanced with an alarm she could not control to where the clock stood, and shuddered visibly. Lady Ripendale noticed this, and observing that she still trembled violently as she took the baby, asked with the kindest concern what had so frightened her?

"Nothing, my lady, indeed, except the sudden striking of that clock, which strangely reminded me of the time when I

first heard it. I had not noticed it was in the room, or I should have been more guarded, and had sufficient self-control not to show any emotion. How strange are the coincidences we meet with in life! Oh! dear lady, how happy and thankful should you be for the blessings of your lot! The last patient I nursed in these apartments—as young, as lovely, as noble and as good yourself—alas, how different her fate!"

"What do you mean, nurse? I do not think I understand you. You cannot allude to the poor girl who died here before we took the place? She, we were told, fell a victim to consumption; and her death, it was said, almost broke her father's heart."

"And well it might, madam; for surely so foul a tragedy never before was perpetrated. I do not know what I would not give to unravel the mystery which caused that poor lady's death! Well, I suppose that now it is useless to hope that miserable secret will ever be revealed. I am sorry, very sorry, my lady, to have alluded to it; I fear I have distressed and excited you. I ought not to have done so."

"Indeed, Mrs. Lillian, you have so roused my curiosity and interest that you will really distress me if you do not satisfy it. Tell me this sad story, which causes you so much pain. It may comfort you to have any one to share your secret; and who knows? we may, between us, chance to unravel it. Do not hesitate to treat me as a friend; I am well disposed to be one to you, and I know, from Dr. Luccock, that your former position, as well as your present exertions, entitle you to my regard."

"You are very good, my lady; and I am greatly obliged to both you and Dr. Luccock. My husband was also a physician, and his dear friend. Probably he might have become as eminent and as independent had he not been snatched away so early in his career. With his valuable life his income ceased, and by the advice of several of his friends, I qualified myself for my present occupation, and have hitherto been most fortunate in the rapid recovery of my patients, except in the one instance of which we have been speaking. Since you desire it, madam, I will tell you what I know. Your ladyship may, perhaps, suggest some solution of a most dark and tragical mystery. Are you aware, madam, that the Manor House has the reputation of being haunted?"

"Haunted! Is it possible, nurse, that a woman of your education and sense, in the nineteenth century, believes in such nonsense?"

"It is because I know the impossibility of supernatural agency, yet can account in no rational way for circumstances which within my own knowledge occurred, that I am so pained and puzzled. But you will judge better, my lady, when you know the history."

"Dr. Luccock called on me one day, and told me to hold myself in readiness to attend a patient of his, whose case was somewhat singular, and would require particular care. He kindly added that his high opinion of my nerve and discretion induced him to select me for the case. (I fear I have not exhibited either very prominently, to-day; but I was taken by surprise; and, indeed, I do not think I shall ever quite get over a feeling of terror at this mystery.) He desired me not to make any engagement which would interfere with my promise to him; as any loss I might sustain would be amply repaid. The lady was very young; and had exhibited—so he said—alarming evidence of a tendency to insanity, which might either disappear, or settle into decided madness, after her accouchement. It would not be desirable that she should herself nurse the expected infant; and it had therefore been decided to confide it to other care from its birth."

"I thought that a mother's heart, whatever her idiosyncrasy, would be more likely to be calmed by the presence than the absence of her child; but I knew Dr. Luccock to be as judicious as skilful; and could therefore only guess at the peculiarity of the circumstances which made such a step necessary. I remained at home, anxiously expecting the summons to my duties; at last it came. Dr. Luccock's carriage arrived, with a servant requesting me to lose no time in accompanying him. I entered the carriage immediately, and was driven here, and ushered into this very room—the patient's bedroom."

"I found Dr. Luccock and an old gentleman conversing in whispers at the foot of the bed, round which the curtains were closely drawn. From it issued now and then a subdued moan, indicating mental rather than bodily pain. The infant was lying, covered with flannels, in a large easy chair. Dr. Luccock pointed to it, and desired that I should wash and dress it. He prepared some medicine for me to give the lady; and saying he would be back in a few hours, left the room with the old gentleman.

"I washed and dressed the infant, thinking all the while, how sad was its fate in being, so early, separated from its mother. People say all babies are beautiful; but that infant really was so; and it had the finest and most remarkable pair of black eyes I ever saw in a child's face. Poor little thing!

"Just as I had finished my task, the moans of the poor patient in the bed became so loud that I went up to her, asked her if I could get her anything, to which she faintly answered, 'Nothing; nothing in this world!' and thinking to cheer her I whispered, 'Would you not like to see the baby, madam? Such a lovely little thing!'

"'Baby! baby!' she ejaculated, as if she hardly understood me. Then suddenly raising herself up, with a look of ineffable horror, 'Then it is true! true! I am a mother! I! Oh, God! wherefore am I thus stricken!' I was terrified at her excitement, and tried to soothe her. She lay back in silence a few moments; then, suddenly seized my hand, and grasping it as if her whole soul was in her question said, 'Tell me, tell me, as you hope for salvation, are its eyes not black, black and glistening, like a serpent's!'

"'They are black, indeed, madam; but they are beautiful eyes. It is a lovely child!' I answered soothingly.

"'I knew it! I knew it! Take it away! Horror! Horror!' she ejaculated, and covered down among the pillows, with a look of such unutterable loathing at the poor baby which I held in my arms, that I gladly withdrew it from her sight.

"She still lay silent and motionless when the door was opened, and the old gentleman, whom I afterwards knew to be her father, Count Gonzaga, entered, followed by a lady equipped for travelling. The count motioned to me to bring the infant. His compassion received it; and, although her thick veil concealed her face, the action with which she wrapped the slumbering child in her long soft cloak was so tender and pitying that I felt, whatever the circumstances that occasioned its banishment, it was confided to no ungentle or neglectful guardian. The door was closed after the lady, and I never again saw or heard of the poor child.

"The count then approached the bed, withdrew one of the curtains, and spoke kindly to the lady, kissing her forehead, and trying to cheer her. She hardly seemed conscious of his presence. Indeed she lay so still during the whole day that but that she swallowed mechanically the food and medicine I offered her, I should have thought she had ceased to breathe.

"Toward night Dr. Luccock returned; and, cautioning me not to admit the cause of her illness, or the existence of a child, if she spoke of either, he desired me, on no account, to lose sight of her for a moment during the night; as it was then she was subject to her most serious attacks. A confidential servant remained in an adjoining apartment, and I was assured that the count himself would rise, should there be the slightest need of him.

"I took my place beside the couch of the sufferer, too full of thought and curiosity to feel any inclination to sleep, even had my duty not obliged me to watch. In the dim light I could not have seen to read; and there was no babe to require my care, or break the monotonous silence which began to be almost oppressive. The Countess Amalie lay as silent and motionless as a statue, until the sound of that clock, striking twelve, aroused her. At the first instant the profound stillness was broken she started up, and almost sprung out of bed, her long hair falling over her shoulders, her large eyes distended and glaring, her brow covered with great drops of perspiration, caused by the intensity of her terror.

"I caught her in my arms, and held her there, trying to soothe her; it was in vain! At first she seemed too much alarmed to speak, but in a minute her voice returned, and

pointing to the window shrieked, 'Look! he comes! Monster! Wretch! Fiend! Oh, save me! save me!' I looked, for a moment only, in the direction she indicated. Did I dream, or did my sight deceive me? Certainly I thought I saw those heavy curtains, which were then drawn across the recess, moving, as if some one was behind them. The next instant I remembered how utterly impossible was any intrusion, since the doors and windows had all been carefully secured by the count himself, before he retired. I resolved, indeed, to search carefully the next morning; but I felt ashamed of having for a minute had my thoughts withdrawn from the poor lady who still lay panting in my arms. Exhausted by all she had undergone, shuddering and sobbing like a frightened child, she at last sank down again into bed; but she grasped my hand so tightly that I was unable to withdraw it until, with the first dawn of day, the count re-entered the apartment. He inquired tenderly after my charge; and I thought it my duty to relate the midnight scene to him. He told me that she constantly suffered from these terrors; and begged me on no account to lose sight of her until after one o'clock, when they ceased. 'It is easy,' he said, 'to convince yourself that it is impossible for any one to enter these rooms, except by that door, which, you know, you yourself locked and bolted.'

"I must confess the strangeness of the entire circumstances caused me some uneasiness, and hence, perhaps, my imagination had been over-excited. It was, indeed, impossible, after a careful examination of the apartment, to think any one could enter them surreptitiously. I resolved that if my lady still felt alarm or had a return of her nocturnal attacks, I would strive to tranquillize her by proving that no stranger could approach her. I could not but acknowledge that she really was insane.

"The count took my place in her room while I obtained, according to his desire, a few hours' repose.

"'You must keep up your strength, nurse,' he said; 'for Dr. Luccock fears your patient will have but a lingering recovery, and we cannot afford to lose your services.'

"I thanked him, and assured him that I would not think of leaving the countess until she was quite herself again. The poor father involuntarily groaned, and ejaculating 'That never, never will be!' he turned away. I could see that tears were gathering in his eyes, and his whole manner was that of a man crushed and broken by a speechless sorrow.

"Day followed day in the same manner, without perceptible change in the patient; no wonder she gained no strength, since each midnight brought a return of the mysterious paroxysm of terror. After the first night I watched the window carefully and never but once even thought I saw a movement among the curtains; but once I certainly did. Still that might be the wind which, at the time, was blowing a perfect hurricane, or perhaps the flickering shadows thrown by the night-lamp, or anything or nothing. Reason assured me that it was not, could not be, an intruder.

"A fortnight had now elapsed, and during the last few days I thought that a slight improvement was visible in my poor young lady, whose beauty and gentleness, as well as her profound melancholy, interested me beyond description. I thought that the consciousness of my wakeful presence every night was gradually soothing her with a sense of being protected from that which she seemed to dread, and which, however visionary, was real enough to her. She clung to me and would thank me so gratefully for any little service I did for her, and at night, satisfied with clasping my hand in hers, when she composed herself to rest, would only rouse herself at midnight to ascertain that I was still by her side, and lie down again without any of the more violent symptoms of terror.

"'You are very, very good,' she observed one night. 'What shall I do without you? Can you not promise to remain with me as long as I want you? It will not be very long, you know!'

"I felt from her tone that her thoughts were anticipating a fatal termination to her illness; but I replied cheerfully that I would certainly remain as long as she wished, sure that she was so much better, she would soon be quite well again.

"Never, never! No, nurse! Have more pity for me than to wish me to get well. That would be cruel, indeed. All I desire, but hardly dare hope, is to be allowed to be at peace during my few remaining days; but I thank you from my heart for your promise. Remember you are never to leave me, night nor day, with company or without, unless, indeed, my poor father alone is with me. Ah!" she continued, speaking to herself, "if he would but believe, if he had believed; but what would it now avail?"

"There was in all this conversation and throughout her manner, indeed, profound melancholy, but no symptoms of madness. The extreme excitability of brain had no doubt been caused by her condition and suffering, and was now wearing away. For one or two nights she slept almost tranquilly.

"The third passed as quietly, and about three o'clock, feeling an extraordinary drowsiness, I lay down to sleep on a couch placed for my accommodation at the foot of my lady's bed. I have often since recalled that night, and I can distinctly remember the intolerable weight on my eyelids, and the strange heavy sensation that I then, and only then in all my life, experienced. The count had told me that it was quite unnecessary to sit up after one o'clock, but from excess of caution and profound interest in my patient, I had always hitherto remained with her until sunrise. On this occasion nature would not be controlled; I could not hold up my head, and so unusual were my feelings that, had I not known it to be impossible, I should have fancied I had been drugged."

"Drugged!" exclaimed Lady Ripendale; "that is a strange idea, nurse. It could not have been any one's interest to do that, I think. Your story is a mysterious one; but go on, pray."

"From the force of habit, I suppose, in spite of my desire for rest, I slept but lightly; and presently I was half aroused by the conviction that we were no longer alone. I saw (I feel sure that I was awake and not dreaming), I saw a tall figure move across the room. I tried to rise, to call for aid; but although perfectly conscious, I could not shake off the stupor that oppressed me. I knew that the figure approached my couch; I could almost feel the breath on my face; but had my life depended on it, I could not have moved. Mind as well as body seemed glued down into inaction. The figure, man or spirit, waved its long arms, and I felt myself sinking into unconsciousness; how long my sleep lasted I cannot tell, but I was roused by an appalling shriek from my lady; still, scarcely awake, I reached her side, and found her in an access of terror far greater than I had ever before seen.

"Again the serpent has been here! look where he vanishes! There! do you not see those curtains move?" she exclaimed; and as my eye followed the direction of her hand I once more saw clearly the movement of the window curtains. This time there could be no doubt, and I did not entertain any, although, of course, I would not admit to the countess that there was any cause for her suspicions. In the morning I examined not only this room, but the entire suite, and, as before, every bolt and lock was in its place; a fortress could hardly have been more securely guarded. There did, indeed, seem something supernatural in it.

"I told Dr. Luccock of my alarm. He said that the close confinement was injuring my nerves, and I must take a day's holiday to see my children. The change refreshed me; and after this I took more rest in the daytime, and never left my poor charge, even for a moment, at night. The alarm she had suffered had, of course, an injurious effect on her health; and several weeks elapsed before she was able to be removed to the adjoining apartment. At length this change was accomplished. She used to lie on the sofa, perfectly silent, for hours, only rallying sufficiently in her father's presence to reply to his questions. I thought, as I saw her, day after day, lying on her couch, her snowy robes and coverlet hardly less delicate than the hue of her cheek, her eyes closed, or opening only with a look so sorrowful, that I felt ready to weep, that I had never seen anything human so like a broken and fading lily. Her loveliness became daily more striking and more spiritual; but in truth it was not, whatever it once might have been, an earthly beauty.

"One day, as I was sitting by her side and reading to her, the count entered, and with some embarrassment, after asking after her health, told her that their friends, the rector and his wife, who had been unwearied in their inquiries after her health and offers of visiting her, were below, and he hoped that now she was so much better she would receive them. 'Indeed, I must insist upon it,' he continued; and without giving her time to reply he left the room.

"I was positively alarmed at the change this announcement made in my patient. Her whole countenance was convulsed with agony; then she turned her face towards the pillow, and saying, 'Remember your sacred promise, not to leave me!' she seemed to try to compose herself.

"The clergyman and his wife, accompanied by the count, now entered. The lady approached my poor invalid, and kneeling by her couch, threw her arms round her, saying, 'My poor, poor Amalie, how it grieves me to see you so ill!' The two friends clung to each other, and I was conscious that both were weeping; I say I was conscious of it, for, in truth, my attention was wholly riveted on the rector. He turned white and livid, then flushed, trembled with uncontrollable agitation, and held out his hand in a strange, irresolute way, as if he either would gladly have avoided the ordinary greeting, or that he dreaded the contact with the fevered, thin, wasted hand of the Countess Amalie. He had rather kept in the background at first, as if to allow the first excitement of the invalid's meeting with his wife to subside. When he drew near, she raised herself with some such effort, perhaps, as a suffering wretch may summon to bear the knife with which the surgeon is about to cut off a limb, and met, nay, even challenged his gaze, as she held out her hand, saying, with marked emphasis, 'Yes, the right this time.'

"There, was to me, a revelation, the story of a life in the glance that passed between them. It was no longer mere horror or fear that shone in hers, but a combination of both, with an intensity of loathing and hatred hardly, perhaps, to be expressed by any but such a truly Italian eye. His, black and glittering (at the moment how strongly were her words recalled), were averted from her until the very intensity of her gaze compelled him to meet it, and then were eloquent in deprecation, entreaty and yet hardihood. I saw it all; but the enigma seemed only more difficult to solve. No words could have made more certain to my mind that in him I saw the father of the child I had dressed; and yet if so, how could the count bring him here? how could his wife visit the countess—victim, and not sinner, although she certainly was. My thoughts were thus engaged when I found the visitors were taking leave, the rector suggesting that their friend seemed, as yet, hardly equal to the fatigue of receiving them. Again did the two ladies embrace each other with every demonstration of affection; the husband only bowed low, and uttered hopes and wishes for the speedy restoration of the countess.

Hardly had they left the room when she, poor girl, fainted, and it was long before my exertions availed to restore her to herself. When she did recover, she lay perfectly silent, now and then pressing my hand, as if to entreat my sympathy; and except to desire me to secure the doors and windows carefully, she did not speak during the evening.

"The next day the count came to ask her if she would see the rector, who had called alone, anxious to know that the countess was no worse for the exertions of the preceding morning. She excused herself on the ground that she was not able to receive any one; and I privately suggested that she might not be excited. She was, therefore, left in peace. For several days these visits of inquiry were repeated, sometimes by the rector and his wife together, often by one only of them; and by my persuasions she was permitted to decline them. After a while, however, the count grew irritated, and on the rector making his usual visit entered to say that he was going upstairs immediately.

"My father! my father! will you never believe me" exclaimed the poor countess. 'Oh! for pity's sake —'

"The door was opened, and the dreaded visitor entered, the count retiring at the same instant.

"Again I remarked evidences of intense aversion to the

clergyman; who, on his part, tried to restrain his conversation within the bounds of ordinary acquaintanceship. Presently he mentioned some book, and desired I would fetch it from the drawing-room. I could not well refuse, although I felt it was merely a pretext for getting me out of the room. I determined to return as quickly as possible; and my lady's urgent 'Don't be long, nurse,' made me doubly anxious to hasten. I found the book more quickly than I had hoped; and hurried back to my patient. As I approached the door, I was startled by smothered cries for help; and entering suddenly found her struggling to free herself from her visitor, whose arms were clasped round her.

"What is the matter? What is the cause of this strange conduct, sir?" I exclaimed, as he, on seeing me, hastily released her. He was so alarmed as to be unable to speak for some minutes, when beckoning me to follow him to the door, he said, 'Of course you are aware of your poor patient's most unhappy delusion; her malady has long shown itself in these paroxysms of insanity. She was seized with one immediately after you left the room, and I was obliged to hold her to prevent her from injuring herself.'

"I have never seen any symptoms of madness," I replied coldly, 'and as it would appear that they are developed only by the presence of visitors, I must ask Dr. Luccock to forbid her receiving strangers. I am sure he would not approve of such excitement.'

"I returned to my poor patient; whose feeble frame was fearfully shattered by her terror. I soothed her by the assurance that I would try to prevent any further intrusion; and took an early opportunity of begging the count not to insist again on her seeing any one. I told him what I had witnessed; but, to my surprise, he entirely believed Dr. T.'s version of the affair.

"You have not been present during any of my poor child's dreadful fits of excitement; and cannot, therefore, judge of their violence. I would not reproach her, though she has so deeply disgraced me; if she has sinned, she has also, most terribly, suffered; and the silence she chooses to keep I would fain try to respect. But to endeavor to inculpate so good, so excellent a man as the rector—one who has been so devoted a friend to both her and me, this is to me a most useless and wicked act; and I can only believe, as I really do, that terror and a sense of shame have warped her mind. Tell her, however, from me, that until she is quite recovered, I will not urge her on that point.'

"During the previous week I had been, involuntarily, beginning to share her conviction that she never should recover. When I returned to her, after this interview, the expression of her face had so changed that I could no longer doubt her life was drawing to a close.

"Perhaps she discerned some such thought on my countenance, for her first words were, 'Do not grieve for me. There is nothing to hope for in a life like mine. Only assure me that I shall be left in peace, during the short time that I am here.'

"She spoke so calmly and sadly, and looked so earnestly in

my face to read the assurance she desired, that I could not refrain from tears while I promised her that she should not again have any visitors until she was quite recovered.

"Then I may bid them an eternal farewell!" she replied; 'for me life is a thing of the past. Never, never again shall I be outraged by the presence of that fiend!' After a pause she continued, 'And you, my kind nurse, who have promised not to leave me, do you, too, believe me—as they do—at once mad and guilty? You, who look so gentle and kind, do you think of me as even my own dear father does? Is it mere pity for my feebleness that makes you disguise your contempt for the lost unhappy girl they think me; or can you believe, in spite of all, that I am innocent?'

"You will perhaps think me credulous, madam," continued Mrs. Lillian, interrupting her narrative, and turning to Lady Ripendale; "but I entirely believed the assertion of my patient. What the mystery might be which had involved her in such appalling ruin I could not divine; but most surely I felt



AT THIS MOMENT A CLOCK ON THE MANTELPIECE STRUCK MID-DAY. MRS. LILLIAN STARTED.

that she had been sinned against, not sinning. I told her, without referring to the forbidden topic—the birth of her child—that I could not and did not doubt any assertion she made; and urged her to compose herself, telling her I already feared she would suffer from the excitement she had endured."

"And do you, too, think me mad?" she exclaimed, vehemently; 'am I mad when I believe that I, an unwedded girl, who have never felt the slightest affection for any living man but my father, and the affianced husband whom I have not seen for two years, am a mother? Tell me, is this madness? I know it is not; I know it is not consumption of which I am now dying, but of shame and anguish and degradation, which I cannot survive. Oh, my Valerio! my beloved! Better far you should know me in my grave, than that I should live for you to hear of my misery, and have no power to punish its author or vindicate my fame! You weep for me, my kind friend! Oh, show your pity still more by hearing my sad

story. Perhaps heaven has sent you to me to be the means of one day unravelling its mystery.'

"Of my sympathy and pity the poor young countess was already well assured; but I cannot describe to you, madam, how both feelings were heightened by her recital. That she was pure and innocent I would stake my existence; that I had seen the father of the child, I was fully persuaded; but her story only made the tragedy still more mysterious; and I fear it is one of those secrets that will remain for ever unexplained."

"Who knows, Mrs. Lillian, whether we may not devise some plan for its discovery. Pray continue your tale; and trust that some good will result from it."

"I will continue, then, my lady, in my poor patient's own words. 'We had been acquainted with *that man*—I cannot think of him without shuddering, or name him without repugnance—in Florence; my father had corresponded with him, and I, occasionally, with his wife, from the time of their return to England; and when my father's political opinions compelled him to leave Italy, and we came to London, it was natural to renew our old friendship. My father was induced, some eighteen months ago, to take this house; and as it is so near the rectory, we have lived, almost, as one family. The evenings we nearly invariably passed together, generally here; although sometimes we went to the large parties given at the rectory. My life would have been perfectly happy but for the absence of my intended husband, who was to have met us in London, but who has been detained in Italy by imperative duties. Once I mourned his absence and longed, prayed, wept for his return. Now, oh how we may be charmed by circumstances without any change of feeling! Now my only prayer is that we may not meet again in this world! Surely, surely, we shall in another; and then he will know me innocent! Here he might believe me guilty. Sometimes I almost believe so in self! But then I am really mad! So strange, so sad, so inexplicable is my fate!

"I remember that some one, at one of his parties, spoke of our house as HAUNTED; and asked if I was not afraid of living in it. Mrs. T. laughed at the idea; and assured me that they had inhabited it for some years, without the smallest molestation.

"That is easily accounted for," replied the first speaker; it would be a daring ghost, indeed, that would venture beneath the roof of a divine so eminent as the doctor. Depend upon it, the spirit of the Manor House had too much discretion to intrude into precincts so sacred. Now, indeed, the case is different; and I should not be at all surprised to hear that he has resumed his nocturnal wanderings.'

"I then was told a legend of the place, that a cavalier on whose head a heavy price was set, had been beguiled by his affianced bride to take refuge here; and betrayed and sold him to his enemies. Whether the unhappy girl herself were guilty of this treachery, or whether she were merely an instrument of evil in the hands of her kindred, was never known; but it was said that the murdered cavalier appeared to her every night, reproaching her for his death; and that his spectre still haunts the scene of this perfidious crime, especially appearing to faithless wives, or maidens who forfeit their vows to their betrothed.

"Take care, then, Amalie," said he, jestingly, when the story had been told, 'take care that you do not let any of our English gentlemen gain your ear or steal your heart. Remember the penalty; you will be haunted by the cavalier's ghost—at least as long as you remain in that house.'

"I answered as gaily that running no danger I did not dread any such consequences, and for some time I thought no more on the matter.

"It was not many weeks afterwards that I began to experience symptoms of a most distressing lethargy at night; so drowsy did I become that I could with difficulty remain awake while my maid undressed me. It was the more painful because my father and his friends usually formed a card-party in the evening, and, as hostess, I was obliged to be present until they retired, often very late—at least it seemed so to me, for I would have gladly gone to bed hours before I did. My sleep, at that

time, was profound without being refreshing. I had an unwonted sensation of fear—of something—I knew not what.

"On one occasion I had a horrible dream, or what I then thought a dream. I was sleeping, I know, but with a sort of consciousness, and I thought the spectre of the dead cavalier was in the room; it glided slowly, silently from between those curtains; I thought I even heard the rustle of the damask. I could not scream, I could not move; I felt as if I had been turned to marble, but sentient, living marble! I tried, as we do often try in the midst of a horrible dream, to rouse myself and break the spell. In vain! I could only pant and shrink in an agony of terror. Suddenly, how I knew not, though I saw the spectre and its changed form, it took that of a serpent! It crawled and writhed itself on to my bed, and twining its huge folds around me, crushed me into a senseless mass. The agony and horror now fairly roused me. I sprang up, I shrieked for aid. My father and my maid came rushing into my apartment. My terror was so real and so intense that he saw I had had some cause for alarm. Incoherently I mentioned 'The spectre!' He thought that perhaps some intruding robber was secreted in my apartments, and searched them thoroughly, but there was no trace of any living being, no possibility of their exit. 'I must have been dreaming!' said my father, and when he saw me more composed, he returned to his own chamber.

"My maid remained with me during the remainder of the night, which we passed entirely undisturbed, although I was too much alarmed again to close my eyes. For a few nights after this she slept, by my desire, in my room; I had no recurrence of my former dream or vision, but still thought I occasionally saw the spectre gliding about the apartment. I could not, however, tell whether I was waking or sleeping, for the oppressive drowsiness of which I have before spoken still kept me in a species of lethargy.

"My fears after a time subsiding, I dismissed my maids before, and occupied my room alone. Again that terrific vision reappeared; again I thought a hideous serpent sought me as its prey, and approaching my couch, coiled its folds round and round me, while I tried in vain to release myself or shake off the sleep of which I was still conscious. I could not wake! I could not scream! There was such a dreadful mingling of imagination and reality that I was literally frightened almost to death. Once more I felt or dreamt that I was free; but will it be believed that even now I could not wake? When I did the sun was shining, the birds were singing; it was broad daylight. I sought everywhere for some means by which my apartments might have been entered; but there was no clue to the mystery. The doors and windows were secured too well to afford any means of ingress or egress.

"It is no wonder, is it, that I became nervous and melancholy? I had never been superstitious, but I could not explain these horrible visions in any natural manner. Again and again they occurred, always after an interval of peace which, in some degree, lulled me into repose. On several occasions, on rousing myself, I made my way into my father's chamber, and with much difficulty roused him. He declared he had neither seen nor heard anything; that it was entirely my own imagination, and seemed, for the first time in his life, harsh and irritable with me. It was remarkable, too, that his sleep at this time was undisturbed by my shrieks and noise. He, like myself, suffered from extreme drowsiness, which we attributed to the heavy English atmosphere.

"Of course I mentioned these strange and frightful dreams to my friends, the rector and his wife; they both tried to reason me out of my fears, with but small success. My health was seriously affected, and my father insisted on my consulting a physician. It was, I believe, by the rector's advice that his wife was present at the interview. I was glad to avail myself of her friendly offer.

"I detailed my sensations, and after a few other questions he observed—

"You are married, of course?"

"Oh, no! I am not married; I am the count's daughter," I replied.

"Indeed! I thought, perhaps you were recently married."

"I thought it strange, almost inquisitive, but attached no importance to his words. Mrs. T—— followed him into the ante-room, and there they must have had a long conversation. She returned to me looking flushed and excited, and with her eyes red, as if she had been weeping.

"Well, what opinion does he give?" I asked, somewhat anxiously, for her manner made me apprehend that my illness was likely to be a serious one.

"Absurd! impossible!" said she, soliloquising; then, turning to me, she continued, "My dearest Amalie, this doctor knows nothing about his business. He actually does not seem able to give any but an impossible cause for your illness."

"And what is that impossible cause?"

"Why, I hardly like even to tell you; but he said you had every symptom of being *enceinte*."

"You remember he asked me if I were married," I replied. "He can know very little about it. What did you say?"

"That whatever your disease, it certainly was not what he suspected; that you had been our neighbor for more than a year, and I believed never, except in our house, ever saw any one but your own father and my husband."

"That is quite true. What did he say then?"

"That it was humanly possible, certainly, that he might be mistaken; but that he would stake his professional reputation on his accuracy. In short, he would not believe but that you were about to become a mother."

"But he knows I am not married!" I replied, feeling as if that fact altogether settled the question. To that hour I had never thought it possible for a woman of my rank to forget herself!

"The physician had prescribed some medicine, which I took, and appeared, for a time, benefited. He had been told of my nocturnal alarms, and had treated them as the phantasms of an over-excited brain. My father heard of his remarks with a grave disquietude which sorely irritated me; but how can I paint to you my anguish and agony when week after week rolled by, and each gave further indication that my malady was indeed that which the medical man had surmised.

"I lived, moved, lay down at night and rose in the morning with feelings of incredulity, horror and wonder to which I can give no words. The chilling coldness of my father, the averted looks of the old servants, the grave measured manner of the rector and his wife, pained me, indeed; but still they sunk into insignificance in comparison with the one overwhelming topic of my thoughts—my mysterious nightly visitor. Were there, indeed, evil spirits sufficed to return to earth and persecute thus causelessly the innocent and helpless? It indeed appeared so. Yet my heart and my reason revolted against such a solution of the enigma. I wearied myself with my conjectures. I learnt nothing; and I even now, though I believe, as surely as I believe in my own existence, that I know the criminal, I can find no proof that would satisfy others.

"My suspicion of the individual was aroused merely by instinct. He followed me into the library one day, and told me that he wished for a few minutes' conversation with me. Such was the state of vague dread in which I then lived, that the most ordinary occurrence had power to discompose me. I trembled so much, it was some minutes before I could listen to him.

"At length he told me that my father, totally unable to speak himself on this agonising topic, had begged him to do so, and implore me to reveal the circumstances with which I must be acquainted, that, if possible, at whatever sacrifice or however tardily, my reputation, to the world at least, might be spared.

"Your father hopes," he continued ('if on such a subject, indeed, he can be said to hope at all), that Count Valerio may have been here unknown to him, and that—in short, Count Gonzaga is persuaded that to whoever you may have given your affections he cannot be altogether unworthy of them; and the count entreats you to confide in his parental tenderness to endeavor to make you happy, if possible."

"My Valerio here! He would believe me innocent, if no one else did! He would discover my destroyer and punish him, were it the fiend himself!" I exclaimed, in my excited

ment. "Oh, would he were here! He only, of all the world, loves me! and he only is, or ever has been, or will be loved by me!" I know not how long I might have continued thus to invoke my absent betrothed had I not been startled by an expression of rage and positive hatred on the rector's face. It so astounded me that I stopped suddenly, and he saw that I noticed him.

"You are raving, Amalie! If, as you say, Count Valerio has not been here, and another is, indeed, the author of your calamity, surely to him, be he what he may, you have given some affection. Amalie, you cannot hate the father of your child!"

"That glittering serpent's eye was fixed on me, and there was in his tone an earnestness that gave me, for the first time, a surmise which, wild and impossible as it seemed, I accepted for truth. I accept it so still. I felt that in him I saw my destroyer. And yet it seemed beyond the power of anything merely human to have entered my apartments. Then, again, that strange drowsiness that so often overcame me. I have read, have not you, nurse, of people who were cursed with powers beyond their fellow mortals?"

"The poor countess was so exhausted that I begged her to defer the remainder of her story until another day.

"No, there is but little more to tell, and when I have confided it to you my work on earth will be over. Oh that I could vindicate myself to my poor father! My only regret in dying is that he will continue to think me fallen, and will never be able to penetrate the mystery that has destroyed me. But tell me, have you not heard, without, perhaps, believing, tales of beings with supernatural powers?"

"I replied that I had never known any well-accredited tale of the kind; and I was convinced that there was some secret yet simple solution of this mystery, could we but discover it.

"It may be so; but the explanation will come, if ever, too late to save my life, or to give me the power of punishing the author of my ruin; but yet, oh, nurse, if ever you do discover anything which will cast a light on this dark deed, for my sake, for the sake of all pure womanhood—let the wretch feel that his guilt is not hidden in his own base heart. Do this, for the sake of my memory. Publicly to punish him would involve my poor father, my noble Valerio, in a disgrace which would be their death."

"I promised her, my lady, and if ever I can unravel the mystery, I will keep my word."

"And I will aid you, nurse! By my woman's word, in so just a cause, I will not rest till I have justified the innocent, and made the guilty tremble. Poor girl! poor victim!"

"I will not detain you much longer, madam, with this mournful recital. The remainder is soon told. The countess continued: 'From that moment, but one wish or hope possessed my mind—to prove the truth of my vague suspicion. Suffering, the alienation of friends, the gloomy future, all were as nothing compared to this strong necessity. I have fancied that my drowsiness was always greatest when he was spending the evening with us. I thought, possibly, he might manage to put some narcotic into my food or drink. It was a wild suspicion to entertain of a clergyman, but if I did not wrong him in my leading thought I could not in any other. It was difficult to avoid taking the wine and water, which had been prescribed for me; but I did so, though his eyes were fixed upon me throughout supper, as if, indeed, his glance could kill me. He had mixed the beverage, and I determined, therefore, to abstain from it. He asked me why I did not drink it. I made some trivial excuse, shrinking from his steady look. There was always something painful to me in that look of his; it almost seemed to deprive me of speech and thought, and never was it more painful than on that night."

"Whether I was more excited than usual, or from some natural cause, I was certainly, on that night, less inclined to sleep. When I lay down I left a long candle burning, and feeling desperate, kept a knife beneath my pillow, resolved to use it should my horrible visitant return. I lay awake some time; but, dropping off to sleep, woke to find myself in darkness, and with the consciousness of that mysterious "presence." Fully aroused, I sprang up and as the form approached me, I

plunged the knife into it. A groan, in which I recognised the voice, succeeded; a sort of struggle, a wound on my neck. I screamed, but no one replied. I made my way to the door leading to my father's apartment; it took me long, agitated as I was, to open it—at length I reached him, still calling to him, and shrieking. 'There, father! now look in my room! you will find the dreadful secret. See, I have killed him! Now, now will you think me guilty?' The knife still in my hand, covered with blood, my words, my dress, all bespoke some tragedy. He roused the domestics and searched—but alas! (was not my destiny cruel?) there was no evidence of any one having been there. The blood on my weapon, and on the floor might have been—they said it *was* from my own wound.

"From that time I was never left alone until, within a week, the dreaded time of agony arrived. But I was resolved to satisfy my own mind; to assure myself my surmises were truly founded. From that night the rector had never visited us; 'he was ill, confined to his bed and hoped to see us soon,' were the messages we received from his wife. When I felt that my illness was rapidly approaching, I desired earnestly to see him, and in reply to his excuses, wrote peremptorily to say that if he did not come, I would go to him; I could not die without confiding something to him. He came. His right arm was in a sling. He offered me the left. I had requested to be alone with him. Looking in his face steadfastly I affected not to notice the proffered hand, and taking the other, shook it vehemently. He groaned and shrank back. I did not heed, yet I rejoiced in hearing again that groan. 'What, what is it, Amalie? what do you mean?'

"To assure myself as I now do, that I know the father of my wretched child. Know and loathe him and it! Go!"

"He began to protest his innocence, to say I was mad. 'No, I am not mad; though it is wonderful I keep my senses. And there will come a day when others will penetrate your dark secret and unmask your crime. Man or fiend, go!'

"Indignation had hitherto supported me; but when once I found myself relieved from his presence, bodily anguish overcame the mental. Not many hours could have elapsed before your presence was needed, and you know all that has since happened. Do not forget me or my murderer."

Mrs. Lillian paused; Lady Ripendale, after some time of silent thought, asked—

"And you feel quite sure that this was not the hallucination of madness? You know that the insane take strange fancies."

"I know it, my lady; but this was not of that class. No, I am convinced it was truth; and although the mystery may be for ever unexplained, I shall never cease so to think it. But to conclude the story:

"It seemed as if, indeed, she had lived but to make me the confidant of her wrongs; for from that hour she gradually sank, and in less than a fortnight I closed her eyes.

"Her poor father was heartbroken.

"From my heart I forgave her, and should have cherished her as if this sad blot had never been, could I but have saved her," he exclaimed, as he came to take a last look at her in her coffin.

"It was not forgiveness she needed, sir," I remarked; "her career, if a sad, was no sinful one. Her heart was pure and spotless as an angel's."

"Oh, nurse! nurse! do not say, do not think it!" he replied with vehemence, "or how, where shall I find and punish her destroyer? Earth has no spot that should hide him, did I believe that there lives, in human form, a monster so vile!"

"The poor count was so fearfully agitated, and so shattered by his previous trials, that his health broke down, and he returned almost immediately to his native land. I did the little I could for the memory of his angel daughter by preventing the man she so abhorred from reading the service at her funeral. I suggested, when by chance on one of his visits, that her marked aversion rendered it at least indecorous for him to perform that office. I know not if he guessed the extent of my knowledge, for he demurred, 'his friendship for the family,' &c.

"Has been already sufficiently proved," I replied, glancing at the still open coffin.

"He trembled; surely he must at that moment have felt remorse, for it was in an altered and almost humble tone he asked:

"But how evade it?"

"I leave that to you," I replied; "you have conquered greater difficulties. Be it, however, as great as it may, it *must* be overcome. If you attempt to even be present at the funeral you will repent it as long as you live."

"My vague threat had its effect; the rector was seized with sudden illness, and a stranger performed his duties."

Lady Ripendale recovered her usual health, and resumed her engagements as her lord's chief, though not official, secretary. Mrs. Lillian returned to her home, having gained a powerful friend, who cheered her with the parting words—

"Be sure, ere long, I will solve the mystery of the Manor House."

"It may be presumed she kept her word; for not many weeks afterwards, when the rector called on her ladyship, he was, for the first time, admitted. Lady Ripendale's manner was cold, repellant; certainly not such as she used when making for her husband the many friends who have surrounded him in his official career.

An awkward pause in the conversation was broken by Lady Ripendale.

"I believe you were intimately acquainted with Count Gonzaga, Dr. T—? Do you ever correspond with him?"

"I have heard from him but once since he left England. He spoke of himself then as utterly shattered—a mere wreck. Is your ladyship acquainted with him?"



"SEE, I HAVE KILLED HIM! NOW, NOW WILL YOU THINK ME GUILTY?"

"No, I have not the pleasure of knowing him personally; but I am familiar with his history, and deeply interested in it, as indeed every one must be. His sorrows in public life have been great enough; but his private griefs! The sad tragedy which has driven him from England! Who would not sympathize with him in that? Who would not seek, if possible, to alleviate such anguish as his?"

The clergyman had, during this speech, been in an agony of mind too great for even his marvellous self-control. Lady Ripendale knew something, he felt assured; but what, or how much of his awful secret, he could not imagine. Neither could he surmise what use she would make of her knowledge. No criminal awaiting the verdict of a jury which was to acquit and free or proclaim him to the whole world the murderer he knew him-

self to be, ever felt a more deadly and sickening horror than did the courteous and courtly minister sitting *à l'été* with the gentle wife of England's premier. He tried to speak; a choking sensation in his throat stopped him. Once more he made a mighty effort as he thought that perhaps after all Lady Ripendale knew nothing beyond the idle village tales; he would not pronounce his own condemnation, and she surely never could suspect him—so well-known and popular a clergyman. He broke the silence, and although his voice sounded strangely, even to his own ears, he managed with apparent calmness to say—

"You allude, of course, to the early death of his only child?"

"And to the tragical manner of that death, which of itself must be to the count the most agonizing part of it. The world, Dr. T—, believes that the young and lovely Countess Amalie died of consumption; you, the intimate friend of the family, are, of course, better informed."

Lady Ripendale spoke as one not asking a question, but simply reverting to an acknowledged fact. Dr. T— found himself obliged to reply:

"There were, indeed, some painful circumstances in connexion with her last illness; but we—her father I mean—had hoped that—that they were not generally known. I am at a loss to understand how they have transpired."

"They are known but to few; and to those few the knowledge will never diminish their respect and veneration for the memory of that poor martyred girl."

"She was worthy of all veneration," faltered forth Dr. T., seemingly almost unconsciously.

"And it is in order to let her father know how fully she was entitled to his love—how pure and spotless she was—to remove the cloud from her fair fame, that I am anxious to obtain his address, and communicate with him. And you, too, sir, the old friend of her father and her own, will also rejoice to hear that the mysterious origin of her fate is now revealed; the name and fair fame of one so lovely and so good can now be



PRINCE METTERNICH. SEE PAGE 346.

vindicated to the world; and the wretched author of the tragedy may meet with the reward of his crimes."

Had his wickedness been a shade less dark than it was, Lady Ripendale must have pitied the wretch who sat opposite to her, as she witnessed the tortures he was enduring. His ghastly countenance was covered with heavy drops of cold dew; his eyes were fixed on her, as if he expected the next words from her lips would be a formal accusation; he would have given the world for the simple power of averting her gaze; but he could not. His hands were clenched till the nails were buried in the flesh. He saw, approaching him, the avenging spirit of the murdered girl. It had haunted him from the hour of her death, whispering ever in his ear, "Be sure your sin will find you out." In the pulpit—at home—when

admiring thousands were listening to his eloquence, as well as when he was shut up with his silent but rebuking conscience, had these words haunted him. But he had thought that no human eye would ever note, or tongue speak of his guilt, and he had lulled himself into tranquillity. The awakening from his dream of security was, indeed, appalling. No wonder that, for a moment, he could not speak. At length he replied:

"I think—I beg your pardon. I—do not quite understand your ladyship. There was so much mystery—"

"Which, happily, I can entirely explain. In fact, the elucidation of the origin of the ghost stories connected with the Manor House is so simple, I am only surprised that no one should have discovered it before. I heard of these tales, of course; and also of the sad history to which I have been referring, which I see has affected you very much. I ought to apologize for entering on it; I know it must be painful to so true a friend of the family. But, doubtless, you will rejoice to learn that the young countess was, indeed, entirely worthy of your esteem as well as pity. Well, I heard this story, and felt quite sure that some being, whom I, for one, did not at all believe to be supernatural, had the power of obtaining access, at will, to the very apartment which I myself occupy. The thought was by no means tranquillising; and apart from my earnest desire to discover the mystery of the wrongs of Countess Amalie, I thought it desirable to make researches on my own account. We had a regular investigation; but, at first, without success. I persevered; for I knew that though ghosts may come through keyholes, human beings must have somewhat larger passages; unless, indeed, they possess a duplicate of Gyges' ring. I felt sure, therefore, there was some secret passage, and I determined to find it, even if, in doing so, I had to raze the house. I opened chimneys and tore down wainscottings, until at last, in removing a small panel in the lower part of the projecting window, a spring was touched, which revealed a hidden staircase, which, being descended, led, we found, to a long underground passage."

Her listener could no longer endure the agonizing strain

upon his nerves. He interrupted the narrative by a sudden exclamation, "How extraordinary! The world may well give your ladyship the character of possessing wonderful discernment and courage. You have, no doubt, discovered the origin of all the ghost stories of the last three centuries; and the marvellous tales of hairbreadth escapes that have puzzled so many people. I trust, however, your ladyship did not venture to explore this subterranean passage. Lord Ripendale would surely not permit you to run the risk of—"

"There was no risk in the matter," she replied, in her turn interrupting him; "and had there been, Lord Ripendale is the last man in the world who would put obstacles in the way of my performing any duty, much less one which I felt to be so sacred. We followed the windings of the passage till we came to a cellar, little used, apparently, but with a small staircase in it which led—" for one moment the trembling listener raised his eye to hers; he seemed as if turned to stone, then an expression of desperate fierceness came over his countenance. Then her calm, searching, yet seemingly unconscious glance cowed or calmed him; without altering her tone, she resumed: "but perhaps I ought not to tell you where it led; since you would recognize, possibly, an acquaintance—nay more, a highly venerated minister of religion in the dastardly perpetrator of this horrid crime. Dreadful, is it not? I do not wonder that you are shocked at it. How would the whole world shrink with fear and loathing from such a monster. But since the life so sacrificed is beyond recall, I will conceal my knowledge; and only acquaint the criminal himself that I do so in reverence for the religion which would be scandalized by the disclosure, on condition that the subterranean passage is blocked up. May he, warned by the past, become a better and a humbler man."

The congregation of that parish were for some months deprived of the ministrations of their pastor, who, on account of the delicacy of his wife's health, or on some other pretext, left England. It was only when he found that no exposure took place, and that Lord and Lady Ripendale had left the Manor House, that he ventured to return. When he did so, he still felt apprehensive lest his deadly secret should transpire through some other agency than that of the Countess of Ripendale. But years passed, and the concealment seemed perfect; and at length he began to look back on that dreadful interview as a hideous dream, almost doubting whether imagination and remorse had not contributed to its terrors.

More than once, too, it has been in his power to render good service to the state; and from this fact, and his great learning, eloquence and liberal expenditure of his large fortune in charities, his admirers have expected to see him made a bishop, and have been much disappointed that their wishes have never been realized. Perhaps they might have been had not Lord Ripendale continued, even to a recent period, a prominent member of the English government; and he, for some reason unknown to the world at large, but not, perhaps, altogether an enigma to the reader, has never favored Dr. T——'s promotion.

Lady Ripendale ascertained, with some difficulty, that the Count Gonzaga had become hopelessly insane shortly after leaving England, and that he had died without any interval of reason. She therefore congratulated herself on not having brought so painful a story before a criminal tribunal, since the exposure could not have any good effect either on the living or dead.

Mrs. Lillian has, of late years, become a sort of historical character, being frequently mentioned in the newspapers as being in attendance on the Queen of England at those interesting periods when the nation congratulates its sovereign on another addition to the numerous olive branches that grace her royal table.

Within a very few years, a gentleman residing in a house at some little distance from the Manor discovered an additional cellar opening from the one he had used for years, and finding an archway bricked up had it opened; this also led into a lofty underground passage, from which he emerged at a concealed door behind the china closet of the Manor House itself. The discovery led to a minute investigation. Several of these

passages were found, radiating from various parts of the Manor House; and when the surrounding grounds were built over—as they were shortly after—the contractors availed themselves of the works of former ages to form the sewerage of the district.

In the various changes the Old Manor House has been entirely demolished; but a modern edifice, all stucco, whitewash and plaster of Paris, occupies its site, and bears the name without possessing the reputation, of its predecessor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF METTERNICH.

It is not always that the most original or the most vigorous mind makes the greatest mark upon the world, or succeeds in taking the lead in public affairs. This has been more particularly the case in later times, when government has become a science, and when force of character frequently precipitates its possessor upon ruin, unless accompanied by discretion and tact. Every day judgment becomes more and more the ruling element of the world. We have had in our own time two grand examples of this—Metternich and Louis Napoleon. The former gained his power by working upon the traditions of a self-blinded imperialism; the latter by flattering the aspirations of a restless nation, and curbing its excess by the fears of an alarmed bourgeoisie. This has been the balancing pole which has enabled him to walk the foaming rapids which divided the French republic from the second empire. A man of mere daring would have fallen in the struggle; he has had the patience and tact to wait for the moment when circumstances favored his designs, and the *coup d'état* was *un fait accompli*. But it is of Metternich, the subtlest and most plausible of the first Napoleon's enemies, that we have to speak.

Sixty years ago, when Metternich entered active service, he had to play to a very different audience than that which now regulates the stage of life. Ignorance and bigotry were then the great levers of public opinion, just as expediency and infidelity are now. The divine right, although shaken in France by the execution of Louis XVI., had by that very event been made all the stronger in other countries. Even such a philosopher as Burke abandoned the progress of the human race, and recoiled with disgust from the crimes committed in the name of liberty by the most cruel and contemptible of nations; never was the difference of two races made so apparent as the great modern struggles of liberty eliminated. In America we reached the apotheosis of our national character in George Washington; France reached hers in Robespierre. In that impressive epoch a shrewd heartless nobleman—a Chesterfield in manners, morals and sagacity, and an autocrat at heart—became one of the actors in this exciting and novel drama of European politics. A hundred and fifty years had passed since Europe had witnessed the solemn spectacle of a crowned and anointed monarch being tried by his people, and deliberately put to death; but the spectacle of Charles I. of England, and Louis XVI. were very different, and are striking exemplification of the national characteristics. One was an impressive scene, where law and conscience presided; the other was a drunken orgy, in which blood was spilt like wine in the madness of a bacchanalian debauch. The former monarch was a cold, crafty, supercilious tyrant, whose death was necessary to the nation's repose; Louis XVI. was a weak, vain, good-hearted simpleton, who gained importance by his execution. He never was rooted in the hearts of his people till he had been murdered on the scaffold.

We allude to these events in order to explain how it was that so shrewd and observing a politician as Metternich should have shown such an undiplomatic hatred to the people as he did all his life, and why he took so little trouble in concealing it. A distrust and hate of the masses had been ground into his very soul by the events of his boyhood and early manhood. He had seen the evil of too much licence of the first revolution, and he yet produced a second by his short-sighted efforts to repress that necessary activity of the human mind, which, if properly watched and led, becomes the safety valve and security of all legitimate authority. But, like all over-reasoning despots, he broke the bow he thought to keep bent, and the storm came

which swept his system away before he closed his eyes in death. The thunder of Solferino was the volley fired by destiny over his coffin!

His career is so well known that we shall, on the present occasion content ourselves with a brief biography, and a few extracts from his conversation.

Clement Wencelaus Lothair, Prince of Metternich-Winneburg, Duke of Portella, Count de Koenigswart, and a grandee of Spain, the celebrated Austrian statesman and minister, was the son of Francis George Charles, Prince of Metternich-Winneburg, and was born at Coblenz the 15th of May, 1773. He was educated at Strasburg and Mayence; and in 1790 he obtained the office of master of the ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II.; and in 1794 he made a journey to England. He became subsequently Austrian ambassador at the Hague; and his active diplomatic career commenced at the Congress of Rastadt, where he appeared as a deputy from the Westphalian nobility. In 1801 he was Austrian ambassador at Dresden; and in the winter of 1809 he was at Berlin, where he negotiated a treaty between Austria, Prussia and Russia; and in 1809 he went as ambassador to Paris. In this capacity, in 1807, he closed at Fontainebleau the treaty so advantageous to Austria. On the commencement of war between Austria and France, in 1805, Metternich hastened to join the imperial court at Comorn; and, after the battle of Wagram, succeeded Stadion as minister of foreign affairs. Metternich conducted the negotiation which led to the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Louisa with the Emperor Napoleon, and he himself accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Nevertheless, Metternich continued to cherish a hostile feeling to France and its ruler; and when the opportunity occurred, in the parley of Dresden and the conference of Prague, he gave that decided impulse to the policy of Austria which urged on the armed confederacy of nations that eventually effected Napoleon's downfall.

When the allied armies invaded France, Metternich took an active part in the management of affairs. He signed the treaty of Paris, and afterwards proceeded on a mission to England, where the University of Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree. When the Congress of Vienna opened, Metternich, then in his forty-second year, was chosen to preside over its deliberations; and, by the formation of the union called the "Holy Alliance," he succeeded in establishing, on a firm and, for some years, lasting basis, the absolute dominion of Austria. Metternich's subsequent policy was to oppose, either openly or covertly, on the part of Austria, all attempts made by the different nations of Europe to enfranchise themselves or to extend whatever liberty they had already acquired. This system he carried out, with varied success. It secured him, for years, the favor of his imperial masters. From 1809 he had been minister of state, and then minister of foreign affairs, and in 1821 he was made grand chancellor of the empire.

The memorable revolutionary events of the last few months of 1847 and of 1848 came at last to overthrow the administration and power of Prince Metternich. He resigned on the 13th of March, 1848, and went to reside for a time in England, and afterwards in Belgium. At length the counter revolutionary sway of Austria was thought to be sufficiently re-established to admit of his return; and in the autumn of 1851 he made a progress in semi-state to his splendid palace in the Rennweg, at Vienna. The prince, however, did not resume an official position.

Prince Metternich married, first, the 27th of September, 1795, Eleonora, daughter of Ernest, Prince of Kaunitz-Rietberg, by whom (who died the 19th of March, 1825) he had two daughters—viz., the Princess Leontine, now the wife of the Count Sander de Slavnicza, and the Princess Herminia, chanoinesse of the chapter of Savoy Nuns at Vienna. Prince Metternich married, secondly, the 5th of November, 1827, Maria Antoinette, Countess of Beilstein, by whom (who died the 17th of June, 1829) he had a son, Prince Richard de Metternich, now Austrian ambassador at the court of Saxony, who married, in 1856, the Princess Pauline Walburg, and has a daughter. Prince Metternich married, thirdly, the 30th of January, 1831, Melanie-Maria-Antoinette, Countess of Zichy-Ferraris, by whom (who died the 3rd of March, 1855) he had two sons, Prince

Paul, Baron Horvath, and Prince Lothair, and a daughter, Melanie, lady of the court and palace to the Empress of Austria, and wife of the chamberlain, Joseph, Count Zichy de Vasony Keö.

Prince Metternich died in his palace at Vienna on Saturday, the 11th ult., and his state funeral took place on the Wednesday following. The house of Metternich is of great antiquity and honor. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries three members of the family were archbishops and electoral princes. Of all the branches of the race, one alone, that of the prince just deceased, has survived to the present time. This branch was raised to the dignity of counts of the empire in 1696, and to that of princes of the empire the 30th of June, 1803: which latter title of prince was made, the 20th of October, 1813, hereditary to all the descendants of the house. Prince Metternich was created Duke of Portella the 1st of August, 1818. The name of Metternich will now be for ever connected with the imperial despotism of Austria, in its zenith and its fall.

During the transit of the prince through Brussels on his way to England, his friend, Theodore de Bussiere, invited the editor of *L'Univers* to accompany him on a visit. The latter, who had frequently reviewed his policy in his newspaper, was so much impressed with the conversation of the old statesman, that, at the end of each interview, he carefully noted down the chief points of discussion, and since his death he published it in the columns of *L'Univers*.

The first visit was on the 15th of December, 1849, and is thus related:

On the morrow, then, we presented ourselves at the door of the elegant mansion in the suburbs in which he dwelt during his exile; he who for nearly forty years was the first minister in Austria. This house had already acquired celebrity, having been built by the violinist Beriot, the husband of Malibran. It was an agreeable and commodious dwelling, and contained a small theatre, which then served for a *salle à manger*. We were received by the princess, the third wife of M. de Metternich, whom he had married in 1830. She belonged to the great Bohemian family of Zichy; she was very beautiful, but proud and haughty. Her pride, I was told, was very displeasing to the Viennese, but I found her very kind and friendly. She spoke French with ease and fluency, without an accent, but with that peculiar intonation which Germans never lose. It was not without regret that we saw some visitors enter, although they were famous people in Brabant. "What a *contretemps*," said M. de Bussiere to me; "we will not be alone, and this lord and lady will cease talking of the rain only to begin again about the fine weather."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF METTERNICH.

The prince came from his study and saluted these important personages. I confess I experienced some emotion in seeing before me a man I had so often heard execrated; whom I had for a long time regarded as the pillar of despotism; one of the executioners of Poland and Italy, jailor of Spielberg, the support of Josephism, &c., &c. He was an old man of seventy-five, above the middle height, very erect, and a mild and noble presence. His abundant white hair contributed to render him still more venerable looking. He talked for some time to the Brabançons; then re-entering his study, he made a sign to M. de Bussiere and I to follow him.

HIS STUDY.

I observed with a corner of my eye the furniture of this apartment, and what seemed to me the most curious object in it was a cage in which a canary was singing. I was surprised that Metternich would allow himself such a companion. He made us be seated, and then commenced speaking in a clear voice, and excellent style, relieved by a slightly foreign accent. He is as calm in conversation as in manner; in fact, his prominent characteristic is serenity, mingled, however, with kindly satire.

"Your name is known to me," he said, "and you are not ignorant of mine. I have been for a long time on the stage of the world; I have preceded the revolution; I am what is called an old fogey; my species is almost extinct. Revolutions have

done more for me than I have for them, and that without putting me under any obligation to them. They have raised me to positions to which I would never have aspired, and placed them before me when I sought them not. I have not wished to be what I have been; I have let things take their course. Cast upon the ocean of events, I thought only of directing the helm of my own conscience."

METTERNICH ON THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

Without waiting for any reply or any compliments, he entered immediately on the affairs of Europe, and especially of France, which I saw he knew intimately.

"The French character," said he, "is singular and puzzling. Generally speaking, there is in the world two kinds of men, those of the past and those of the future—in other words, the men of yesterday and the men of to-morrow. The latter only, among whom I class myself, are of any account; for yesterday is past, and men ought to give their attention to the morrow, which is springing into existence. But Frenchmen are the men of to-day—that is to say, of the passing moment. We step from the past to the future, from yesterday to to-morrow; and the present day, the present moment, is only a bridge connecting these two shores. Well, Frenchmen give up the past, they forget it, they despise it, and without thinking of or providing for the future, they obstinately persist in remaining on the bridge. France has before her at this moment just two years and a half, and she is seriously thinking of constituting herself into a republican presidency, which means putting herself in a state of revolution every three or four years. This is what she builds on. A future of three or even two years appears in her eyes long enough to do everything in."

"We have," said I, smiling, "views which are something vaster. We have men among us, and behind them a great mass of people, who hope for a presidency of ten years, and even some who dream of the stability of a new empire."

"Ah, ah! Napoleon does not wish to move at the end of his term."

"We think so, and we think that he is right."

"If he withdraw at the expiration of the time for which he was elected, Europe, and probably France, also, would be very much astonished. But how to remain, there is the difficulty. In what condition are you now? You do not know. All is false; everything depends on chance; every basis on which to ground a reasonable conclusion fails us. Ah! we have not yet got out of the marsh. When the intermediate power is suppressed, and the supreme power rests directly upon what is called the people, this makes an unpleasant juxtaposition, from which no good results. For this reason no man can say what will happen, or where Europe is drifting. It annoys me to be asked my opinion of the future, for it appears to me but a cauldron where all the elements of destruction are seething confusedly together. I know very well what will not result from it, but I am entirely ignorant of what will."

METTERNICH ON MONTESQUIEU AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

"There is no man in France who has done such incalculable mischief, perhaps, without intending it, as Montesquieu, with his chimera of an English constitution and the balance of power. I say chimera, because what he believed he saw in England, and what he holds up for our admiration and imitation, does not in reality exist there. It is a figure of speech to say that there is a king and commons in England. They have had, and they have now, only an aristocracy; but, above all, they have had, and still have, that for which we find no equivalent in France, and which alone can counterbalance the action of a representative government—I allude to that admirable political sagacity, that admirable love of tradition, that feeling of duration, which has resisted up to the present time the changes of a representative government. But they are encroaching on tradition, and God knows how England will come out of it. The balance of power is a philosophical Utopia—all power is in its nature encroaching and intolerant of a rival. We may have in one country many orders, whose strength is counterbalanced by a hierarchy carefully maintained, but we can have only one power. If we have two or more, it is not the balance, but the strife of power we must look out for. The con-

flict is fatally prolonged until one of these authorities is subdued, and it frequently happens that both are destroyed. Woe to the country which witnesses these terrible struggles. You know something of it?"

"Yes," I replied, "and the opposition to it is organized among us."

"You wish to be released from it," pursued the prince; "it will not be easily done. It has succeeded in rooting two formidable principles in your prejudices, at least, if not in your manners—representative government and the subdivision of property. Legislation has levelled exclusive right in the dust, and representative government is constantly exciting troubles, which scatter this dust around. It is the ruin of the social state. They understand these things better in England. There the government is stable, because the family remains, and the family remains because the property is not subdivided. The father of Sir Robert Peel had a considerable fortune. He bequeathed to his eldest son fifty thousand pounds a year, to the second thirty or forty thousand francs a year, and to his daughters five hundred thousand francs each. It is thus that families are founded, and the void that time infallibly makes in the governing classes provided against. I doubt whether you will revert to those wise laws. I rather fear for you and for the world, that the revolution, according to its custom, will transform into laws these communistic doctrines as it has done with many revolutionary principles. For some time back order has been re-established by means and with a concurrence that renders it almost more dangerous than disorder itself. Executioners cannot destroy the human species, and blood flows over and conceals the scaffold. Laws exist destroying morals and driving society into irremediable disorder."

The following Saturday I dined a second time at the house of M. de Metternich. I was at the side of the princess, a very noble lady, who had not lost all her celebrated beauty. Great, proud in stature, in language, in attitude and sentiment—perhaps a little excess in her majesty. But one is touched with the tenderness which she exhibits to her husband—a great deal older than she is—and with the respectful affection which she renders him. Besides, she did not crush me with the weight of her crown; and I felt obliged to her to be classed among the sons of God, as La Bruyere says, who are complaisant and simple for the children of the earth.

I spoke to her of the respect with which the prince inspired me, and of the recognizance which he always accorded me, as well as of the kindness which he always manifested towards me.

"He is so good," she said to me.

"I cannot help," I continued, "expressing to your highness how much I regret being condemned to see that grand and noble character attacked and misunderstood as he has been."

At this expression tears started to her eyes.

"Aggressions and political hatred are nothing," she said. "That which is hard to suffer are the studied outrages of ingratitude. It is the insolence of rebellious varlets who have become more wicked than they ought to be after having been more servile than was required of them. They have known the opinions of the prince, they have a thousand times experienced his tenderness of heart, they have had the most convincing proofs of his loyal wisdom, and at the same time they calumniate his understanding and his heart."

"Madame," said I, "it is necessary to follow the example which he gives you, and forget the rebellion of those unfortunate creatures, even their very existence."

"I cannot do so," she replied, weeping bitterly; "that is too much cowardice and perfidy. History will not avenge us, and it will not know that admirable heart which they have defamed. They have dared to speak of patriotism and of humanity. It is the prince that has loved and served his country, and who has suffered in not being able to procure from the world the good it promised these odious flars."

THE BOSOM OF A PRIME MINISTER OPENED.

"At the time of those affairs of the Swiss, where all the ruin has commenced, the prince, so as to be more free, had retired

to a little villa which we had near Vienna. There he labored day and night, without so much as taking air in the garden. One evening he said to me—'Let us go to the country; my head is on fire—I cannot bear it any longer; it is necessary that I must take the air.' Every hope of a desirable solution was then annihilated. France refused her concurrence. M. Guizot, before acting in unison with the emperor, asked his permission to give him a box on the ear. We went out and walked some time in silence. All of a sudden Clement, awaking from his reverie, said to me—'Now I comprehend that prayer of Abraham when he beseeched God to take him with his fathers into the bosom of eternal rest. I would wish to die, and not to see the evils which nothing can again prevent. My rôle is finished; the part of all human wisdom is achieved; force is going to reign here below, and the world is lost, because right without strength will not be anything but a laughable object.' He wept, without thinking of hiding his tears from me. Never had he given way so much to his own misfortunes. He did not weep because his sagacity was humiliated, but because justice was defeated."

It was thus that the Princess de Metternich praised her husband, and I have found that that commendation was truly that of those who love.

After dinner the prince showed us a beautiful medal, having on the reverse two figures—Policy and Justice—with that device in which he has desired to express his thoughts on the art of governing—*Kraft in Recht* (power in right). The medal was offered to him by the Austrian *corps diplomatique* on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his administration.

As that was my last visit, he renewed the obliging assurance of the pleasure which he had in seeing me. He recommended me to persevere in the idea of which the *Univers* had undertaken the defence.

"The truth," he said, "is with you, and must remain, but let it remain with an increasing moderation. Such good ideas, in order to make their way, do not require the whip and spur. I will give you one of the principal precepts which I have learned in my long career: Men in general do not like their reason to be subjugated and violated. The most wise and the most righteous wish to be free. Leave them, then, with the door always open; and remember when you shall write, never to regret a word blotted out."

The conversation now became general. We spoke again of Josephism, and of the obstinacy of Austrian jurists. He told me that he had struggled for twelve years to bring back Josephistic legislation to orthodoxy on one single point—that of the marriages of minors without the consent of their parents, which it annulled, I believe, without much form.

THE METTERNICH SYSTEM.

He joked also on the long dissertations of the journals on the Metternich system. "I study my right," he said, "when I know it well; I try to maintain it or to make it prevail, but always having respect to men, and to the circumstances and time. I have a principle never to bring myself in contact with impossibilities. That is all my system." At the bottom it has nothing of the Metternich system.

In concluding now, after some days, my remembrance of the words of M. de Metternich, I find a little coldness—not in the man, who was as good and as amiable as can be—but in the wit, or to say better, the thought, for the wit is charming. I have not the pretension of judging him at the distance at which I am from him. Notwithstanding, four conversations, each of two to three hours, with a man who converses voluntarily, leaves some things which were not very deep to be easily seen. M. de Metternich has certainly been an honest and clever minister. With his ability and honesty he has certainly committed faults. Who would not have done so in forty years' administration? It appears to me that his principal fault has been his wisdom. There was, despite of what he said, a Metternich system—that is, to have no system; and of all the systems that could allure man's reason, that, perhaps, is the most false. It is reason alone which goes on free from the genius of principle, making in one day the day of things but an instant. It must not be stubborn, but it must not call perseverance stub-

bornness; it must not be violent, but it must not call firmness violence; it must accommodate itself to the times, to circumstances, to men, but it must not permit the times, nor circumstances nor men to overpower truth and justice. But the depositary of power owes to the people truth and justice before repose and peace, of which, besides, they are the only certain bases. The constant occupation of not undertaking impossibilities, and the preservation, the continuance of peace does not always prevent great faults; it certainly prevents great works and great actions. What is an impossibility? And how many acts of injustice have been hidden under that name?

M. the Prince de Metternich has been the chief of a school of politics which have definitely, under the convenient name of *faits accomplis*, accepted all errors. They have conducted the European world without many jolts even to its ruin; they have not even had the courage to attempt to come out of the ditch, the mournful consequences of which they should have foreseen.

Has M. de Metternich been more culpable than the others? Must he have gone with the times in which he lived? Did he not see what he ought to do, or was it not possible to do that which he has not done? That is the difficult question which historians will ask. For my part I have seen him calm, peaceable, merciful, honest, intelligent and Christian-like. All that he told me appeared to me to be wise and reflecting. Nothing, besides, of a common character transpired. After the dazzling effect of the first surprise nothing was left me but the lucid and cold impression of an excellent book on morality written by a Protestant. It lacks the heat, the sparkling views—the I know not what—which penetrates to the depth of things, which animates, which inflames, which confirms, and which will not be forgotten. This is what I experienced the other day in hearing Donoso Cortes, who is not even a statesman.

THE HAIR.

To whatever age we refer, we find hair has been cultivated and preserved by those women who desire to please, as among the first of those charms which give them power over mankind. The ancients differed materially from us in their taste, for with them, and indeed to a very late date, yellow hair was considered the most beautiful, and it belonged entirely to youth, while dark hair was the color worn by matronly dames and aged men. Thus we find Demetrius of Macedonia, an uncivilized Charles II., dyeing his hair yellow in accordance with this custom. Shakespeare makes Bassanio, in the "Merchant of Venice," speaking of yellow hair, say:

Look on beauty,
And you shall see it purchased by the weight
Which therein works a miracle of nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it;
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gables with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head—
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Julius Cæsar was extremely negligent of his hair, and had dark hair, while Theseus, who, according to Plutarch, was a "dark-haired, handsome youth," won Ariadne by a total neglect of hair dressing. Hector, according to Homer, had black hair, and his great enemy, Achilles, had yellow hair. Describing the funeral rites of Patroclus, Homer says:

Patroclus descent on the appointed ground,
They place, and heap the sylvan pete around;
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vowed,
And sacred grew, to Sperchulus, honored flood.

Alexander the Great had long flowing hair and richly curled. His mother is represented in medals of her age, according to Plutarch, with leaves gracefully intertwined in her hair. It was a custom with the ancients to powder their hair yellow, as it lately was to powder white. Beards have always been considered as a type of wisdom. Lucian speaks of several cases in which the beard of a man was taken as the recommendation of his skill in physic. The golden beard of Æsculapius is quite famous.

Plutarch informs us that a certain omen having been translated by the soothsayers, to read that "a person of courage and superior beauty should take the reins of government in his hands, and suppress the tumults with which Rome was then agitated," Sylla, who was then in power, said, "I am the man, for my locks of gold are sufficient proof of my beauty."

The action of grief upon the hair has, in many cases, been most effectual. Marie Antoinette's hair turned gray from grief. Byron speaks of hairs "gray from anguish," and in the "Prisoner of Chillon:"

My hair is gray, but not with years;
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,
As men's have grown by sudden fears.

SINGULAR RECEPTION OF A CHALLENGE.

The practice of duelling (like other appeals to the animal instead of the intellectual part of our nature) has now gone quite out of fashion, and the law and police courts are generally referred to, to decide those questions of personal insult which some years back would have been settled by a recourse to more dangerous weapons. Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, once experienced a singular balk to his belligerent intentions.

The "Lord of Geesh" (his Abyssinian title) was a tall fellow both in body and mind, and we may gather from his own narrative that he was of a domineering disposition. This was natural. He was taller and stronger than is common with men, sanguine, successful in his enterprises, much admired, almost as much (and we believe most unjustly) condemned and ridiculed; he possessed great acuteness, surprising energy, and but little reflection. Such is the very recipe for an overbearing disposition. Look at the portrait of the man:

"Mr. Bruce's stature was six feet four inches; his person was large and well-proportioned, and his strength corresponded with his size and stature. In his youth he possessed much activity, but in the latter part of his life he became corpulent; though, when he chose to exert himself, the effects of time were not perceptible. The color of his hair was a kind of dark red; his complexion was sanguine; and the features of his face were elegantly formed. The general tone of his voice was loud, strong, and rather harsh on particular occasions; when dictating to an amanuensis, his articulation was somewhat careless and indistinct. His walk was stately, and his air noble and commanding. He was attentive to his dress, and had a particular art of wearing that of the nations through which he passed in an easy and graceful manner, to which he was indebted for part of his good reception, especially in Abyssinia."

An Italian gentleman, the Marquis di Accoramboni, had married a Scotch lady whom Bruce considered as engaged to himself. The marquis protested he was ignorant of any such engagement, but refused to say so in writing; so Bruce challenged him. The challenge is singular for its length and grandiloquence. The answer to it puzzles conjecture; we cannot guess whether the Italian is afraid, indifferent or sarcastic. Most probably he had a national regard for his safety, and an equally national sense of the ridiculous; and so his letter is a salvo for himself and a quiz upon Bruce. He apologises, and makes his bow with a grimace of exaggerated deference to Bruce's regal bearing. We have retranslated the answer from the Italian, preserving the original idiom as much as possible, to convey a better idea of its spirit and peculiarity:

THE CHALLENGE.

"Sir—Not my heart, but the entreaties of my friends, made me offer you the alternative by the Abbé Grant. It was not for such satisfaction, that, sick and covered with wounds, I have traversed so much land and sea to find you.

"An innocent man employed in the service of the country—without provocation or injury from me—you have deprived me of my honor, by violating all the most sacred rights before God and man; and you now refuse to commit to writing what you so willingly confess in words. A man of honor and innocence, marquis, knows no such shifts as these; and it will be well for

one of us to-day, if you had been as scrupulous in doing an injury as you are in repairing it.

"I am your equal, marquis, in every respect; and God alone can do me justice for the injury which you have done me. Full of innocence, and with a clear conscience, I commit my revenge to Him, and draw my sword against you with confidence, inspired by the reflection of having done my duty, and by a sense of the injustice and violence which I have suffered from you without any reason.

"At half-past nine (French reckoning) I come to your gate in my carriage; if it does not please you, let your own be ready; and let us go together to determine which is the more easy—to injure a man in his absence, or to defend it when he is present."

THE ANSWER.

"Signor Cavalier—When the marriage with Mad. M. (now my wife) was in treaty, I was never told that there was a preventive promise to your lordship, otherwise the affair would not have been so concluded.

"In regard to your lordship's person; on my honor I have in no manner spoken of it, your person not being known to me. So if I can serve you, command me; and, with the most profound respect, I sign myself, your lordship's most humble and obliged servant,

"Al Signor Janne Bruce.

FILIPPO ACCORAMBONI."

ANECDOTES OF THE "IRON DUKE."

With Wellington there was never relaxation till every duty was discharged. A curious illustration of this habit was told us by an English statesman, who had it from General Alava. On the night previous to one of the duke's peninsular victories, another officer came up to Alava and asked in much alarm—

"What will become of us? We shall have a great battle to-morrow; and Lord Wellington is doing nothing but flirting with Madame de Quintana!"

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Alava, "if we are to have a great battle to-morrow; for it is quite certain that all his arrangements are made, if he is flirting with Madame de Quintana."

His coolness in danger, and his personal escapes, were as striking attributes of the individual man as his tactics were attributes of the general. During the battle of Talavera, Albuquerque sent him by a staff officer a letter informing him that Cuesta, the commander of the Spanish army in the action, was a traitor, and was actually playing into the enemy's hands. He was intently watching the progress of the action as the dispatch reached him; he took the letter, read it, and turning to the aide-de-camp, coolly said:

"Very well, colonel, you may go back to your brigade."

On another occasion, just before the siege of Rodrigo, when the proximity of the allies to Marmont's army placed him in considerable danger by reason of the non-arrival of their flank divisions, a Spanish general was astonished to find the English commander lying on the ground in front of his troops, serenely and imperturbably awaiting the issue of the peril.

"Well, general," said the Spaniard, "you are here with two weak divisions, and you seem to be quite at your ease; it is enough to put one in a fever."

"I have done the best," the duke replied, "that could be done, according to my own judgment, and hence it is that I don't disturb myself, either about the enemy in my front, or about what they may say in England."

In several instances he very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Once, at Talavera, in the midst of the action; once just before the battle of Maya, being surprised by a party of French while looking at his maps; once at Quatrebras, again during the battle. In the latter action, as he was carried away on the tide of a retreating body of young troops, the French lancers suddenly charged on its flank, and his only chance was in his horse's speed.

"He arrived," Mr. Gleig writes, "hotly pursued, at the

edge of a ditch, within which the 92nd Highlanders were lying, and the points of their bayonets bristled over the edges. He called out to them as he approached, 'Lie down, men!' and the order was obeyed, whereupon he leaped his horse across the ditch, and immediately pulled up with a smile on his countenance."

AN INTERVIEW WITH NANA SAHIB.

I HAD not yet seen the "Maharajah." It was not until past eight that a moonshee came and inquired if I would have an interview with his highness. I replied that it would give me great joy, and forthwith was conducted through numerous narrow and gloomy passages to an apartment at the corner of the building. Here sat the Maharajah on a Turkey carpet, and reclining slightly on a huge bolster. In front of him were his hookah, a sword and several nosegays. His highness rose, came forward, took me by the hand, led me to the carpet and begged me to be seated on a cane-bottom arm-chair, which had evidently been placed for my especial ease and accommodation. After the usual compliments had passed, the Maharajah inquired if I had eaten well. But perhaps the general reader would like to know what are the "usual compliments."

Native Rajah.—"The whole world is wringing with the praise of your illustrious name."

Humble Sahib—"Maharajah, you are very good."

Native Rajah.—"From Calcutta to Cabul—throughout the whole of Hindoostan—every tongue declares that you have no equal. Is it true?"

Humble Sahib (who, if he knows anything of Asiatic manners and customs, knows that he must not contradict his host, but eat his compliments with a good appetite)—"Maharajah."

Native Rajah.—"The acuteness of your perceptions and the soundness of your understanding have, by universal report, become as manifest as even the light of the sun itself." Then, turning to his attendants of every degree, who by this time had formed a circle round me and the Rajah, he put the question, "Is it true or not?" The attendants, one and all, declare that it was true, and inquire whether it could be possible for a great man like the Maharajah to say that which was false?

Native Rajah.—"The Sahib's father is living?"

Humble Sahib.—"No, he is dead, Maharajah."

Native Rajah.—"He was a great man."

Humble Sahib.—"Maharajah, you have honored the memory of my father, and exalted it in my esteem by expressing such an opinion."

Native Rajah.—"And your mother? She lives?"

Humble Sahib.—"By the goodness of God such is the case."

Native Rajah.—"She is very a handsome woman?"

Humble Sahib.—"On that point, Maharajah, I cannot offer an opinion."

Native Sahib.—"You need not do so; to look in your face is quite sufficient. I would give a crore of rupees (one million sterling) to see her only for one moment, and say how much I admired the intelligent countenance of her son. I am going to England next year. Will the Sahib favor me with her address?"

Humble Sahib.—"Maharajah." Here the Native Rajah calls to the moonshee to bring pen, ink and paper. The moonshee comes, sits before me, pen in hand, looks inquiringly into my eyes, and I dictate as follows, laughing inwardly all the while: "Lady Bombazina, Munnymunt, ka uper, Peccadilleemee, Bilgrave Isqueere, Sunjons wood-Cumberwill;" which signifies this: "Lady Bombazine, on the top of the Monument, in Piccadilly, Belgrave Square, St. John's Wood, Camberwell." This mystification must be excused by the plea that the Rajah's assertions of his going to Europe are as truthful as Lady Bombazine's address. The Maharajah then gives instructions that the document shall be preserved amongst his most important papers, and resumes the conversation.

Such was the Maharajah, commonly known as Nana Sahib. He appeared to me not a man of ability, nor a fool. He was selfish; but what native is not? He seemed to be far from a bigot in matters of religion; and, although he was compelled

to be so very particular about the destruction of his carriage and horses, I am quite satisfied that he drank brandy, and that he smoked hemp in the chillum of his hookah.

It was half-past five when we arrived at Cawnpore. The officers, civil and military, and their wives, were just coming out for their evening drive on the mall. Some were in carriages, some in buggies, some on horseback. Every soul saluted the Maharajah, who returned the salute according to Eastern fashion—raising the hands to the forehead. Several gentlemen approached the carriage when it was drawn up near the bandstand, and inquired after the Maharajah's health. He replied that it was good; and then introduced me to them in the following manner, in strict accordance with the letter he had received from Lucknow:

"This Sahib who sits near me is a great friend of the Governor-General, and is a relation of all the members of Council, a constant guest of the Queen of England" (then came this addition of his own) "and of both Houses of Parliament."

I need scarcely say that I wished my Lucknow friends had not covered me with such recommendations; for, wherever we went, and to whomsoever we spoke—no matter whether it was an European shopkeeper or an official magnate of Cawnpore—I was doomed to hear, "This Sahib who sits (or stands) near me is a great friend," &c.

Having exhibited me sufficiently in Cawnpore, the heads of the horses were turned towards Blitoor, and we were dragged along the road at a slow pace, for the animals were extremely fatigued. The natives of India have no mercy on their cattle, especially their horses. During the ride back I was again bored with the Rajah's grievance; and, to quiet him—for he became very much excited—I was induced to promise him that I would talk to the Governor-General and the Council on the subject; and that if I did not succeed in that quarter, I would, on my return to England, take the earliest opportunity, "some day, quietly, after dinner" (this was his suggestion), of representing to her Majesty the exact state of the case, and that an adopted son of a Hindoo was entitled to all the rights and privileges of an heir born of the body. I furthermore promised him most solemnly that I would not speak to the Board of Control or to the Privy Council on the subject; for the Maharajah assured me that he had the most positive proof that both these institutions had eaten bribes from the hand of the East India Company in respect of his claim. On probing him, however, I discovered that the positive proof was the letter from a villainous agent in England, who had written to him to say that "the Company had bribed the Board of Control and the Privy Council, and that if his Highness expected to succeed he must bribe over the head of the Company. Three lacs (thirty thousand pounds) would do it all."—*Lang's "Up among the Pandies."*

THE GAOUR CALF. THE SO-CALLED EAST INDIAN BISON.

THIS animal, miscalled a bison by the sportsmen and naturalists of the East Indies, is in reality the most gigantic species known of the bovine or ox tribe.

The largest specimens which have been met with were six feet eight inches high at the shoulder, and having limbs formed in a gigantic mould.

They are frequently to be met with in the forest land from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, and still more abundantly in the countries lying to the eastward of the Bay of Bengal, as Indo China and throughout the Malayan peninsula, and also occasionally in the island of Ceylon.

The gaour is a very slow grower, and the changes he undergoes, especially in the shape of the skull, in advancing to maturity, are most extraordinary. In youth the head is fine and remarkably deer-like, the forehead by no means broad, and the orbits are set well backward. In an old bull gaour the face is squarish in front, and the bony orbits of the skull project considerably, and have advanced remarkably forward in consequence of the great expansion of the frontal bones, which have a high upturned arched ridge, or transverse crest, between the

horns, occasioning the broad forehead to appear concave, and the high frontal ridge rises abruptly from the neck behind. The horns are massive, but not over large, bearing a due proportion to the enormous bulk of the animal. They pass outward and backward, following the curve of the frontal crest, and finally turn round to point inward towards each other; being much flattened, and of a pale glaucous-greenish hue, till they make the turn, their tips being rounder and of a black color. For the basal half, or nearly so, they exhibit a series of bold transverse *rugæ*, or rings, probably indicating the years of growth.

One fine specimen of a skull of this species weighed, without the lower jaw, exactly thirty pounds.

The horns were two and a half feet in length, measured on the outside curvature, and fourteen and a half inches in circumference at the base. The greatest distance of the horns from one another was three feet, the curvature narrowing it to one foot nine inches at the tips.

The skull was extraordinarily massive. Its length from the frontal ridge to the tips of the nasal bones was nineteen and a quarter inches, the intermaxillaries reaching three inches further; the breadth of the orbits apart, posteriorly, where broadest (measured by callipers) being eleven and three-eighths inches. The cow has generally a finer head, with the same peculiarities, less developed; the horns are smaller and more slender, with the tips inclining backwards.

The most marked peculiarity about this animal is the strongly developed ridge along the back of the adult animal, but which is scarcely perceptible in the calf, and from which it has most probably derived its name of bison.

The animal which in this country is termed a buffalo, is in reality a bison, as no buffalo is known which has the hump. This error has been made throughout the world by unscientific men; the common ox, the buffalo and the bison being constantly confounded and called by one another's names.

The following account of the habits of the gaour is taken from Mr. Hodgson's valuable work on Nepaul, a country in which it is very extensively found:

"This animal never quits the deepest recesses of the forest,

avoiding equally the proximate marshy region on one side, and the hills on the other. It is gregarious, going in herds of from ten to thirty; the females much preponderating over the males in the herds, though even in a small herd there are usually two or three grown males, whose conjoint office it is to guide and guard the party. During the heat of the day the herd reposes in the deepest covers, coming forth at noon and eventide to feed in the small and open pastures interspersed throughout the forest. Here the animals spread, of necessity, in order to feed; but, in moving to and fro from their pastures, they advance in single file along the narrow beats made by themselves, by elephants, samburs, and other large tenants of that solitary and seemingly impenetrable wilderness."

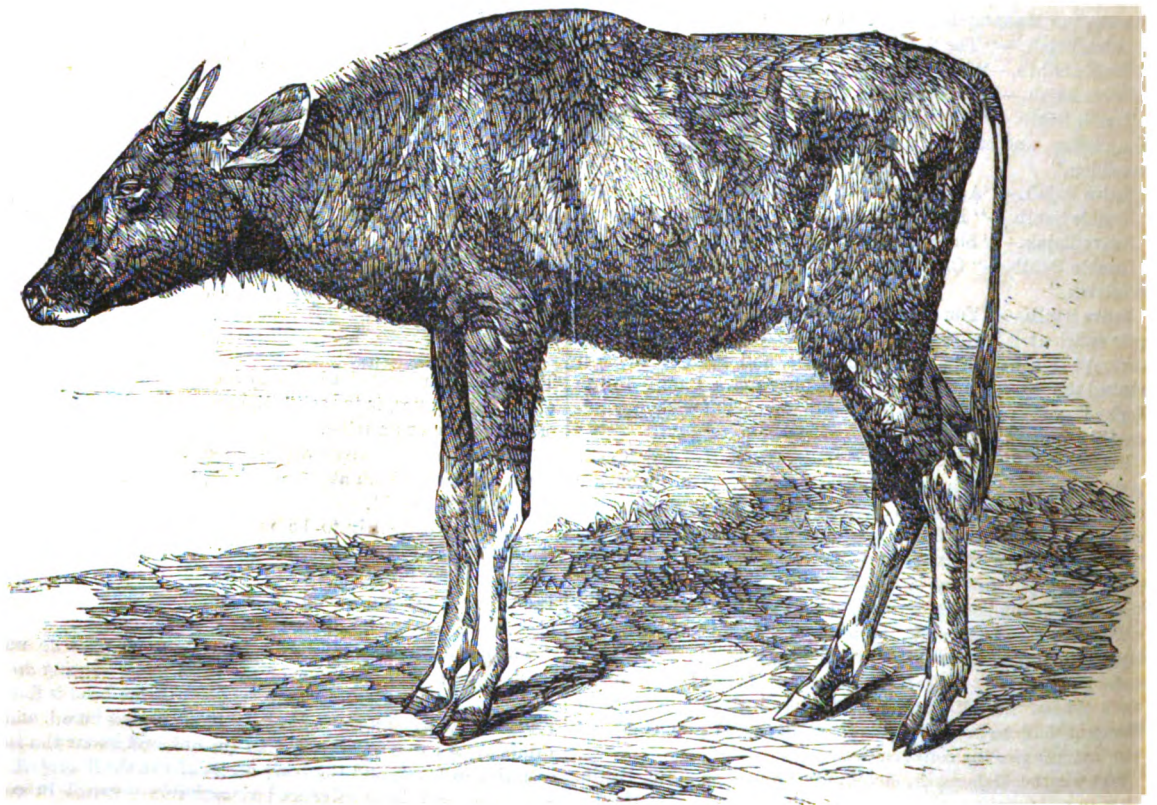
Mr. S. W. Baker, in his book on the sporting in Ceylon, gives an account of an adventure with one of these animals, which, although nearly a tragedy, yet contains an incident which approaches farce.

It appears that Mr. Baker had driven the animal to bay in a shallow part of a lake; but on coming up to give the *coup de grace*, he was horrified to find that his rifle was unloaded, and he had no bullets left, and at the same time the animal made a charge at him. Evading it for the moment, he recollected that in his pocket he had some small silver coins, which he had placed there to pay his native servants.

Hastily taking them out, he made them into a cartridge with some rag, rammed it down the barrel, and brought the rifle to his shoulder, just as the bison made a second charge. He pulled the trigger and lodged all the "small change" in the forehead of the beast, which stunned him for the time, and enabled Mr. Baker to make good his escape to his companion, who luckily was not far distant; and being well provided with ammunition, returned to the scene of action, and finished the affair by a bullet through the heart.

Our readers will agree that Mr. Baker was right in being especially careful of his "dimes" henceforth.

The engraving which we present herewith is from a photograph of a calf a year old, which was shipped at Singapore for England, but which, notwithstanding the great care taken of it, died on the passage.



THE GAOUR CALF.

THE STOLEN LOCKET—A STORY OF THE FRONDE.

A GROUP of distinguished-looking men, for the most part young, though the grizzled heads of some indicated an arrival at middle age, at least—clad in the fanciful but elegant costume of the age of Louis Quatorze—were gathered together, one fine noon, in the commodious, raftered chamber of an hostelry known by the sign of the "Golden Fleece."

This pleasant place of *trysts* was an outlying, rambling home-stead, in the environs of the forest of Fontainebleau, whither the king and his court, when he wished for recreation after the fatigues of business, or the tediousness of court intrigues, would often resort, for the purpose of hunting.

From the flushed faces of a few, it was clear that they had not debated their business or amusement with unmoistened lips. Some, more gay, were sat apart, at dice, pledging their mistresses, whose favors they wore, in the shape of perfumed gloves, scarfs, &c. Others were singing *chansons* in ridicule of the "Fronde;" a party then leagued against the minister and the court, and which was driving Mazarin distracted.

Two among the number, remarkable by their style and bearing, held, for the present, aloof, and were conversing in a lower tone, and with a sort of quiet earnestness, that showed their business was more than ordinarily peculiar. One was Count Rogier Meilleraye—the younger and more gallant-looking of the two. The other—grave, saturnine, and having a louring look about him—was named the Count Bravolse.

"And you think that Mazarin will not be able to make head against these Frondeurs?" asked Meilleraye of his companion.

"I think that Mazarin will find it difficult to make head against his own wiles, the scheming Italian!" replied De Bravolse. "By the head of St. Denis, I think he is half Frondeur himself, since it is not clear that he is in the same mind twice in the twelve hours."

"Well, it will not matter much to us, who are neither of the Fronde nor of the court party, but rather of the party of the king, and who does not seem to know what side to take."

"And whom Mazarin has the skill to use as a pawn," said De Bravolse, with a smile. "Still, you may be right, but I confess I am puzzled at one thing, my dear Meilleraye—"

"And that is—"

"That you are here to-day—"

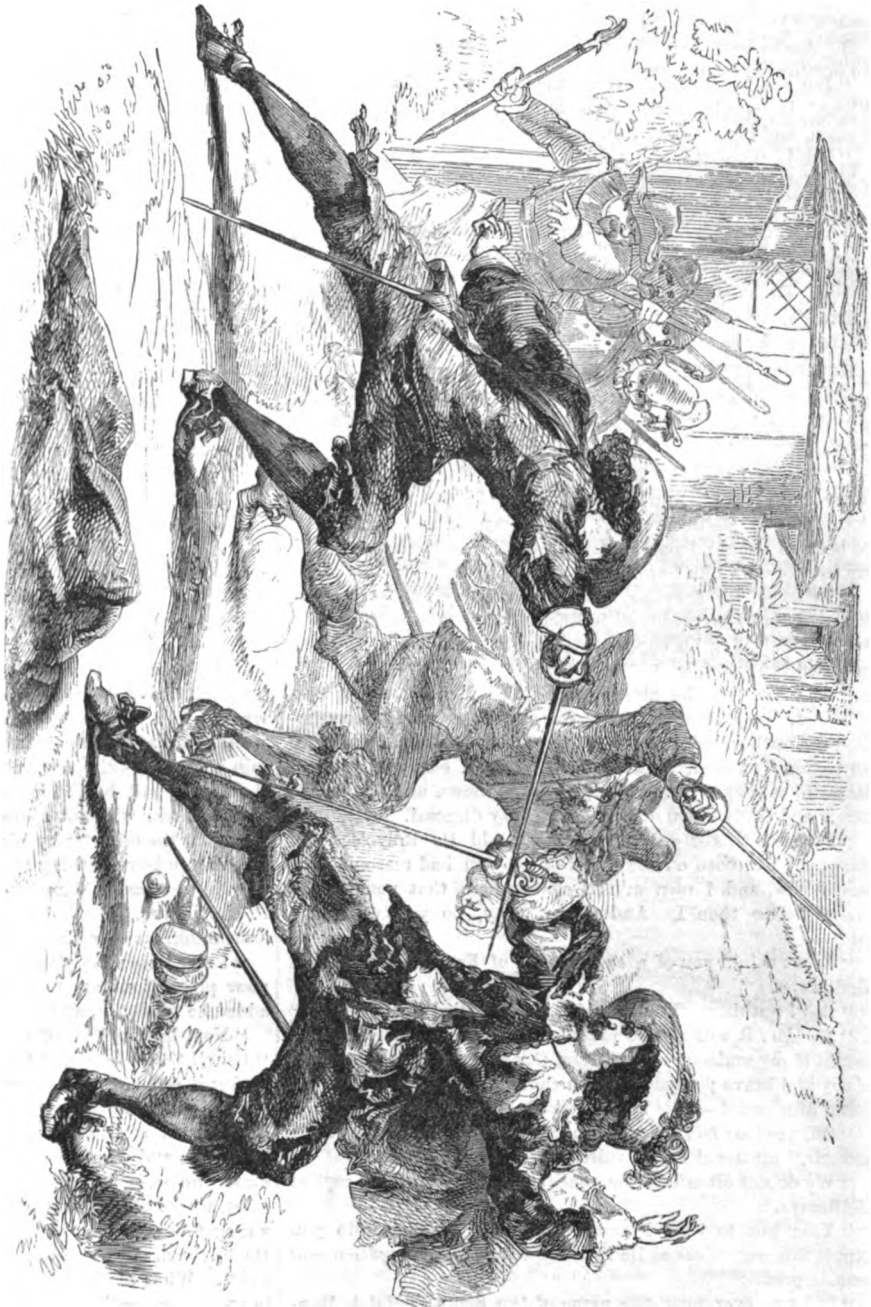
"And you?" said Meilleraye, with a meaning look.

"Oh, my faith! I follow you pretty faithfully, and do not ask many questions about the matter," answered De Bravolse, carelessly, though his manner betrayed impatience, and an eager desire to know.

"But it seems to me that you are curious, now," retorted Count Rogier Meilleraye; "you see that the rest of our gallant friends are not troubling themselves much about the matter; for, at least, they ask no questions, and manage to amuse each other; for all that they may be curious too."

"It is not so much the being here—for I see three of them

THE NEXT MOMENT THREE LUNGES AND PARRIES WERE PASSING BETWEEN THEM BOTH.



are lieutenants of the cardinal's guards, and are not on duty, since they are at the dice, and we already found them here—while you—"

"You are not curious, then? *Mortbleu!*" said Meilleraye, "pray you proceed in illustrating the paradox, while I—you were saying—"

"While you, who do not, so far as I know, belong to the minister's guards, unless your commission dates from yesterday, are here at the head of a party—"

"Eh! and we found the guards here, also," answered the other, lifting up his brow, and curling his moustache.

"That is true. I find at least a dozen of them, skulking about the stable and kitchen, but they do not usually salute men who merely belong to the court, and who wait for their commissions, perhaps, to go and retake Sedan, or to hold Alsace, and who oscillate between St Germain and Fontainebleau—"

"Proceed," smiled Meilleraye, "for you begin to show a genius for opening negotiations, and of discovering what you wish."

"Their officer in charge does not generally, as by preconcert, meet those not in command, in a sequestered roadside auberge—"

"But you know, De Bravoise, that the wine of the 'Golden Fleece' is excellent—that the hostess, Madame Felicité, is buxom, and her omelettes unsurpassed?"

"Bah! Omelettes and thin wine from Chablis, and ortolans with pistachios and truffles, the dashing Count Rogier Meilleraye is accustomed to!" said De Bravoise contemptuously. "No, nor does this officer, having twelve armed men, evidently in hiding—in fact, it looks like an ambuscade—exchange tokens, receive whispered commands, or appear so evidently to act under your authority, that *dame*! I will even ask the officer himself," and De Bravoise half rose.

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear De Bravoise," said Meilleraye; "suppose it is an ambuscade—suppose they are under my orders, these twelve fellows, armed to the teeth, and who will take the man I bid them by the throat—" and his face darkened fiercely.

"*Diable*! I thought something of the kind," answered his interlocutor, "but, thinking that I was in the confidence of Count Rogier Meilleraye, and finding myself not so, it would be better I should depart, although he did me the honor to ask me to ride with him here."

"Patience, De Bravoise, patience! and try another cup of wine. It is by no means so indifferent as you would make it out," and, filling his cup, he passed a bottle to the other, who imitated the example.

"Ah! yes, by the mass!" continued Meilleraye, his eyes kindling, "my commission, as you say, dates but from yesterday—or, rather, does not date at all. But, from certain information I received from a skilful rascal I employ, I sought Mazarin, conveyed to him my valuable news, and he put an officer and twelve men of his guard at my disposal."

"Plague! this is getting serious," said De Bravoise; "I thought I had been on the track of all you had reason to dog and follow, and I own myself confounded, that your knave knows better than I. And whom, pray, do you wait here for?"

"What think you of a small army of Frondeurs?" asked Meilleraye.

"Bah! nothing. You jest with me," replied the other.

"*Morbleu*! it will not be found a jest, within a brief hour or twain, if my emissary—you know Conrad, who is a compound of spy and bravo; a spadassin, in short, fit for the galleys, yet I find him useful—if his information be true."

"Oh, yes! *ma foi*! I know your Conrad, and I like him little enough," muttered De Bravoise carelessly.

"We do not often like the qualities that are useful," replied Meilleraye.

"Yes; but to your Frondeur. Whom, by chance, do you expect this way?" asked De Bravoise with a little impatience of tone.

"Did you ever hear the name of the Sieur de Malet, Monsieur the Count de Bravoise?" asked Meilleraye in a tone so peculiarly harsh in its emphasis that, were it for no other reason, it would have sufficed to account for the start which De Bravoise gave, and the frown accompanying it.

But there clearly was another—a deeper—reason for the emotion, illustrative of the baleful passions which the name had evidently evoked.

"Oh, yes!" he replied after a pause, and speaking in that curt, concentrated tone of hate and bitterness which the sudden revulsion of a feeling long held as a secret in a man's breast is

likely to convey. "Yes, Monsieur and Count Meilleraye, I recollect the name only too well."

"Ha! I thought so," was the careless response. "I thought so; in fact, I have heard some vague story—"

"But what have your guards, your Frondeur, your ambuscade, and the Sieur de Malet to do together?" asked Bravoise.

"Simply that the present Sieur de Malet, who is a young and handsome galliard enough, is the 'Frondeur' in question."

Again De Bravoise started as if he had received a thrust. A dark, malignant gleam began to glow in his eyes, and the smile on his lips was one of withering malice.

"By my life, this is news, indeed; and the Frondeur so near Fontainebleau is likely to run his head into the lion's mouth."

"Nothing more likely, for all he comes with a safe conduct to the king," returned Meilleraye with assumed carelessness.

"And the cardinal will possess himself of both first," said De Bravoise.

"Thanks to Conrad and to myself, it will turn out so."

"Soh! whoever avenges me will find me grateful," observed the other, apparently roused up into something more than mere curiosity. "I conclude," he went on, "that you have some debt to settle with the young gentleman, as I had with the father, one, *par Dieu*! that I would transfer to the son, and hunt him with all the vengeance of a *vendetta*! Whatever yours is, and I do not ask it—"

"Mine!" was the careless observation. "Oh! I will tell it you all presently. But go on."

"Why, that I envy you the chance which puts an enemy for life—one to hunt even beyond the grave—into your power. If you spare him he will find my point ready. I swear it!" And De Bravoise ground his teeth.

"By my hand, you must be wary, should it come to that." And Meilleraye laughed. "The young sieur uses his weapon like a fencing master; and, though I am known to be a pretty good swordsman, on one occasion when we exchanged a few passes together, he pinked me so prettily through the sword-arm that the point reached my ribs."

"A mere affair of honor," remarked De Bravoise.

"Oh, believe me, my grudge is bitter enough! A man of my rank does not head a scheme like this for entrapping one who may be attended, but not by more than a couple of servants, unless his revenge is one intended to make sure and certain work of his aim and purpose; and that the Bastille, if not the Grève, will be his doom on this occasion, is as certain as that Mazarin will not spare him, who, if he reach the king, may ruin the minister by his disclosures."

"So you have nothing to fear?" said De Bravoise.

"No, *mon ami*. Mazarin commands me, and I obey." And the handsome, though dark face of Meilleraye was disfigured by a meaning, sinister smile, that flickered on his lips.

"I see, I see; the plan is good," remarked the other, "and your precautions are to be commended. But wherefore—" added he suddenly, and pausing.

"Nay, let me hear of your debt first," replied Meilleraye; "I shall then know how far you will aid me in this work, supposing it will need to be carried farther."

"Oh, with all my heart," answered De Bravoise with alacrity, drinking off another cup of wine. "It is some half-a-dozen years ago, and we were in garrison at Lyons. Among the gallants who were accustomed to drop into one of the principal cafes, where the officers of the garrison met, was a splendid young fellow, whose purse was heavy as his heart was open. He had come in the suite of an envoy extraordinary from the court. What the business was, or to whom, I neither remember nor care—"

"Be that so," said Meilleraye; "let us come to the young man with the full purse and the frank, open heart. Am I right in thinking that I have the honor of knowing the gentleman who would help to empty the one and fill the other? eh!"

"*Peste*!" exclaimed De Bravoise, endeavoring to force a laugh; "you are right enough; but, my friend, I had money too, and I was much sought after, I may tell you. Well, the young monsieur and I made friends. We played, and he was not always fortunate; and I could not but admire the noble *sang froid* with which he bore his losses, and handed over his

shining *louis d'ors*. There were some who wished to interfere between us, and I had a few duels in consequence, which, as I was a tolerably good fencer, left us in peace to follow our amusement."

"What a remarkable story!" murmured Meilleraye. "Is there a *finale* to it?"

"Oh, I am coming to that, and quickly. One evening, when we two were playing at a table apart—some two or three spectators alone being at hand, for I did not care to play entirely without witnesses—do you take me, count?"

"Perfectly, my dear Bravoise," was the answer. "Evidences of such kind destroy preconceptions, avert suspicions, and — Go on!"

"Well, his losses were this evening remarkably heavy, though from the smiling mien of his fine countenance—the lad was decidedly a superb fellow—you would not have supposed he had lost much or was likely to lose more. But, to proceed. I had my cards in my hand—a wonderful hand, count, and hey! *presto!* as card after card challenged the pile of crowns by his side, which was diminishing awfully as mine was increasing, I was just about to take up the stakes when a hand was laid upon mine, which was on the table, and while I turned round in surprise at the rude interruption, ready to appeal to my sword, a deep bass voice said in my ear:

"Monsieur the Count de Bravoise has made a mistake!"

"How!" I shouted, trying to extricate my hand, but his grip of iron held mine down. I saw, bending over me, a swarthy, sun-browned, bearded face, with an expression almost majestic upon it. I knew it well, and deuce take me if it did not give me a shock. It was the face of —"

"Oh, I know," broke in Meilleraye, laughingly, "that of the elder De Malet; the other was the son, Luis De Malet, whom you had been fle—hem!—who was very much thunderstruck to see his father, one of the famous generals of the age, in the same city with himself without knowing it."

"You are right, my dear Meilleraye," assented the other; but let me finish."

"Come with me apart," said the intruder.

"Wherefore?" I demanded. "How dare you, a stranger, interfere with me?" But still he drew me away with a giant force.

"My dear De Bravoise," said he, "I know you well enough. I am the Sieur de Malet; that young gentleman is my son Luis, a fine fellow, too, and pretty startled he looks. *Diable!*" he went on, "I can't allow him to be the victim of—an accident, of a mistake, Count de Bravoise, and the accusing card is in your hand. Open it!—open it, I say, or, by heaven! I'll strike my dagger through hand, card and all, and nail you to the table, when your friends shall come and judge between us!"

"Rather an unpleasant predicament to be in," observed Meilleraye. "You found it best to obey?"

"The mistake was so palpable that, on opening my hand, there, sure enough, was the card. I apologised for the mistake, promised to return my winnings, as much as I possessed, and, while taking his son's arm to leave the café, the Sieur de Malet apologised to me for leaving away my partner; 'but a father, you know, who has not seen his son for so long;' and then he begged pardon of his son for interrupting the game; 'a little error just arranged, and so on,' and they were gone."

Here De Bravoise, his face flushed and his manner excited, paused.

"I made an exchange without delay," added De Bravoise; "but ere that I met the sieur a league or so from the city, and had nearly balanced my account, when his superior skill disarmed me. I would kill him," he said, with grating teeth, "but he is dead, and his son shall, if he do not now, pay for the bitter insult."

"Bah! my friend," broke in Meilleraye, "to my mind he acted like a gentleman and a noble cavalier, for he did not betray you, and you were permitted to exchange and depart without a stain—nothing but a little faint suspicion."

"But by making me refund to his son with an apology, if he did not betray me, he awakened doubts—"

"Let us not discuss this. I know your nature very well. It

is of the unrelenting order; so is mine. You can't kill the old man; he is dead. Those pigs of Flanders did that in a very effective way. You can kill the son, if I don't cripple him for you, because you hate him from the necessity he will be under of entertaining the aforesaid doubt. Eh, my friend, is it so?"

"True, oh, too true—*dix milles tonneres!* But this is wasting words. Our friends are on the move. Your Frondeur will soon be here, for I do not now doubt. Do you, in turn, relate the cause of your feud with the Sieur Luis de Malet."

"The Sieur Luis de Malet," began Meilleraye, sententially, "is younger than I am by some five years, handsomer, richer, and even nobler. As we had a very prime cause of rivalry between us—of envy on the one hand, and of exultation on the other—these were only accessories, and my hatred became very cordial."

"I am listening, but do not understand yet," said Bravoise.

"I joined the garrison at Lyons soon after you had departed," continued Meilleraye. "Luis de Malet was then attached to it also. It was then that we both became acquainted, and both fell irrevocably in love with Mademoiselle Eloise de Thoars. We used to meet often at her father's house, who held a high office under government. I soon found out that she had become smitten with the handsome young seigneur, who loved her with that chivalry of feeling which, I confess, won my respect, even while I could have cut his throat with the greatest goodwill; while I—I was rejected, my suit declined. The Sieur Luis became her declared lover."

"What did you do?" asked De Bravoise.

"First of all I would not be rejected," answered his friend.

"I persisted in my suit, and I saw that this roused up my young gentleman's blood, who, to do him justice, only refrained from asking me for a meeting from motives of delicacy. If I appreciated them I did not the less intend to bring about this result, and, one day, knowing that he would come into the chamber at a certain moment, I managed it so that he should find me on my knees before Eloise, and kissing her fair hand. 'Your pardon,' said he, making a bow worthy of him, 'I am *de trop*. Another time.' And he was actually retiring, leaving me master of the field won by dint of strategy, when, to my astonishment, and a little to my confusion, Mdlle. de Thoars called him back."

"The deuce! that was unlucky," remarked the listener.

"Very. 'Monsieur de Malet,' she said, 'I beg you to understand that Count Rogier Meilleraye is here through his own presumption, and not either at my request, by leave or desire.'"

"Oh, oh! This would precipitate matters," laughed De Bravoise.

"It did. We fought desperately. I meant to kill the whipster; he nearly killed me. They were betrothed; but I have still been actively at work, openly and secretly, ever since, and from time to time have assisted in deferring the union."

"You are talented, I know; but still there is more to come."

"Recently political events divided many of the king's friends and followers, and, among others, the Sieur de Malet joined the army of the Fronde. He is coming this way to-day, attended or unattended, and I am here to meet him—first of all, to say a few biting things to him, to show him a little token which I possess (a small locket), which I wear like a talisman. It will make him mad, I know, but what of that?"

"Suppose he should overpower you?" suggested De Bravoise.

"What, with these guards?" and he laughed scornfully.

"Luckily, also, our *bon vivants* are all departed, too; so, with a word or so to my subordinate, we shall have the place to ourselves, and play out the farce uninterrupted. Your pardon a moment, while I give my instructions." And Meilleraye rose and left the chief apartment of the Golden Fleece, which had already been somewhat noisily ceded by those whom he had first met within it, and who were now gone into the forest to seek other sources of amusement than they had found.

Presently Meilleraye re-entered with an exulting smile. "He is coming," said the count; "one of our scouts has just brought in word. He comes, and attended only by a couple of grooms. He is here. By St. Denis, he has dismounted at the

door, and lo! De Bravoise, your old acquaintance, the *Sieur Luis de Malet*."

In effect, as he spoke, and while our two conspirators had stood up as though to give the stranger courteous reception, a young man of striking and remarkably handsome appearance, and elegantly clad, stood hat in hand upon the threshold, and for a moment hesitated as he looked at the two, who also stood in the midst of the floor, not for the moment recognising them.

"A good day to you, *Monsieur de Malet*," said *Meilleraye*, advancing and making a bow.

Sieur de Malet started. He recognised the speaker, and his expression grew grave and haughty.

"*Monsieur the Count Meilleraye*," he said, "I return your salutation, but had not expected to meet you here."

"A fair good day, *Sieur de Malet*," added *Count de Bravoise*, bowing also, and with something of menace in his voice.

De Malet, with the slightest start, also recognised the second speaker, and his bow was more stiffly made; his mien and attitude had more *hauteur* than before.

"Good day, Sir Count," he replied, flinging his hat on his head; "I cannot say to you that I congratulate myself on meeting you, remembering how untoward was our last parting."

"*Sang bleu!*" cried the other, "is that meant as an insult?"

"By no means, since my time is so much occupied——"

"Peace, my dear *De Bravoise*, peace; our young gentleman is more cautious since he is at *Fontainebleau* than when at *Lyons*."

"*Monsieur*," said the young nobleman, advancing towards *Count Meilleraye*, and who had appeared to be, for reasons of his own, expecting the question, "may I be excused for the liberty I take in asking leave to look upon that ornament?"

"This—ornament!" and, with an appearance of surprise, the count took from off his neck a little golden locket suspended by a ribbon, with which he had been playing in such a manner as necessarily must have attracted attention.

"I cannot refuse so polite a gentleman his request;" and he handed it to *De Malet*, who stepped forth into the sunshine as if to examine it more minutely, followed at the same time by the two who had been plotting so venomously against the young man. He gazed upon the locket with a curious and inquiring eye, and though at first he seemed agitated, it subsided into an air of calm contemptuousness, not unmixed with anger.

"No violence," hastily whispered *Meilleraye* to *De Bravoise*, whose kindling eyes implied assassination—a base and violent murder; "his safe-conduct must only be violated by the cardinal. It might else cost us the *Bastille* or our lives;" and he held him back by the cloak.

"Well, monsieur," said he at last, "is your examination over?"

"May I ask how you came into possession of this locket?" demanded *De Malet*, turning towards him.

"Does monsieur then recognise it?" inquired *Meilleraye* in turn.

"Undoubtedly, since I myself presented it to a lady, one whom you once had the honor to know."

"*Dame!* that is unfortunate, since I had it, through a messenger, from her own fair hands," replied the other.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Is that so very surprising?" continued *De Meilleraye*, exulting over the pain he thought he was inflicting on his rival.

"Do you add falsehood to filching, count?" asked *De Malet*, in a tone so cold and sarcastic that the other writhed.

"*Apropos*," muttered *Meilleraye* in the ear of *De Bravoise*, "he guesses that my knave *Conrad* veritably stole it, through the agency of *Mdlle. de Thoars*' waiting-woman." Then he added, aloud:

"Is the *Sieur de Malet* perfectly in his senses when he puts such a question to a gentleman?"

"*Monsieur the count*," replied *de Malet*, quietly, "*Mdlle. de Thoars* confided to me her regrets that, lately, she had lost a locket she did me the honor to accept from me."

"Well, monsieur, if she lost it——"

"If she lost it and you possess it, for this is the same, it fol-

lows that your saying she forwarded it to you must be false. It must have been stolen, count—do you hear—stolen!"

"Soh! This is good. Your epithets are choice, monsieur."

"If she did forward it, you must know the secret of opening it!"

"Of opening it!—*peste!* No. Does it open?" asked *Meilleraye*, surprised.

"It does—behold!" Touching a spring, it flew open, disclosing the exquisitely painted miniature of a fine face—his own, in fact.

"Count *Meilleraye*, this is very awkward," whispered *De Bravoise*.

"Count *Meilleraye*," continued the young man, drawing his sword, "my business here is important, but not too much so to hinder my exacting satisfaction for slander, fraud and falsehood. Draw, sir; draw and defend yourself!"

The next moment fierce lunges and parries were passing between them both, and so impetuous was *De Malet's* attack, besides his unquestioned skill, that *De Bravoise*, drawing also, thought of making a felon's thrust, instead of which he called out:

"Help, holla, the guard there! Treason and treachery! Soh, messieurs, there is your prisoner!"

About a dozen men-at-arms rushed forth at his summons from the *Golden Fleece*, and *De Malet* was on the point of being very roughly treated, after being disarmed, when a party of horsemen unexpectedly appeared, and an authoritative voice cried out:

"Hold! what means this? Explain the matter, count."

"The king!" muttered the *Count Meilleraye*, uncovering his head, and falling back, pale and trembling.

"Who, sir, are you?" again said *Louis de Malet*.

"Sire, I am an envoy from the *Prince de Condé*, come under safe conduct to your majesty, which these gentlemen would violate. My name is *Sieur de Malet*."

"It is the name of one I have heard to be a brave and spotless gentleman. Follow, sir, and, when your explanation is over, you shall have redress." And the cavalcade was put in motion.

The explanation brought exile to *Counts de Bravoise* and *Meilleraye*, some chagrin to *Mazarin*, but who found it then expedient to temporize with the chiefs of the *Fronde*.

That *Luis de Malet* was dismissed in safety and honor, and that his union with *Mdlle. de Thoars* took place subsequently, are mere matters of course. Farther than this we do not follow the fortunes of the actors in this episode of that stormy age.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.—Plants sleep as well as animals; the attitude that some of these assume on the approach of night is extremely interesting to those who delight to study the beautiful phenomena of vegetable life. Some plants exhibit signs of sleep more marked than others. The leaves of clover, lucerne and other plants, close as the sun approaches the horizon; and in the honeylocust this characteristic is particularly striking and beautiful. The delicately formed leaves close in pairs at nightfall, and remain so until the rising of the sun in the morning, when they gradually expand to their fullest extent. It is in common garden chickweed that the most perfect exemplification of the conjugal love and parental care of plants is observed. At the approach of night the leaves of this delicate plant, which are in pairs begin to close towards each other, and when the sleeping attitude is completed these folded leaves embrace in their upper surfaces the rudiments of the young shoots; and the uppermost pair (but one) at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaved stocks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair and protect the end of the shoot.

It is said the proprietors of the *London Times* have settled on *Russell*, their "special correspondent" in the *Crima* and *India*, an annuity of two hundred pounds for life, irrespective of all future service, as an acknowledgment of the zeal and ability with which he discharged his duties.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

The month has been singularly free from all exciting events. There has been the usual crop of crime, as a matter of course, much of it springing from the use of ardent spirits, which is as destructive to man as swill milk is to children. The mortality among infants lately has aroused once more the public attention to this matter, and the New York *Herald* distinctly fastens upon swill milk as the true cause of this wholesale slaughter of innocents. Compared to the proprietors of these swill milk stables, Herod was a mild-mannered person. Had the *Herald* backed us up when we last year assailed this gigantic evil, thousands of poor children would have been living now. It is never, however, too late to mend, and as we are more anxious for the public welfare than for our own interest, we trust the *Herald* will continue the war against the giant murderers whose wealth is founded on the blood and bones of unfortunate infants, and yet, though these men are known to have amassed their fortunes by this most horrible traffic, they are not shunned—because they are rich. They belong to yacht clubs, and give fashionable entertainments—verily plate sin with gold, and all the guilt is hid!

The Wise-Donnelly letter has caused a little excitement, but it has died away, the masses coming to the conclusion that our whole system of politics is in a fearfully corrupt state. There can be no two opinions as to the want of caution of Mr. Wise, and the want of honor on the part of Mr. Donnelly's acquaintances. It is by no means clear that Mr. Cassidy was the offending party.

Among the temporary excitements of the month has been the Blondin feat of walking across Niagara on a rope. Its merit diminishes when repeated—it is certainly a wonderful proof of nerve, and as such honorable to man's physical nature; it also represents a certain amount of discipline—but here the praise must end. Its effect upon the public is decidedly injurious, it begets a love for stimulating amusements, the pleasure of which is founded on a possible catastrophe. Every one of the spectators went in the hope of seeing a fatal result. In a word, next to a public execution such exhibitions have the most brutalizing tendency. The good sense of the people ought to frown these spectacles down.

At the beginning of the month, the gossips and scandal mongers generally were in full feather. Mr. Daniel E. Sickles, who had killed his friend for criminal relations with his wife, had exhibited a spirit of unusual forgiveness and toleration, by taking back the erring, and let us hope repentant wife. The world which applauded the murder with boisterous energy, declaring it no murder at all, not even manslaughter, but the deed of a hero, suddenly turns round and hisses the same man out of his usual society, for pardoning the fallen. A pretty commentary on their Christianity! It must be confessed human nature loves blood—its chiefest objects of admiration are those who destroy of most of their fellow beings. Great warriors or man butchers carry off their greatest prizes.

The preparations for our next Presidential campaign have commenced with more than their usual indistinctness—there are, however, a greater number of aspirants, either voluntary or involuntary. It seems not unlikely that the election will be referred to the house, since there are circumstances which justify the probability of two independent candidates. Douglas and Gov. Wise are both prominent men, but neither have improved their position by their pen. The Donnelly letter and Harper article are calculated to afford their enemies an armory of very damaging darts. As usual, there is a talk about Mr. Seward, but he is too able and independent a man for his party. George Law has not yet been long enough in his shad barrel. Fremont has run off for the second time with his Jessie, and is spending a golden honeymoon in California. Daniel S. Dickinson is too old-fashioned. It is very possible that some Smith or Jones, whom the world has never heard of, will get the nomination; in which case there will be a stump candidate. As it is, the people have very little to do in the selection of their President—they have Hobson's choice, the man chosen by the convention for them, or none at all. If the masses were sagacious enough to abstain from voting for these puppets of the wire pullers, the whole system of political corruption would end. Now, George Sanders, Fernando Wood, and a few other leading spirits have more to do with the matter than half a million of patriotic voters.

The sudden suspension of hostilities in Italy took the world by surprise. It placed Prussia and the German States in a particularly embarrassing position, since they had by their tardiness in supporting Austria alienated that power, and by their resolution to march an army to the Rhine irritated Louis Napoleon. In fact, their vacillation had acted disastrously on both the belligerents, and produced the double effect of stopping France in her victorious career, and compelling, at the same time, Austria to sacrifice one of her most fertile provinces. In connection with this we may mention that Louis Napoleon is accused of having jockeyed Francis Joseph by a trick unworthy of even that astute adventurer. It is said that having persuaded Lord John Russell to be the medium of a proposition, he actually showed this as the deliberate proposal of the British cabinet. As these terms contemplated the relinquishment of Venetia, the Austrian emperor was glad to accept the more favorable ones of Villa Franca.

On the 8th the plenipotentiaries of France, Sardinia and Austria met at Zurich, to settle definitely the terms of the treaty, but the result had not been made public at the time of our going to press.

In England the sudden friendship between Austria and France has naturally created an apprehension of attack from their Crimean ally, and preparations on a large scale were making to meet any emergency. The affected disarming of France had somewhat allayed the excitement, but the preparations were continued with unabated vigor by the English notwithstanding.

If we are to accept the opinions expressed in the Russian papers as an indication, it would appear as though the Czar had not

viewed the independent action of Louis Napoleon with much favor, for it expressly declared that no treaty could be permanent without it received the sanction of the other great powers.

How far the general independence of Italy will be benefited by the late war is the great problem to be solved. It would seem as though the French emperor had promised more than it would be prudent to enforce when he agreed to the restoration of the dukes of Tuscany and Modena, since the people of both these states had emphatically declared against receiving their old rulers.

In the meantime Garibaldi has retained his position in Northern Italy, with the avowed determination of moving to Central Italy should any attempt be made to reinstate the deposed despots by force.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY—ART—MUSIC—LITERATURE, ETC., ETC.

In the Art world the last Exhibition of the National Academy has, for some time past, been the chief topic of conversation. All agree that there were a great many pictures hung upon the walls of the Academy, and that two-thirds of them disfigured the blank walls upon which they were hung; all agree that the "hanging committee" deserve great credit for placing their own pictures in the best possible places, many of which would have done more credit to their authors had their faces been turned to the wall; all agree that "The Dying Brigand," by E. H. May, was the grandest work of art on exhibition, and worthy to be in much better company; all agree that however great the American school of art (we apologize) may be in landscape, with one or two honorable and distinguished exceptions, our figure painters are unintentional caricaturists of the form divine, being only deficient, for that branch of the art, in the trifling requisites of drawing, coloring, construction and imagination.

Each one has some favorite bit of landscape to eulogize and to dwell upon with admiration and affection, and in good sooth, we sympathize in the affection and join heartily in the admiration. We have good right to be proud of our landscape artists, for there is no place in which they would not make their mark. Their works stand boldly out in the art horizon, and can safely challenge criticism in earnestness of purpose, truthfulness to nature, and chastity and vigor of composition. Our American Nature is a great and liberal teacher. Inspiration dwells in her vast forests, her mighty rivers, her rich valleys, her boundless prairies, her lofty mountains, and the heart which these elements of the sublime and the beautiful cannot touch is unfit to cope with the mysteriously blended prose and poetry of the subject; the hand is as unimpressible as the heart and is unworthy to wield the magic brush, and cannot paint us the soul of Nature as the spirit of genius sees it and feels it.

We confess that the Academy Exhibition wearied, annoyed and disgusted us. We have an intense horror of mediocrity, for in it and from it there is no hope. No man who paints a mediocre picture—mediocre in its conception, execution and detail—can ever rise beyond that lamentable position. The roughest and the crudest work of a man who is to make his mark in the future is sure to contain some point, rudely conceived, badly colored perhaps, but still some point which will fix the attention and elicit even from the unlearned a murmur of sympathy with the "thought." That dead level of mediocrity has no vitality in it—nothing suggestive in it and ought therefore to be carefully excluded from an exhibition which should be intended to illustrate the progress of art from year to year. Mediocrity is the opposite of progress, and does not even serve as a foil to the good and the great, for it begets a weariness which unfits the eye and the mind for acute and hearty appreciation.

We have said that the design of the National Academy Exhibition should be to illustrate the progress of art from year to year. Is this the design, and if so is it carried out as it should be, or in proportion to the means at the command of the Academy? We will concede to the committee the desire to do good, but cannot admit that their way of going about it is the right one. Judging from the collection of the just closed exhibition, they admitted everything that was offered to a place, upon their walls. They shut their eyes to quality and opened their arms to quantity, and a huge preponderance of mediocrity was the result. Had the number of subjects exhibited been confined to four hundred instead of eight hundred, it would have comprised all that deserved a place upon the walls, and still have left open many numbers for inferior pictures.

The public wonders that so many of our best artists abstain from sending their works to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Some suppose that these eminent men having won their reputation care no longer to exhibit their works in connection with others, or in other words to give the Academy the benefit of their hardly-earned fame. We cannot accept this as the reason, but attribute their coolness in the cause rather to their consciousness that they run the risk of having their pictures badly hung, or at the best, hung in the most intolerably bad company. These are, in our opinion, the reasons which banish the shining lights in art from the walls of our Academy.

Many complaints are made in relation to the hanging committee. The members thereof are accused of taking especial care of themselves, their friends and pupils, and of a general unjustness in the distribution of the pictures on the walls. We are unable to judge of the *animus* of the hanging committee, although the number of "best places" assigned to some of its members does not speak well of its impartiality; but to the charge of lack of judgment it is certainly amenable. This, however, is beyond the control of the members, on the ground that, not having judgment, they could not be expected to use it. We trust that the government of the National Academy of Design will next year appoint upon the hanging committee the best men, and of those only the men who will do the duty faithfully—accepting the onerous office as a duty and not as an honorary position.

ART—CAMPANA GALLERY.—In connection with this subject of home art, we cannot forbear calling the attention of our readers to a proposition emanating from an eminent American artist in Rome. It seems that there is in Rome at this moment to be disposed of a gallery of art of the rarest value—one collected under circumstances, to be explained below, which rendered expense a very secondary consideration. The history of the collection is as follows:

This unfortunate marquis succeeded his father and his grandfather as Director of the Monte di Pietà, or public pawnbroking establishment. His office placed him immediately under the control of the Finance minister. It was that minister's duty to overlook his acts, and to prevent him from going wrong.

Campana went curiosity mad. The passion of collecting, which has proved the ruin of so many well-meaning people, drove him to destruction. He bought pictures, marbles, bronzes, Etruscan vases. He heaped gallery on gallery. He bought at random everything that was offered to him. Rome never had such a terrible buyer. He bought as people drink, or take snuff, or smoke opium. When he had no more money of his own left to buy with, he began to think of a loan. The coffers of the Monte di Pietà were at hand: he would borrow of himself, upon the security of his collection. The Finance minister Galli offered no difficulties. Campana was in favor at Court, esteemed by the Pope, liked by the Cardinals; his principles were known, he had proved his devotion to those in power. The government never refuses its friends anything. In short Campana was allowed to lend himself four thousand pounds, for which he gave security to a much larger amount.

But the order by which the minister gave him permission to draw from the coffers of the Monte di Pietà was so loosely drawn up, that he was enabled to take, without any fresh authority, a trifle of something like one hundred and six thousand pounds. This he took between the 12th of April, 1854, and the 1st of December, 1856, a period of nineteen months and a half.

There was no concealment in the transaction; it certainly was irregular, but it was not clandestine. Campana paid himself the interest of the money he had lent himself. In 1856, he was paternally reprimanded. He received a gentle rap over the knuckles, but there was not the least idea of tying his hands. He stood well at court.

The unfortunate man still went on borrowing. They had not even taken the precaution to close his coffers against himself. Between the 1st of December, 1856, and the 7th of November, 1857, he took a further sum of about one hundred and three thousand pounds. But he gave grand parties; the Cardinals adored him; testimonies of satisfaction poured in upon him from all sides.

The real truth is that a national pawnbroking establishment is of no use to the church, it is only required for the nation. Campana might have borrowed the very walls of the building, without the pontifical court meddling in the matter.

Unluckily for him, the time came when it answered the purpose of Antonelli to send him to the galleys. This great statesman had three objects to gain by such a course. Firstly, he would stop the mouth of diplomacy, and silence the foreign press, which both charged the Pope with tolerating an abuse. Secondly, he would humiliate one of those laymen who take the liberty to rise in the world without wearing violet hose. Lastly, he should be able to bestow Campana's place upon one of his brothers, the worthy and interesting Filippo Antonelli.

He took a long time to mature his scheme, and laid his train silently and secretly. He is not a man to take any step inconsiderately. While Campana was going and coming, and giving dinners, and buying more statues, in blissful ignorance of the lowering storm, the Cardinal negotiated a loan at Rothschild's, made arrangements to cover the deficit, and instructed the Procuratore Fiscale to draw up an indictment for speculation.

The accusation fell like a thunderbolt upon the poor marquis. From his palace to his prison was but a step. As he entered there, he rubbed his eyes, and asked himself, ingenuously enough, whether this move was not all a horrible dream. He would have laughed at any one who had told him he was seriously in danger. He charged with speculation! Out upon it! Speculation meant the clandestine application by a public officer of public funds to his private profit: whereas he had taken nothing clandestinely, and was ruined root and branch. So he quietly occupied himself in his prison by writing sonnets, and when an artist came to pay him a visit, he gave him an order for a new work.

In spite of the eloquent defence made in his behalf by a young advocate, the tribunal condemned him to twenty years' hard labor. At this rate, the minister who had allowed him to borrow the money should certainly have been beheaded. But the lambs of the clergy don't eat one another.

The advocate who had defended Campana was punished for having pleaded too eloquently, by being forbidden to practise in court for three months.

You may imagine that this cruel sentence cast a stigma upon Campana. Not a bit of it. The people, who have often experienced his generosity, regard him as a martyr. The middle class despises him much less than it does many a yet unpunished functionary. His old friends of the nobility and of the sacred college often shake him by the hand. I have known Cardinal Tosti, at once his jailor and his friend, let him have the use of his private kitchen.

Condemnations are a dishonor only in countries where the judges are honored. All the world knows that the pontifical magistrates are not instruments of justice, but tools of power.

This great collection is now offered for sale, in short, it must be sold, and the next thing to be considered is, who is to be the purchaser. A bid has already been made on behalf of the British Museum, but it did not reach the stated valuation and has not consequently been accepted.

Is it not possible, with all the hoarded wealth of New York, to purchase this invaluable collection for our city? We are satisfied that if the proposition is started by responsible parties, men in

whose integrity and patriotism our citizens have confidence, there would be but little difficulty in raising the necessary funds. It would be a proud moment for our city when so superb a collection of art was landed on our wharves! Will not some one start this noble scheme?

MUSIC.—We have suffered from a severe deprivation of all musical excitement during the past two months. All the operatic celebrities have either fled for a brief sojourn in Europe or have betaken themselves to the fashionable watering-place or the bracing air of our pleasant mountain resorts. It is true that private liberality has bountifully extended its hand to afford to the million an afternoon of rare enjoyment, in the shape of Saturday afternoon concerts in the Ramble in the Central Park. The avidity with which thousands of people crowd to the park on these occasions is a convincing proof how more than willing people are to be innocently amused when a feasible opportunity is offered for such gratification.

But no call should be made upon private resources for such a cause. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are yearly squandered in shameless profusion by our city authorities or plundered from the city treasury by corrupt officials: untold and unheeded treasure is allowed to pass into the hands of swindling contractors, while nothing is spared from their own money for the healthful and intelligent amusement of the people. Still as nothing is to be hoped from the public spirit or the enlarged philanthropy of our city government, we must sincerely thank those gentlemen who put themselves forward to supply a great want, when aid was withheld by those who should have entered at once into the project heartily. Mr. Harvey B. Dodworth should also be commended for his public spirit in volunteering his own services and those of his band, when there was but little hope of remuneration.

The example set by New York has been followed in various parts of the country, north, south, east and west, and music for the people is now the general cry.

The regular operatic season commences, this month, and the programme of the management is one of rare excellence. Mr. Maurice Strakosch, now in partnership with Mr. Ullman, and possessed of the lease of the Academy, has made engagements with many eminent artists, and we are promised new operas in a variety which cannot fail to prove attractive.

The company will be so large that the management will be enabled to alternate its forces with Boston and Philadelphia, Cincinnati, &c., thus in a measure providing a rich and intellectual amusement for the people at large.

The celebrated Philharmonic Concerts will shortly commence, and also Eisfeld's Classical Quartette Soirées and Mason's Classical Matinees. We expect a great musical season.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—To our readers in the country some intelligence of what new works are published, what novelties are under way, and what works are pleasant to purchase, cannot fail to be welcome. From the many extensive and enterprising publishers in various parts of the country a vast number of new works are issued, a large proportion of which are of positive value and striking interest, while others are valueless either for preservation, or for the mere excitement of the passing hour. We aim rather at directing our readers to that which is good than to the editorial dissection of what is scarcely worth the time expended in laying its faults bare to the public. We do not care to encroach upon the space devoted to the amusement of our readers, for the mere purpose of proving our critical acumen in technically "smashing" a poor book, although that which is bad in morals or taste shall receive that unpleasant attention at our hands.

Albeit this is a dull season in the publishing trade, a good many waifs from the book firms float our way. Among these none are more welcome than the compact and carefully got-up volumes of the *Household Library*, published by DELISSER & PROCTER, of 508 Broadway. If we remember rightly, it was the intention of the publishers to produce but a limited number of volumes for the series, but the extraordinary success of the few first volumes determined the publishers to extend their views, and a large number of the most interesting works have been issued in consequence. The biographies which have already appeared are replete with universal interest, the selection having been made with infinite tact and judgment, and upon this selection we must compliment the editor, Mr. O. W. Wight. His patient research, nice discrimination and freedom from contracted prejudice eminently fit him for the situation he so ably fills.

The two volumes of the *Household Library* before us contain the biography of Peter the Great. This famous subject is treated with skill, the editor having compiled the work from the most reliable sources. What to omit and what to retain from the authorities consulted requires a well-balanced mind and a keen perception, tempered with justice; and these requisites, from a hasty perusal of the contents, we think Mr. Wight has brought to bear upon his labor. His artistic arrangement of his material, gives a zest to the work, and renders it eminently readable, profitable and pleasurable.

We have received a very pleasant book from RUPP & CARLTON (who, by the way, may now be found in Brooks's Building, corner of Broadway and Grand street), called *Personal Recollections of the American Revolution*, edited by Sidney Barclay. It purports to be a private journal, prepared from authentic domestic records, and contains, with other deeply interesting matters, reminiscences of Washington and Lafayette. A record of those times which have become history, and are yet so near as to have almost a personal interest, cannot fail to attract many readers. The diary and the letters were written by the wife of an officer of the Revolution, and a daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England. The journal was written during a long period of separation from her husband, and presents a true and minute picture of her life, which was full

of the many and trying griefs which afflicted and divided households in those troublesome and anxious times. The work is beautifully written—a plain, unvarnished, unaffected tale, through which the sentiments of a true-hearted, pure-minded and devoted woman are unobtrusively visible. It will well repay the reading, and we very heartily commend it. The book is brought out in admirable style.

We have received from C. M. SAXTON, 25 Park Row, a volume particularly appropriate to the present times, called *Louis Napoleon and the Bonaparte Family*, by Henry W. De Puy, author of "Kossuth and his Generals," "Ethan Allen," &c. This work is a comprehensive history of the Bonaparte family, and comprises a memoir of their connections, with biographical sketches of their principal contemporaries, and a summary of French history, including the empire of Napoleon III. and the Russian war. It takes up Napoleon at the early period of the French Revolution, when only the greatness was brooding in his heart, giving, however, a history of the Bonaparte family, and follows him throughout his whole career. It is indeed a history of the Bonaparte era with that of the period intervening between the overthrow of that wonderful man and the advent of his hardly less remarkable nephew. Of Louis Napoleon's life, the history is brought up to the conclusion of the Russian war. The work is one of great interest, combining as it does a review and narrative of the important events of a singularly eventful period, together with biographical sketches and critical analysis of the contemporaneous eminent men of the times. It is carefully and elegantly written, and now when every act of the nephew is contrasted or compared with one or other events of the First Napoleon, it will prove, independent of its other sources of interest, an invaluable book of reference.

The authorities consulted for the production of this work are of the highest and the best, so that its data may be safely relied upon. We can commend it to our readers.

We have yet another graceful, clever and amusing book, in which Bonapartes figure largely, namely, *Italy and the War of 1859*, by Julie de Marguerittes, published by GEORGE G. EVANS, of Philadelphia. This work is introduced to the world by Dr. Mackenzie, who puts it on the back in a grim, joking way, and "cannot restrain from expressing his opinion," and boldly asserts his strong faith in the wisdom of old proverbs, particularly that one which saith, "Good wine needs no bush." We are glad to learn so important an article of the doctor's faith; but we nearly had written "whiskey" "for wine." However, the book is a good book, a pleasant book, full of amusement, brilliant sketches, with a vast amount of statistical information, given in a fluent and agreeable style, free from all dryness, and contains, besides, by far the most intelligent account of the Italian States that we have yet seen in print.

The work is highly creditable to the gifted author, Madame de Marguerittes, and will certainly add much to her literary reputation. We commend the book very cordially to the public; and to the lady we say, remember the doctor's faith, and when you next publish, believe that you need no such "bush" to indicate the merits of your labors, more especially when put forth in such execrable grammar.

We have received from RUPP & CARLETON a new work of fiction called *Hartley Norman, a Tale of the Times*, by Allen Hampden. This is of the sensation class of novels, replete with excessive improbabilities, and to our thinking but very little like real life. The hero is a noble newboy, full of gallantry and chivalry, with a high sense of morality, a philosophic turn of mind, and an elegant flow of language. Such newboys may exist under very extraordinary circumstances, but we opine that the case is a very rare one. Fortuitous circumstances attend the career of this young gentleman, and he meets with remarkable adventures and startling dangers, which are passed through by our gentlemanly newboy with a coolness, prudence and foresight worthy of all praise. Of course he extricates a young and lovely maiden, a heiress too, and becomes the general protector, admirer and counsellor of everybody around him, and eventually finds a father for one, daughter for another, and so *ad libitum*, until at last he finds a wife for himself and a fortune of several millions of dollars.

There are under-plots and counter-plots, all pretty well managed, and there are some leading incidents left unaccounted for; but the characters are fairly developed, and some of them are very charming.

It is a cleverly written book; the language is chaste and frequently eloquent, and when once embarked in its pages there is an interest which leads you on until the end. To those who like excitement without drawing much upon the higher sympathies of our nature, Hartley Norman will supply the want. Its tone is eminently moral.

G. G. EVANS, of Philadelphia, has sent us *Lectures for the People*, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, the celebrated Baptist minister of that place. These lectures, of a popular and instructive character, were delivered at the Concert Hall, Liverpool, on Sunday afternoon. The reverend gentleman, thinking that the people needed instruction, adopted the lecture instead of the sermon, as offering a wider range of subjects, and admitting of a more popular mode of treatment. The result has proved his judgment correct, for he has gained a vast influence, the Concert Hall being crowded with thousands of visitors every Sabbath afternoon, while the sale of his lectures extends over tens of thousands. There cannot be a doubt but that the delivery of his lectures and their publication have exercised a great moral influence, not only in Liverpool but elsewhere.

The following titles of some of his lectures will give an idea of how he adapts his subjects to reach the intelligence and the sentiments of his audience: "The Lord's Prayer;" "The Golden Rule;" "The Prodigal Son;" "There's a Good Time Coming;" "Taking Care of Number One;" "Penny Wise and Pound Foolish;" "Five Shillings and Costs;" "Saturday Night;" "There's no Luck about the House;" "Poor Richard's Almanac;" "Tall Truth and Shame the Devil;" "The Seventh Commandment;" "The Street;" "Stop

Thief;" "The Devil's Meal is Bran," &c., &c. We can very heartily commend this volume to our readers.

A very valuable work has reached us from D. APPLETON & Co., entitled *A Popular Treatise upon Gems*, by Dr. L. Feuchtwanger. This is an elaborate and comprehensive work, on a subject of singular interest to a very large class of people. The matter is thoroughly discussed in all its bearings by Dr. Feuchtwanger, his remarks being copiously illustrated by well executed diagrams. It is indeed what it purports to be, *A Popular Treatise upon Gems*—a reference to their scientific value; a guide for the teacher of natural sciences, the lapidary, the jeweller and the amateur; together with a description of the elements of mineralogy and all ornamental and architectural materials.

Every kind of gem is described and valued, and the remarkable specimens of each shown by colored drawings. Besides the gems, all the marbles are described with the localities where they are found, and are represented by admirably colored drawings. There is indeed a vast amount of useful and curious information to be found in this work, interesting alike to the amateur and the proficient. It shows evidence of great labor and research, and cannot but prove of incalculable service to all who take an interest in the subject.

The getting-up of the work is admirable in the extreme, creditable to the author, the publisher and the artists concerned. It will be a text book for the trade and command a large sale.

JULIUS SCHUBERTH has sent us *A New Method of Learning the French Language*, embracing both the Theoretical and the Practical Modes of Instruction, by Alfred Walchmer. This is the happy medium between the old slow school and the new fast school grammars, and contains all that is good in either. It would be impossible to study this grammar with ordinary care without acquiring a thorough knowledge of the principles of the language, the rules are so intelligently laid down and the arrangement of subjects at once so natural and so systematic. Wherever it is used it will certainly find favor, as all vagueness is avoided and no single point is left in doubt. With such advantages to recommend it, it is certain to circulate among the schools, to which end it is most specially adapted. We look upon it as a common-sense grammar, and as such we commend it to the notice of our readers.

We welcome with very sincere heartiness the new work *Mosaics*, by the author of "Salad for the Solitary," just issued by CHARLES SCRIBNER, 124 Grand street. *Mosaics* is a most delightful book; delightful for its wisdom, delightful for its broad-hearted sympathy, its fancy, its imagination, its appreciation of the beautiful and true, and delightful for its prodigal wealth of thoughts from a thousand rare minds, grouped together with masterly skill, and mingled with exquisite taste by that most singularly felicitous of all intellectual salad makers, Frederick Sanders.

The "Mosaic" subjects treated with such infinite appreciation by Mr. Sanders are as follows: Author-craft; Youth and Age; The Human Face Divine; The Witchery of Wit; Single Blessedness; Origin of Celebrated Books; Night and Day; Fame; The Magic of Music; The Bright Side. So wide and curious has been Mr. Sanders' reading that he has at his fingers' ends the hoarded wisdom of by-gone centuries, wisdom quaint in its expression, but seeming more worth from its antique setting, which he scatters over his pages till they sparkle and radiate with flashes of wit, sentiment, pathos, humor, truth and imagination.

How cunningly the ripe thoughts of master-minds are interwoven and mingled! how in his attack upon our sympathies and intellect he throws forward first his light skirmishers, who harass and throw the sceptical into disorder, and then overwhelms them with his heavy masses of indisputable authorities! How he brings up the living thoughts of the dead great men to teach us wisdom, love and goodness, strength to endure, faith to believe, and judgment to comprehend and feel nature in her simple grandeur, and art in its divinest aspirations! Truly Mr. Sanders has turned his desultory reading to a goodly account. Like the experienced practical miner, he has put into his brain-wallet nothing but gold, to be coined at leisure, and, when coined, to meet with universal currency.

We have neither time nor space to point out the many points of interest in the various Mosaic subjects treated. There is so much that is beautiful, so little that could be spared, that we dare not trust ourselves to cull a nosegay lest we should be tempted to go on selecting until we had gathered sufficient to decorate a floral festival—too unbounded a bouquet for the columns of a magazine. We shall content ourselves with making a brief extract from the author's "Epistle to the Reader"—one of the pleasantest pieces of writing, by the way, in the volume—an extract which lays bare the whole drift and spirit of the work, to wit:

"It hath been my endeavor to infuse into these pages as much of the cayenne of quaint conceit, and the attic salt of wit, with the more solid elements of ancient lore and philosophic acumen as might comport with true taste; believing, with our modern humorist, that a 'single burst of mirth is worth a whole season full of cries with melancholy.' Pri thee, then, bring with thee a mirthful spirit, and then fall on to what hath been spread before thee. Mayhap, thou wilt catch, while these gladsome, though motley pages pass under thine eye, somewhat of their 'sweet infection.' Old Sir Thomas Overbury hath quaintly remarked: 'Wit is brushwood, judgment, timber: the one giveth the greatest flame, the other yieldeth the doubtless heat, and both meeting make the best fire.' If, in the olden times, quips, and quips, and jokes, and jibes, were often indulged at the expense of modest wisdom, an attempt to combine their good essence would, methink, scarce demand apology. What follows, then, hath been hunted up, brushed up, and picked up from heaps of rubbish, from old books and new books, some covered with dust and cobwebs of literary catacombs; some decked with the modern adornments of art and skill; some grave, some gay, but all possessing something quaint, pungent or picturesque. This tome, which I now, in good faith, commend to thy candor, might have been spun

out to much greater extent, did I not agree with a good old divine that 'a little plot of ground thick sown is better than a great field, which, for the most part of it, lies fallow;' and with a modern writer, 'that books should be luminous and not voluminous.' If, peradventure, these, my gleanings from the fertile fields of literature fail to add anything to thy well-instructed knowledge, they yet may refresh thy well-stored remembrance, and, if either, I have my end, and thou hast my endeavor."

Having given Mr. Sanders a hearing, having allowed him to address, in his own quaint, genial way, our readers, who will assuredly hereafter be his, we will conclude by remarking that the book is beautifully brought out—brought out in fact, in a way worthy of its intrinsic excellence and the reputation of the publisher. In short, these rare *Mosaics* have been worthily set.

All intelligent children should save their odd cents for the purpose of buying every month the *Boy's and Girl's Own Magazine*, published by W. L. Jones, 152 Sixth avenue, for it is a work specially dedicated to them, calculated for their use, and is full of the most amusing and interesting matter, combined with instruction pleasantly and ably communicated. The stories are well written, with morals well applied, simple and truthful in their character, and designed to touch the heart and make lasting impressions upon the feelings.

There are also in it useful and ornamental employment for the needle, with games and puzzles; in short, it is a work in which every child will find something to please and amuse it.

Mrs. Pullan's contributions to its columns are most excellent. She has a very happy way of turning dry instruction into pleasant gossip, without losing any of the points to be explained. A year's volume will close with the October number, when monthly parts will be bound up, and will form an elegant and most desirable Christmas present for the young folks. Just think, intelligent gift-giver, you can, for five dollars, present to some pretty little miss or some curly-headed boy of your acquaintance both *The Boys' and Girls' Own Magazine* and *The Musical Guest*, containing any amount of reading matter, and nearly seven hundred pages of new and beautiful music for five dollars! That would be something like a Christmas present!

At this time, when all those who can run or take out-of-door exercise, the little book called *The Game of Base-ball*, published by HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG, of 21 and 23 Anne street, will be particularly welcome, interesting and valuable. It contains the Rules and Regulations of the National Association of Base-ball Players, as adopted March 1858, and amended March 1859. This little book is an infallible guide to the game, and the rules and regulations therein laid down are not to be disputed.

A copy of these regulations and rules should be in the possession of every disciple of the pleasant game of base-ball throughout the country.

Country Life, a Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture and Landscape Gardening. By R. Morris Copeland. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT & Co. To all country residents this book will be invaluable, as it gives clear and ample information on all points relating to gardening and agriculture. The author has evidently studied his subject, and being, moreover, a practical man, his remarks will have more value. Illustrations are given where the obscurity of the subject treated on seems to require it, as well as some very picturesque views of remarkable scenery.

Hunter's Guide from Niagara to Quebec. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT & Co. This book contains much pleasing and useful information about Niagara, and in addition gives a short description of the towns on both sides of the river. It is embellished with many woodcuts, and also a chart of the river.

Messrs. JEWETT & Co. have also in the press the following works, which will shortly be published: *A Complete History of the Oberlin-Wellington Rescue*, and the cruel persecution of the noble men who chose to obey God rather than man. A most infamous chapter in American History, which succeeding generations will wish to have expunged. *Dr. David's New Work on Cattle, their Diseases and Treatment*; and a new and beautiful and the only complete American edition of *The Popular Writings of Grace Kennedy*.

PEEPS AT PARIS, THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

Now that the war is over, royal visitings will constitute the next pretext for excitement in Paris and Vienna. To this latter city, it is confidently reported, the French Emperor and Empress will shortly go. The Emperor of Austria is expected to arrive here some time in the beginning of September. The old Chateau de Fontainebleau will then shine resplendent in its new decorations, opening its arms as it were to receive the erstwhile enemy, now the closest and most beloved ally, of France. The September hunt, which promises to be the most splendid ever given, will then come off. To court diplomacy, however, it still remains an unsettled question whether or no the ladies of the imperial family of Hapsburg will consent to accompany their young relative. The personal hostility of the Archduchess Sophia to the imperial family is well known, and it is not at all probable that she will consent to be present. The question then is, "Has this noble dame influence enough with her imperial daughter-in-law to prevail upon her to stay at home?" It would be very awkward, I think, for the two amiable emperors if she should.

It is not a little amusing to a neutral party like myself, a mere "looker-on in Vienna," to observe the patronizing air which the French official papers have of late assumed towards England. They seem to pat John Bull on the back, to cheer the old fellow up and relieve him of his fears as to a French invasion. Though not stated in so many words the idea they wish to convey is, clearly enough, that it does not, as yet, enter into the intentions of Napoleon III. to

whip England, though he could do it easily enough if such were his imperial wish. Only the day before yesterday, the *Moniteur*, in a leading article said, "It is endeavored in England to attribute to France the causes of the English national burdens, but the English people are deceived, merely in order to further the national defences; the exaggeration of our armaments is to justify a considerable increase of the budget for the army and navy. A comparison of these budgets will show that these considerations have been erroneous." And the *Paris Patrie*, another official organ, in referring to this article in the *Moniteur*, says that "France has done everything to free England from the nightmare of invasion, in order to restore her to her calmness and repose." What, I ask, could be cooler than this last instance of Gallic assumption?

The people of Paris who can afford to be idle, and who have not gone to the spas, pass their days in the various swimming schools of the capital, or in sipping iced Bordeaux and indulging in slippers ease at home, and their nights in moonlight excursions on the water, along the wooded isles with which the Seine abounds. Very few are there who can calmly confront the misery of a three hours' cooping-up within the walls of a theatre. So the theatres are doing a very poor business, and the managers are praying, like the frogs in Virgil, for rain, to refresh the earth and render the atmosphere of their establishments a little more endurable.

And yet, why is it that a theatre is so universally tabooed in summer? For the simple reason that the heat prevents an enjoying of the performance. The heat alone, then, is the thing to be combated, and how easy would it be for the managers to bear off the victory if they were only endowed with a grain of common sense! If properly arranged, there is no reason why a theatre, in the torrid season, should not be as cool as any private house, and even cooler. Ventilators we have already; the punkas, or large fans suspended to the ceiling, which are found so serviceable in India, and which were introduced in your city two or three years ago, are yet unknown in Paris; these, with the marble basin fountains, surrounded by flowers and shrubs to refresh the air of the lobbies, have yet to be suggested to the French manager. These means of refrigeration are already familiar to the theatre-going public in America, but M. Thophile Gautier, in a recent dramatic feuilleton in the *Moniteur*, proposes an extension of this idea, which is not only new but possible, and may suit your latitudes as well as it does those for which it was specially written.

M. Gautier, after touching upon the points I have above particularized, suggests one or two very necessary improvements in the interior arrangement of the theatre. First, he would have the panels into which the walls in the upper part of the building are divided replaced by an iron trellice work, through which the stars and the blue sky might be seen; creeping plants, either artificial or real, would add to the elegance of this arrangement. The roof of the theatre he would have taken off completely, and a half cupola, or velarium like that formerly stretched over the ancient arena, substituted therefor. In case of the adoption of the latter, the ornamental awning might be sprinkled with scented water, in order to counteract the unpleasant exhalations of the gas. Summer benches, covered with morocco, or settees, would be installed in place of the velvet-cushioned seats so uncomfortable in hot weather.

In the cutting through of new streets, now so prevalent here, many of the theatres will have to come down; when they are rebuilt elsewhere, it would be a very easy matter to have them so constructed as to admit of these simple yet indispensable provisions for "the heated term." Summer, says M. Gautier, is not an abnormal fact; it occurs about every year, and the thermometer always persists in asserting its presence by sending the mercury a greater or less number of degrees up its capillary tube.

Managed upon the Gautier plan, the theatres would not run the risk of losing in summer the profits of their winter season. The falling off in their audiences would scarcely be perceptible. People would say: "It's very hot to-night, let's go and get a little fresh air at the Gaieté or the Porte-St-Martin."

It really does seem strange that in this age of civilization and progress, when almost everything is being made perfect, the theatre should still remain in such a barbarous state. And yet it is so, and every new theatre is built on the model of an old one, the architect taking good care the while not to make any improvements or corrections. For the last two hundred years theatres have been built with narrow entrances, invariably choked up in case of fire or accident by a mass of human beings in danger of their lives, with seats so arranged that one-half of the audience cannot see the stage, and that the whole of it may be tortured in body by their stiff uprightness; so badly ventilated that any one who sits out the performance is almost sure to feel the effects of the impure air he has inhaled for twenty-four hours afterwards; and, finally, so stupidly planned in regard to auricular convenience that in many parts of the house it is impossible to hear a word of the play. It has been repeatedly proved that a certain quantity of oxygen is necessary to insure a clear state of mind, that without it the brain becomes listless and heavy, muddled as it were, and yet it is this very antagonist of impure air which the managers themselves pit against the success of every work of intelligence they produce.

De Stendhal, a very fine connoisseur, and always enthusiastic in his dilettanteism, goes even further than this, and argues that to receive a musical sensation in all its purity, you should be separated from your nearest neighbor by a space of at least two or three feet. Without this you are within range of his sympathetic or apathetic radiation, you are insensibly influenced thereby, and your neighbor may be a fool or a dullard, incapable of appreciating either Mozart or Rossini. If he is a fool, he will give out a miasma of stupidity, which will spoil your pleasure; and if he is a clever person he will draw you into his sphere of attraction, and, perhaps, falsify your judgment. In either case your judgment or your pleasure will lose all savor of individuality. To some people this may seem rather farfetched; but how else can you explain the secret ennui which

you are often visited with in public by dramatic and musical masterpieces, which transport you with delight when read at home in the solitude of your chamber, or played for you by a friend on the piano?

The want of breathable air, physical discomfort, the influence of too near a neighbor, and also, perhaps, the dazzling and hurtful gas-light, which detracts the eye from the stage, are obstacles to the mental enjoyment of a performance which, we fear, will be long in disappearing. Managers would rather bemoan their empty benches at the slightest elevation of temperature, than seek the true means of bringing back their patrons.

One good thing that the emperor did for Parisian debtors before setting out for the war was to suppress, by a stroke of his pen, two of the city's bailiffs. This is a bit of unexpected good fortune for the gentlemen here who have "little bills" out against them. But yesterday, as it were, the bailiffs in Paris were to the number of nine (an extremely small proportion for such a place, you will say), neither more nor less than the Muses; to-day they are not more numerous than the wonders of the world.

It cannot be advanced that these seven sages appointed to arrest the unwise of our day have an easy time of it. Far from it. The debtor is a notoriously troublesome customer, a very Ulysses of "dodges." He can change his voice, his figure, face, costume, age and condition if it be required to throw the sleuth-hound of a bailiff off the scent. A literary man, of whom I have heard, was especially clever at this sort of thing. For two years the bailiffs returned their writs against him with *non est inventus* indorsed thereon. These myrmidons of his creditors were continually at fault—"flabbergasted" entirely, to use an expressive though not euphonious term.

Paris was searched from end to end—in vain! Every bait was thrown to his passions and his appetites, but he was not *bete* enough to allow himself to be caught by them. Feminine rendezvous were put in his way; offers of services and money made to him by letter; but all without success. Our man of the quill kept clear of all these traps set for him, and remained as invisible as if he had the ring of Gyges in his possession.

When he had satisfied his creditors, and was no longer in danger of undergoing the *peine forte et dure* of confinement in the debtor's prison, the secret of his uncatchableness was discovered. His plan was simple enough. He himself figured, under a fictitious name, in the band of sharp-nosed gentry forming his creditor's staff of persecution—assumed the garb of a sheriff's officer, in fact, and pretended to be on the look-out for himself for nearly two years! In this trick he was of course assisted by the capability of his face for disguise—a peculiarity which all men do not possess alike. The human physiognomy is something so variable, that to seize all its expressions is a task perfectly impossible. Buy twenty portraits of a celebrated personage and you will not find two alike, unless the person in question is endowed with some enormity of visage, which the flattering pencil of the artist could not consistently suppress.

The ever active Emile de Girardin will probably be drawn into the circles of journalism again. The new paper which is to be started here, *L'Opinion Publique*, will be held up with his money, and I may almost certainly add, with his pen.

The repairs being made upon Notre Dame are now almost complete. The central spire of the cathedral may be seen through the scaffoldings which still surround it, its cross rising three hundred feet above the pavement of the church. The frame work of the spire rises one hundred and fifty feet above the ridge tree of the building, and rests entirely upon the four pillars of the transept. Made of a superior kind of oakwood and most carefully put together, this spire is destined to last as long as the one which preceded it, the latter having been built in the commencement of the thirteenth century and not demolished until the end of the eighteenth century (in 1797). The aspect of the Cité, already so picturesque, is rendered much more impressive now that one sees this vast pyramid of wood rising, as it were, out of its very midst.

And, now that we are talking of Notre Dame, there is a funny story told here of the man who introduced it to the world in one of his glorious romances—Victor Hugo.

At Plombières, as at most watering places, is a visitor's book, in which travellers of distinction and travellers who wish to be distinguished sign their names.

The signature of Victor Hugo holds a place in this miscellaneous jumble of names, some of which are illustrious, and others completely unknown.

"Are you aware," said a tourist to the hotel-keeper, "that you have the honor of possessing an autograph of Victor Hugo, the immortal author of 'Notre Dame de Paris'?"

"The architect of the cathedral of Paris?" queried the not over-wise landlord in return. "Good gracious; I thought he was dead long ago." (!)

As I sit here in my modest—no luxurious apartment, for why should not a correspondent indulge himself on paper in *or motu* furniture and Turkey carpets?—*au troisième* in a house in the Rue Blanche, I experience a sense of superiority, in point of bodily comfort, to my sweltering fellow-beings. To understand this I must tell you that the windows on the east side of my room look into the court or unbuild-upon quadrangle, forming the centre of almost every French mansion or hotel, and that those to the west open upon the street, with the sun's rays judiciously excluded by the shades, and the casements flung wide open, I imagine that a current of air must pass through the room, and in the imagining I find comfort for my heated affliction. In the application of coolers, too, I flatter myself I am a little ahead of my neighbors; they take their ice in their Bordeaux, I put mine in my cravat! Let me explain for the benefit of your August readers.

Through the neck, you of course know, pass all the blood vessels communicating to the head and brain. By encircling the neck then with some cooling substance, the head is protected from that oppressive drowsiness which is the characteristic of summer. Said

cooling substance I thus apply: Two pieces of linen, each two inches in width and long enough to reach around the neck, I have had sewed together, leaving an opening at one end. I stuff this elongated sack full of little lumps of ice, and apply it to the fleshy isthmus connecting the head with the shoulders. A strip of flannel outside this absorbs the moisture from the ice, and my refrigerating neckcloth works to a charm! Can't you suggest "iced cravats" to some of your editorial brethren as a luxury of summer wear?

Picking up cigar stumps has grown to be quite a custom here of late, and the street beggars are not the only ones who indulge it. The other day, at a café where I was sitting taking my *demi-lasse*, the proprietor actually had the audacity to go about the room and pick up the cigar ends which the smokers had thrown on the floor. The question to the inquiring mind then is, What does he do with them? Does he finish smoking them himself? Does he sell them by the pound as so much old tobacco to be used up again by the tobaccoists, or does he splice them together and sell them a second time to his customers? Which of these three possible courses he pursues I am unable to state, but until I am satisfied on this point, I shall buy no more cigars at that place, you may depend.

Rather a good story, showing the *modus operandi* of humbugging a landlord, is told of a jolly young student here. He had hired an apartment in the second story of a house in the Rue Bleue, with windows opening on the court in the centre. By a special clause in the contract, the lodger bound himself to keep neither a dog nor a cat in his room.

After living in the place for some time, the student took a fancy to change his locality; but, as he had a lease of the apartments for five years, the thing was not easy of accomplishment.

At this juncture a happy idea came to his aid. He bought quite a young calf, and followed the butcher's boy home with it. The porter at first made some objections to the entrance of the animal into the house, but did not dare to insist thereon, not knowing to what use it was to be put. He had not long to wait, however. A few hours after its installation in its new domicile the calf got hungry, and began to bellow most agonizingly.

You may be sure that the young man had taken the precaution to open all his windows, and soon the hideous noise of the beast roused the whole neighborhood.

The keener the appetite of the calf became the louder he bellowed, so that his organ soon made itself heard for full a mile around. Still, not diminishing in intensity, the symphony which the animal begun to execute in his own language became so discordant, that the exasperated lodgers went in a body to complain to the landlord, and to pray that the nuisance might be removed.

But the landlord had no authority over his ingenious lodger; the latter had acted up to the very letter of their contract, if not to its spirit; he had a calf in his room, to be sure, but the wildest imagination could not make this noisy quadruped out to be either a cat or a dog. The landlord had omitted to mention calves in the contract, and now he had to pay the penalty of that omission.

The student was immediately released from the terms of his agreement, and that was all the student wanted.

HAMLET'S TOMB.—A recent traveller in Denmark gives the following sketch of his visit to the tomb of a great dramatic notoriety: "A trip from Copenhagen to Elsinore took us through two of those royal residences that are about to pass into other hands, viz., Friedensborg, about twenty-two miles from Copenhagen, and Marienlust, at Elsinore. Marienlust is a desolate place in April, but most beautiful when its trees, garden and statues are decked in summer's garb. Situated on a declivity sloping to the sea, the little chateau looks out upon the clear waters of the Sound, glistening with sharp reflections in the sunlight, and bounded on the horizon by the pleasant hills of the Swedish coast. On one side the stronghold of Kronenberg, which defends the passage of the Sound, rears its Elizabethan towers, whilst in the distance behind glistens the white house of Helmsborg in Sweden, crowned by an ancient tower frowning in dark tones on the surrounding country. The innumerable shipping that stud the waters increase the charm of a landscape unsurpassed in the beauty of its hues, the variety of its component parts, and the brilliancy of its colors. Turning for an instant from this brilliant picture, a different one presents itself. In a shady nook, away from the sea, the eye rests on a pleasant grove of trees. There, in a sequestered spot, near a brawling limpid stream, stands the tomb of Hamlet. It is a little mound of earth, on the top of which stands a small obelisk. The obelisk, formed of stones neatly superposed, resembles the section of a cone. No inscription breaks the mystery of the place, and the mind wanders undisturbed in Shakespearean dreams, and such reveries as moss and lichen can create. The ghost of the Prince of Denmark has never frightened the peaceful inhabitants of Marienlust, and to this may be ascribed the unbelief of Elsinore gossips, that Hamlet ever lived in aught but the imagination of our best-known dramatist."

A COSSACK FATHER.

A SIBERIAN Cossack, fifty years of age, who had already killed thirty-nine bears, went out to kill the fortieth, accompanied by his son, a young man of twenty, and armed with his rifle instead of a knife. He had taken these precautions because the fortieth bear is generally supposed to be fatal to the sportsman, and avenges his nine-and-thirty brethren. The reason for this is very simple, the huntsman believing the myth misses his bear, but the bear does not miss him. Well, then, the Cossack set out with his son, but instead of finding a bear, they came across a magnificent leopard. The young man, who had never before seen so formidable an animal, was terrified, and when the leopard attacked his father, instead of assisting him, he ran away. The Cossack, with the coolness of an old hunter, waited till the animal was twenty paces from him, and fired. The animal made a gigantic leap and fell dead.

The Cossack turned to his son to see it, on the sound of firing, he would not come back; but the young man did not even turn his head: he continued to fly.

Then the Cossack reloaded his gun, put his knife between his teeth, and went up to the animal. He took off the skin, and went home very thoughtful. His meditations were grave: he was asking himself what punishment the coward deserved who quitted his friend in the moment of danger. And he added:

"The son who abandons a father is more than a coward: he is a traitor."

When he reached home he had quite decided. He went to his son, who had shut himself up in his room, and ordered him to open the door.

The young man obeyed, and fell at his father's feet.

But the father, without giving any reason, ordered him to take a pick and follow him; he also took one himself.

He led his son about a quarter of a verst from the house, and then traced on the ground a space six feet long by three wide; then he began breaking up the ground, making a sign to his son to do the same.

The young man, who had no idea what he was doing, set to work. At the end of two hours they had dug a hole in which a man could lie down.

"That is well," said the father, rising; "now say thy prayer."

The young man began to understand. Yet there was such decision in the accent with which the words were pronounced that he attempted no resistance.

He fell on his knees and prayed.

The father granted him time to say his prayer; then he measured the distance from which he had fired on the leopard, aimed at his son, and lodged a ball in his head, just at the spot where he had struck the animal.

The young man fell stone dead. The father laid him in the grave, covered him with earth, then, dressing himself in his Sunday clothes, went and told the judge all that had occurred. He was sent to prison, and ordered to await the judgment of the governor-general. He obeyed with perfect calmness. The governor ordered the following sentence:

"For three days and nights the father will hold on his knees his son's head, separated from the body. If he dies, or goes mad, it will be the judgment of Heaven. If he survives it, he will have judged, not according to the wrath of man, but the conscience of a father."

The judgment was made known to the old Cossack, who performed the task with perfect tranquillity, and was immediately set at liberty. He reached the age of eighty, killed his fortieth bear without any misadventure, and after that a great number of others. He died in 1851, without evincing the slightest remorse.

SUVAROV AND THE CZAR.

WHEN SUVAROV returned to Petersburg, after his reverses in Switzerland the capricious emperor merely sent Count Kutaissov to compliment him. Suvarov, already annoyed by his defeat,

was still more so by this reception; however, he received the envoy graciously, merely affecting not to recognise him.

And when Kutaissov appeared surprised at this want of memory:

"Excuse, sir," he said to him, "a poor old man whose faculties are beginning to fail him. Count Kutaissov—Count Kutais—let me see—no, I cannot remember the origin of your illustrious family—I presume you gained your title of count for some splendid victory?"

"I never was a soldier," the ex-barber replied.

"Ah! I understand—you made your reputation as a diplomatist?"

"Not so, prince."

"Well then, minister?"

"No."

"What important post did you then hold?"

"I had the honor to be valet to his majesty."

"Ah, that is very honorable, sir count." Then, ringing for his own servant, he said to him, on his entering the room: "Troschka, my friend, you will do me the justice to say that I tell you every day not to drink or rob me!"

"It is true, monseigneur."

"You would not listen to me; now look at this gentleman." And he pointed to Kutaissov.

"He was a valet like you; but he never got drunk or stole. Well, at the present day he is Huntsman-General to his Majesty, Knight of all the orders of Russia, and Count of the Empire. Try and follow his example, my friend."

You must allow, my dear readers, that if Suvarov had not earned a statue by his victories he did so by this *mot*.

MRS. ELIZABETH MURRAY, in her new work, says: "The fleas of Laguna are said to be so famous for their size, strength and activity, that they are regarded with universal interest, and incidents relating to them are introduced even into the love songs of the country, accompanied, in lieu of castanets, with expressive snappings of the fingers. Such a verse as this, for instance, gives a zest to the monotony of love making:

"Last night I passed your window,
And I saw you catching fleas;
Surely you might have said to me—
'Come and catch some—if you please.'"

A "HISTORY OF PROGRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN" just published, gives some curious statistics. The early inhabitants of the isles made but two meals a day; a slight breakfast in the forenoon, and a supper which atoned for their matutinal abstinence. Wood, earthenware or osier supplied the dishes, and horns or shells the drinking vessels at the primitive repasts of wood-stained or skin-clad diners. Agriculture has flourished and faded, much in the same way from Queen Boadicea to Queen Victoria. In one respect the middle ages people showed themselves more dainty than their descendants. In 1306 the king was petitioned to stop the smoke by prohibiting the burning of coal. Burning sea coal was at one time a capital offence, and in the reign of Edward I. a man was executed for it.

YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR INTIMACIES.—I am not fond, says Madame de Genlis, of the close intimacies often formed between very young women. Believe me, it is not a friend they seek, neither is it a guide or adviser, for they may find these in a mother or sister, but a kind and complying confidante. They begin by disclosing to each other all the little secrets of their past lives, till by degrees their imaginations are heated, and to prove that they have the strictest confidence in each other they betray their inmost thoughts, particularly on their love affairs, on which their communications are generally exaggerated, and give false ideas of the conquests they have made. In these little anecdotes their vanity frequently alters the facts or conceals the truth; they acquire a taste for intrigue and a habit of telling lies, in order to convince their friend (for whom they no longer care than while she will listen to their tale) of their lively and passionate esteem. From what I have observed, I think it right to guard young people against forming such attachments, of which they are generally too fond.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

CONSIDERABLE has been said about the method of erecting houses and farm buildings from stone artificially prepared, and a recent article in the *Homestead* has called our attention to it at this time. We do not see why this plan is not more generally adopted, as it possesses many advantages over the common way of building. Mr. Francis Gillette, the author of the article above alluded to, and who has given it a thorough trial, says :

"It is permanent and firm ; in winter warm and in summer cool. In the dampest weather of the season no moisture has ever been found upon the inner surface. It is also very cheap, and can be built in most locations for about one-third the price of brick."

These advantages should secure for this method an extensive trial. In a former volume of the *Country Gentleman* were several articles upon this subject ; and we now condense the method of constructing artificial stone for building purposes, in the hope of calling more attention to the importance, value and comparative cheapness of the mode.

The ingredients are ten bushels of lime, twenty of sand and seventy of small stones, with any quantity of water. So any one can judge of its economy when only one-tenth costs but a mere trifle, and the remainder comparatively nothing. To form the stones, have twenty or thirty boxes made of rough board, with no top or bottom, of the size which you wish your bricks to be—larger for the bottom and smaller in dimensions for the upper story. In the morning make up sufficient material to fill the boxes, smoothing off the tops and letting them remain. On the next morning lift off the boxes, allowing the blocks to remain for the purpose of becoming hard, and setting the boxes in a new place, fill them up again. This should be done in an open shed, or under a temporary protection. In this way a sufficient number of blocks can soon be formed ; and when the dimensions of your house are calculated upon it will be easy to find your required number of blocks. There is no difficulty in laying the wall ; and if a nice outside is wanted, cement and cover the wall and lay it off by lines.

COCK-FIGHTING IN MANILLA.—The first thing which struck me after my arrival was the crowing of an immense number of cocks ; for here cock-fighting is carried to a passion unknown elsewhere. Every Manilla Indian has a gamecock upon his shoulder, or tucked under his arm, or occasionally perched on his head ; and when two men meet, they speak a few words, squat down, and allow their respective birds, who have meanwhile been bristling up with warlike ardor, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seem to refresh them amazingly, and without further comment each goes on his way, and each cock resumes a peaceful attitude. Yet it is unlawful to allow the cocks to come to a regular pitched battle, excepting at the proper certified cockpits ; the same with gambling, out of the licensed houses, and half the so convicts that are seen working on the roads in chains are doing for the grave offence of fighting their cocks, or playing " monte " in unlicensed places, by the roadside, or anywhere but at a government establishment. These establishments are numerous. Every village has at least one, and in Manilla there are several. The principal saints' days and Sunday afternoons are the favorite cock-fighting times. You may hear the crowing of the warrior birds for a long distance off ; about the doors you find a concourse of men, mostly Indians, dressed in their gay parti-colored cottons, with a handkerchief, oftenest of a bright red, twisted turban-fashion round the head ; and resting on one arm, with a string to his leg, is Master Gallo, looking as " mild as milk punch," excepting when the too near approach of another causes him to ruffle up. Inside you pass through between two lines of cocks, with their tethers pegged into the ground, stretching their necks out, and apparently abusing each other to their hearts' content ; while the owners stand about making up bets and matches ; and occasionally, as if to see their relative mettle, hold the birds close enough together to make them exceedingly angry with each other, or to get an oc-

casional peck. The cocks are " spurred " with bright pieces of steel, of about three inches long, and as sharp as the best razor ; indeed, they are generally made out of old razors ; and frequently both the combatants lie dead at the same moment.

SCENE IN JERUSALEM.—There is a lively movement among the stalls, especially in the morning, and the unwary passenger is often in danger of being pushed or knocked down. Men mounted on horses or donkeys are riding through the bazaar. Loaded asses, sheep and goats, are forcing their way through the crowd ; dogs, the inevitable concomitants of Turkish towns, are sleeping in the bazaar, and start up with a howl when they are trodden on. The camel, renowned in eastern story, or a train of camels loaded with wood or other articles, pass between the buyers and sellers. Equally striking and picturesque are the groups of men in their strange costumes : the Mahometan walks with dignity in his flowing robes ; the Bedouin, in his white and brown striped cloak, glances as if he were in search of plunder ; the Polish Jew, dressed in a black silk caftan, hurries after him. The soberly-clad Prussian deaconesses pass with downcast eyes ; a closely veiled Mahometan female, lazy and shapeless, shuffles past in yellow slippers, attended by a black or brown female slave, carrying her child or a basket of fruit. A Franciscan, with a broad-flapped hat and a cord round his body, is gazing at an unveiled female—she is a Jewess. A Greek priest, with a beautiful beard and long flowing locks, is walking as cheerfully by the side of a dervish, with a round yellow cap, as if they were both of the same faith. A Mussulman, with a green turban, the proof of his descent from the Prophet, is looking at both. These men, with black flowing robes, lofty figures and noble features, wearing highpeaked caps, are from Persia. A man in a state of nudity—a revolting sight to the eye of a European, but which here gives no offence to either sex—advances ; he is a so-called saint, who, with all his poverty, will take his place at the table of any family, even at that of the pacha, without any one daring to say him nay. Beside him may be seen the richly-dressed scheik, the elegant effendi, the inhabitants of Lebanon armed to the teeth, and groups of Turkish soldiers. All the languages of the earth—but who would venture to describe that Babel of singing, gurgling, snuffling, shrieking and shouting. In truth the ear is even more astounded than the eye. The effect is much the same as if one suddenly found himself a spectator of one of the scenes described in the " Arabian Nights ; " but the illusion is soon dispelled by the advance of some European gentleman in a frock-coat and a round hat, or of a lady in a dress similar to those which are to be seen daily on the *Graben* of Vienna or the Boulevards of Paris. The costume of our saloons never appeared to me so utterly devoid of taste as in the streets, the cities and the valleys of the East.

PREJUDICE.—All men are apt to have a high conceit of their own understanding, and to be tenacious of the opinions they profess ; and yet almost all men are guided by the understandings of others, not by their own ; and may be said more truly to adopt, than to beget, their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all, that universal pedagogue system, fill the mind with notions which it has no share in framing ; which it receives as passively as it receives the impression of outward objects ; and which, left to itself, it would never have framed, perhaps, or would have examined afterwards. Thus prejudices are established by education, and habits by custom. We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves ; and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised or exercised in such trammels as constrain its motions and direct its pace, till that which is artificial becomes in some sort natural, and the mind can go to no other. It may sound oddly, but it is true in many cases, to say, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is, indeed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error. They who are in the last must unlearn, before they can learn to any good purpose ; and the first part of this double task is not, in many respects, the least difficult ; for which reason it is seldom undertaken.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

It is not a little singular that in this so-called home of democracy, this land of equality, as we are pleased to term it, we should after all attach so much importance to birth and aristocratic connection. And yet, such a feeling does exist and pervades society in all parts of the Union. The Eastern man plumes himself upon his Puritan ancestry, "people who came over in the Mayflower, sir," as he complacently informs you; the New-Yorker is never so proud as when he can say with truth that he is a descendant from the good old Dutch stock of early settlers, coming down in a straight line from Peter Stuyvesant and Wouter Von Twiller; and the Southerner—but who ever heard of a Southerner, and especially a Virginian, who did not boastingly place Pocahontas or John Randolph among his ancestors? As if it followed that because Smythe's ancestors were good and loyal and wise, that Smythe himself should be good and loyal and wise also, from that mere fact alone, and not from any active qualities possessed by him, Smythe. We don't ask now a-days, messieurs, what your great-great-grandfather was, but what you are, of yourself, individually. And as for your assumption of superiority over those who cannot boast so long a lineage, perchance, as your own, has not Mr. Robert Burns written that

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for a' that?

But to put a practical point to the theory of our homily, let us tell the story of one of these would-be aristocrats, and the manner of his discomfiture:

An Illinois Sucker took a great dislike to a foolish young Virginian who was a fellow-passenger with him on one of the Mississippi steamboats. The Virginian was continually combing his hair, brushing his clothes, or dusting his boots—to all of which movements the Sucker took exceptions, as being what he termed "a leetle too darned nice, by half." He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian and began.

"Whar might you be from, stranger?"

"I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the gent.

"From old Virginny, I s'pose?" says the Sucker.

"Yes sir, old Virginia," was the reply.

"You are pootty high up in the pictures thar, suppose?"

"I don't know what you mean by that remark, sir."

"Oh, nuthin," says the Sucker, "but that you are desp'rate rich, and have been brought up right nice."

"If the information will gratify you in any way," says the gent patronizingly, smoothing down his hair, "I belong to one of the first families."

"Oh, in course," answered the Sucker. "Well, stranger, bein' as you belong to the furst I'll just give you two of the fattest shoats in all Illinois if you'll only find me a feller that belongs to one of the second Virginny families."

"You want to quarrel with me, sir," says the Virginian.

"No stranger, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but I never seed one of the second family, and I'd gin sunthin to get a sight at one of 'em. I know you are one of the furst, cause you look just like John Randolph."

This mollified the Virginian—the hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he accordingly acknowledged relationship to the orator.

"He, you know, descended from the Ingin gal, Pocahontas."

"You are right, sir," answered the other.

"Well, stranger," said the Sucker, "do you know thar is another queer thing allays puzzles me, and it's this—I never seed a Virginyn that didn't claim to be either descended from a Ingin, John Randolph, or a nigger?"

We need not add that the Sucker rolled off his chair, suddenly! They were separated until the Sucker got off at a landing near his home. As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian on the upper deck, and hailed him at once with:

"I say, old Virginny, remember—two fat shoats for the first feller you find belonging to the second Virginny family."

An odd character, one "Mr. Carboy," has been cramming himself with all manner of nautical romance of late, and finds that some seventeen of them have all the same plot:

This novel opens with a view of islands in the Carribean Sea—piratical schooner heaves in sight of merchantman, and merchantman heaves ahead—man overboard. There is a board over the stovepipe—clear the deck—belay there now—pipe all hands to quarters—low-comedy sailor turns three flapjacks, and uncorks the main marlinpike of the jib-boom, and hauls taut on his weather eye. Captain of piratical schooner tells favorite cabin-boy, who, is a young girl in disguise, his name and her origin; origin phlebotomises his pocket, and hands her a deed of land, niggers and gold galore, then rushes on deck. "Up with the black flag"—then ho! for the Spanish Main. And all hands begin ho-ing. The piratical craft gains upon the merchantman.

"Now, then, clew up your top-gallant gaff—let go the main truck—belay the portroyal halyards"—nor-nor-west by sou'-sou' by sou'-east, on the lee-bow, small speck seen—storm is coming—so is the pirate. Captain of merchantman gets a cat's paw of wind—great 'eavings! the poop-deck 'owitzter is spiked! Puff of smoke—pirates' first gun—crash—bulwarks are smashed works—bang—masts falling, pirates and cutlasses—roar, and smell of gunpowder—scream of Donna Isabella de Canguerrou, who has been concealed in a small box on piratical schooner. The pirates board the merchantman—carnage—blood rushing in gallons down the scuppers—pirate captain with twenty horse-pistols in his belt, two bowie-knives between his teeth, and four cutlasses in each hand mounts the capstan. Captain of merchantman falls mortally frightened. Second mate slips up, and comes down in a pool of gore. Set-to between passenger of merchantman and pirate captain—both sides draw off to look at the fight. "I am Captain Kidd! ha, ha, ha!" "And I am your ha, ha, ha!" "Brother, didst thou say? Scuttle my tarry top-lights! if the passenger be murdered, he is an executed man. What ho! Donna Isabella Canguerrou, come forth! Behold your long lost Smith!"

Ever be happy, bright as thou art
Pride of the pirate's heart.


Pirate captain is seen to go to the ship's bow, bow his head and weep; a little innocent child dabbles in the gore and plays marbles with the pirate captain's big tears. Long lost Smith implores the pirate captain to settle down in life and become a respectable green grocer. No, no, my doom is sealed. Farewell—be happy, Smith. One long, long kiss of love, Donna Canguerrou. Throws the dead overboard—man the gig—let loose the davits—haul in the slack of the cook's galley—now then, down on her, boys.

Pirate captain sails away. Storm comes up—all hands are lost except Smith and the lovely Donna. They make a raft of two chips and steer their bark to Erin's Isle; one of the chips sinks and the other is water-logged. Oh, horror! sharks on the lee bow of chip—Donna Canguerrou clasp her hands in despair—Smith makes a signal of distress by falling overboard—sharks respect his misery—a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew in sight. We are saved! we are saved! Hail Columbia! The phantom of the pirate captain rises from the waves and waives aloft the skull and cross bones.

My name was Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
And I burn-ed my bi-buel as I sailed,
As I sail-led."

General joy on board of Yankee ship—extra grog—Smith and his Donna are spliced—get to New York—open ice cream saloon on the Bowery—live to a green old age—their oldest son becomes a midshipman, then an actor, then a clergyman, and then President of this gallorious Union. Need we say more, gentle reader? Finale:

From New York harbor we set sail,
We set sail, we set sail,
For to roam over the bounding sea,
Sea, sea, sea—over the sea, &c.

COZZENS tells a good story of a friend of his whom he calls "The Panjandrum." When Panjandrum smiled, his mouth resembled a printer's brace, like this . And when he told a story the centre point of the brace came down upon his under lip like an admiration point. The party, of whom Cozzens and the Panjandrum formed a jovial couple, were steamboating on Saguenay Bay. Suddenly the Panjandrum speaks:

"Why," said he, "is this steamer like a dead Irishman?"

No answer from the crowd.

"Because it is followed by a wake."

Not a solitary smile from a crowd, but one feeble person said, faintly:

"Good!"

"And why should a man never go up in a balloon with his wife?"

"Because they might fall out."

"Good!"

"And now," said he, without moving a muscle, "that article in *Harper* is a regular do." Upon which all the passengers clapped hands.

"There is not a cliff upon this river over six hundred feet high." (Renewed applause.) "And as for seals feasting on the salmon, there are no salmon here."

"But plenty of seals," said the feeble passenger.

"Yea."

Just then a small English person, with the regular whisker of Albion, broke out in conversation with one of the Canadian *Habitans*:

"*Moesheu, esq'vous avez ici; en cel riviere ici, kelk chose de bon poisson pour aw bon pour, dem it! avez vous ici, any fish, poisson, pour, um, aw, to catch prise, what do you call it? aw, now, is there any fishing in this river?*"

Habitan—"Not a beet."

"Now, then, Panjandrum, tell us a story."

"I will," and the Panjandrum looks over his shoulder at the English person. "When I was at old Harvard, a classmate of mine was a tremendous fellow in Greek and Latin. He had the distinguished position among his fellow students of being the worst linguist in Cambridge. On a day he said to me confidentially, '—he said to me confidentially. I want you to understand that I don't care anything for the dead languages, but I do want to learn

modern languages, and especially French, so that I can speak it fluently."

"He intended to say fluently!" said the feeble passenger.

"I think he did," replied the Panjandrum.

The ingenuity which many of the darky race exhibit in their conversations is sometimes "hard to beat," and the following scientific discussion between two of that ilk may serve as a nut for geographers in embryo:

A most animated dispute occurred on Broad street a few days ago between Cato Brown and Jim Totton, two factory hands employed in one of the tobacco factories, well known for their extensive information on all scientific subjects. The question under discussion was the shape of the earth. Cato contended that it was flat and stood on a big rock, a theory which, when advanced, drew forth the following dialogue:

Jim—"You argers dat de world is flat and stands on big rock—now I want you to tole me what dat rock stands on?"

Cato—"Nigger, I see s'prised at your ignorance! why it stands on annurer big rock."

Jim—(Confident that he had his opponent cornered)—"But what does bofe of dem rocks stand on?"

Cato—(After a moment's hesitation)—"Why, dar is rocks all de way down."

Jim—(With a pompos air)—"My colored friend, I see sorry to see sich 'splays of renitigated obscurity in a gemman of your exalted pertentions; allow me who has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de very deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat dis earf is round and devolves on axles."

Cato—"I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat promps you to distend to dis nigger de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin', and with all reference to s'perior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you on the freery dat you advances. Kase if de world was round and turned on axles, wouldn't de axle-trees broke down and spill all de people in de street? Answer me dat?"

It is unnecessary to add that Jim was utterly confounded by this overwhelming argument, and forced to "knock under" to the superior intellectual attainments of his opponent.

Two fish stories we now venture to put side by side. The first is sent to the *San Antonio Herald* as authentic. As to the matter of its verity, our readers shall judge:

A few evenings since a lad set a line out in the creek to catch a catfish; next morning he visited his line, when wonderful to relate there was an eel and two large catfish on it, one weighed twenty-five pounds and the other twenty-three pounds. This fish problem was thus solved: It seems the eel was first hung on the hook, then catfish No. 1 coming along swallowed the eel who wouldn't stay swallowed and slipped through Mr. Cat's gills, stringing him on the line; then catfish No. 2 came along and likewise swallowed the eel, who again escaped Jonahism by slipping through his gill—doing honor to the slippery reputation of his race.

The second is this and an anecdote well worth laughing over. It treats of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish:

He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunity to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid up promptly and honestly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant.

And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter codfish."

If you are of a potatile turn and want to know the difference between French and American brandy, read this and be enlightened:

A gentleman of our acquaintance wished to purchase some good brandy to be used in sickness, and called on an old German liquor dealer in Philadelphia, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you any imported brandy—genuine stuff?"

"Very goot prandy. Come and trink some claret punch; dat ish goot, too, ven de vedder ish hot."

"No, I thank you, I want a little brandy for a sick man."

"Come and try de punch. One vriend from Germany peen here. I see him not pefore, for many years. We peen trinking de punch."

"Come and tell me about the brandy. I want a little of the best in the market."

The old gentleman was a little mellow, just enough to make him talkative; and the visit of his friend had so warmed his sympathies as to make him communicative.

"Now, my vriend, you wants goot prandy, and I sells you goot

prandy. Dare ish some prandy I makes myself, and dat ish goot. Dare ish some I pought in New York, and dat is sheap prandy. Dare ish some dat I imported from Vrance, and dat ish verra goot, too."

"Did you say you made that lot yourself?"

"Dat I makes myself, and I warrants dat. It is made of de verra best whiskey."

"Whiskey! I don't want any of your infernal concoctions made of whiskey and called brandy."

(Old gentleman, solemnly.) "It is all made of whiskey, my vriend, and dat ish de reason why de Vrench prandy is not so goot as goot American prandy. No prandy ish now distilled from wine any more; it is not possible to make it sheap enough for dis market from wine, and de American people do not like de real prandy because dey are not used to it."

"Did you say that French brandy is not so good as our own manufacture? We import some brandy from France, do we not?"

"Oh, import blenty of prandy to blease de rich peyples, but it ish not goot. In France de prandy ish made of potato whiskey and dat is not so goot as de corn whiskey what we makes into prandy here!"

The following anecdote of Curran may not be new to our readers, but it is very good notwithstanding:

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the payment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Boniface, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord privately, and tell him you must have left the money with some one else. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred pounds, in the presence of your friend, and then come to me."

We must imagine, and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see how I am to be any better for this, if I get my second hundred again. But what is to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said Curran.

"Ay, sir, but asking for it won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness at any rate," said the countryman.

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you, and then return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe in his possession.

"I don't see I am much better off."

"Well," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, ask for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

The inexhaustible "Barney" is responsible for this story, in which a certain paterfamilias had the wool pulled over his eyes to an alarming extent:

My friend Bill made a trip to the region of Pike county, to make a foray on the brook trout, for which that county is so justly celebrated. But before Bill started, it was arranged that his august parent on the male side should join him in August, and escort him back to the city. The old cock was a fearfully and wonderfully proud man, descended from the loftiest of the F. F. Vs., and inflexible in his determination that his only son should marry one of the Misses F. T. D.—s (fifty thousand dollars), or go down to his grave without a domestic shadow to inherit his name. The last thing the old gent said to Bill, before the latter departed for Pike, was: "Now, don't you be cutting up any capers with the country girls!" To which Bill replied with a gesture that signified: "If I do—damme!" and immediately went aboard the Erie train.

Alas for the weakness of unmarried humanity! Bill had hardly gone ten miles beyond Fort Jervis, when he became acquainted with a poverty-stricken young girl of great personal beauty and physical development, whose black eyes and sable curls put him beside himself, and afterwards beside her.

He capitulated at once, and was a gone coon in two shakes, and was as happy as a king until he remembered that the governor would be on his track the next day.

The question then arose, how was he to keep his respected father at home until he could secure his bride with a bridal? I'll tell you how. He went from the lady's side (though she sighed at the idea of his leaving her) and drove to the nearest telegraph station, from whence he dispatched the following mysterious dispatch to his sire:

"August 1. Howland's Hollow. John T.—: The cholera has just broken out here. Don't come if you value life. I shall be home in a week. William T.—."

The old fellow had the cholera, once; and it twisted him up so, that he was able to scratch the top of his head with both his big toes for a week; consequently he dreaded the disease, as a lobster dreads the pot.

Well, my friend, the next morning, took her from church to the depot, and thence came on to the city, and left her at the M— Hotel, while he went to his father's office.

The old gentleman received him very kindly, and asked him how

he had enjoyed himself, saying that he had "missed him very much."

"I missed myself, too," said Bill.

"I hope you have done nothing amiss," said the old fellow, eyeing him suspiciously and sternly.

"No," responded Bill; "but a miss has done me!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say, governor, and will yet tell you the means I employed to render my happiness in this world complete; but in the meantime, let us go to the M— Hotel, where I have something to show you."

Nothing was said until Bill led his paternal into the parlor of the hotel, and presented a lady as—

"My wife, sir!"

"Your what?" shrieked the governor, dropping his cane, and stepping back upon the tail of a Southern lady's lapdog.

"My wife, sir—poor as a church mouse, but good as your note. I married her yesterday. Embrace us."

Visions of the Misses F. T. D—s glanced before the mental eye of the old gent; but the sacrifice was made, and the young couple knelt at his feet. What was he to do? He could not undo it, nor would it be gentlemanly to make much ado about it.

"Well," said he, at last, "I suppose this dispatch about the 'cholera' was a deception—a lie, sir."

"No, my dear governor, the cholera did rage in Pike county, when I telegraphed," replied Bill, gravely.

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, sir, there were twenty cases before I left the Hollow, and it is feared there will be a scarcity of pork this winter!"

"Why, what the d—l has pork got to do with cholera?" thundered the aged T—

Bill looked seriously at the Southern lady's lapdog, that was engaged in single combat with a ferocious doormat, and answered, gravely:

"It was hog cholera, my father!"

The merchant prince placed his hat upon his venerable head, and murmured through his set of (false) teeth:

"Bless you, my children; but d—n the cholera!"

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN.

I.

But such is woman! mystery at best,

Seeming most cold when most her heart is burning,

Hiding the melting passions of her breast

Beneath a snowy cloud, and scarce returning

One glance on him for whom her heart is yearning;

Adoring, yet repelling; proud, but weak;

Conquered, commanding still; enslaved, yet spurning;

Checking the words her heart would bid her speak,

Love raging in her breast, and banish'd from her cheek.

He who would read her thoughts must mark unseen

Her eyes' full undisguised expression; trace

(If trace he could, while distance stretched between)

The feelings, blushing, quivering on her face;

He who would know her heart, must first embrace,

And feel it beat uncheck'd against his own;

Chill'd not by pride, nor fear, nor time, nor place:

As in a dream, unwitnessed and alone,

When every fearful thought unconsciously has flown.

II.

They loved each other beyond belief,

The woman a rogue was, the man was a thief;

At each piece of knavery, daily

She fell on the bed, laughing gaily.

In joy and pleasure they pass'd the day,

Upon his bosom all night she lay;

When they carried him off to Old Bailey,

At the window she stood, laughing gaily.

He sent her this message: "O come to me,

I yearn, my love, so greatly for thee;

I want thee, I pine and look palely!"

Her head she but shook, laughing gaily.

At six in the morning they hang'd the knave,

At seven they laid him down in his grave;

At eight on her ears this fell stately,

And a bumper she drank, laughing gaily.

PRESSED FOR COPY.—The following story is told of an Irish newspaper editor: The foreman called down to him from the printing-office, "We want six lines to fill a column."

"Kill a child at Waterford," was his reply.

Soon after came a second message. "We have killed the child, and still want two lines."

"Contradict the same."

POPULAR DELUSIONS.—The idea that sleigh riding is delightful, *per se*. Let any gentleman who wishes to understand the intrinsic merits of the amusement, minus the petticoats and the punches, sit in a rocking-chair with his feet in ice water and the key of the cellar down his back, and ring a small bell. He will find the process a correct imitation of sleigh-riding in the abstract.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—A good joke, says the *Syracuse Standard*, is related of Miss G—, a laughter-loving, good-natured lass, who was

spending the afternoon with a neighbor, and during supper the conversation turned to hens, &c. Miss G— observed that her hens did not lay scarcely any eggs, and she could not tell the reason.

"Why," observed Mr. P—, "my hens lay very well. I go out amongst them almost every day and get eggs."

"Gracious!" was the instant rejoinder. "I wish you would come over to our house and run with our hens a spell; I'm sure father will pay you for your trouble."

NONSENSE.—A gentleman being asked to give a definition of nonsense, replied, in Johnsonian style,

"Sir, it is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

CHOATE IN DANGER OF A DICTIONARY.—An anecdote is related of Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, which fitly illustrates Choate's command of language. It appears that some one had spoken to the judge of a new edition of "Webster's Dictionary," with a number of words added.

"For God's sake," gasped the judge, "don't tell Choate of it."

TRUE.—A quaint writer compares a literary thief to an Italian robber, who never robs but he murders to prevent detection.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.—The modern way for asking for a divorce is to say, "Your honor, give me change for a wife."

A QUAKER "HORN."—A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover his mistake until he got behind the door and swallowed the dose; when he lifted both hands and exclaimed:

"Verily I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people! what will Abigail say when she smells my breath?"

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A newly appointed constable at Rochester, a few days ago, undertook to turn a man out of court, who he thought was interrupting the proceedings. The gentleman quietly withdrew, and the constable soon after was informed that he had turned out the sheriff.

HAD A "PASS."—Last Sunday, in a Western village, when the "plate" was being passed in church, a gentleman said to the collector, "Go on; I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!"

A GREAT COMPOSITION.—The *Hartford Times* gives vent to the pent-up genius of a scholar of that city, who astonished his school-mates by the following composition:

"Once upon a time there was a profit named Elisha, who was walkin' out one day, when some small boys made profane and face-shus remarks on his bawld head; whereupon he caused 2 she bears to devour the small boys. This was the first time that a man was ever known to bear children. Moral: Use Barry's trickoferous."

NEW STYLE.—A *Syracuse* (N. Y.) paper says, a "colored lady," attired in the height of fashion, sailed into a store and electrified the clerk by inquiring if he had one of "them there hoop skirts with a digestible bustle."

ROUGH TREATMENT.—The American rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Hear how the poor Dutch landlord describes his sufferings at the hands of one of these amiable beings:

"Ter rowdy comed in and axed me to sell him sum peer. I tells 'im he had more as would do 'im goot. He calls me von ole Tutch liar, and pegun to proke two tumpers. My wife she call for de vatch 'ouse. 'Fore de vatch 'ouse got dar de rowdy he kick Hans Scruggle pehint his pack, and kissed my taughter Petsy before her face, proke all ter tumpers 'cept ter olt stone pitcher, and spilt my wife and todder peer parrels down into ter cellar."

SEWING PEPPERMINTS.—"What on airth ails these 'ere shirt buttons, I wonder? Just the minnit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits."

"Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, and now you've been a spiling them."

WHAT A MAN!—The following advertisement of a constable's sale was taken from the wall of a public room in a tavern in the State of Indiana:

"Notis.—For sale a cow with calf by the subscriber

"JOHN BROOKS."

A VALID EXCUSE.—A juror's name was called by the clerk. The man advanced to the judge's desk, and said:

"Judge, I should like to be excused."

"It is impossible," said the judge, decidedly.

"But, judge, if you knew my reasons."

"Well, sir, what are they?"

"Why, the fact is—" and the man paused.

"Well, sir, proceed," continued the judge.

"Well, judge, if I must I must, so here goes—I have got the itch."

The judge who is a very sober man, solemnly and impressively exclaimed—

"Clerk, scratch that man out!"

SOMETHING IN THAT.—A Virginia paper says that Sickles ought to have been convicted, not so much for the murder of Key as in consequence of the public necessity which exists that a member of Congress should be hung.

WASN'T I THERE TOO?—At a recent election in this State, a lad presented himself at the polls to claim the benefit of the elective franchise.

Feeling a deep interest in a certain candidate, the father, who was evidently opposed to the boy's preference, stood at the ballot-box and challenged his right to vote, on the ground of his not being of age. The young man declared he was twenty-one years old, that he knew it, and insisted on his right.

The father becoming indignant, and wishing, as the saying is, to "bluff him off" before the judges, said:

"Now, Bob, will you stand up there and contradict me? Don't I know how old you are? Wasn't I there?"

Bob looked his contempt for the old man's speech, as he hastily replied:

"Thunderation, s'pore you was; wasn't I there too?"

This settled the affair, and in went the scion's vote.

A NICE QUESTION.—Sam—"You'll get it for hooking dat turkey last night. Mas'r knows it."

Pompey—"I didn't hook it. Warn't de turkey mars's? Well, I eat de turkey, didn't I? Well, am't de turkey part o' me? Mas'r ain't got so much turkey, but ain't he got more nigger? I tell you the turkey only change places."

A GREAT NAME FOR A GREAT MAN.

Mister Cass in his cabinet cozy and sleek,
Says to naturalized citizens, "Pray you, be meek!
I'll protect you, while here in a Republican land,
But 'beyond the great sea, you're at despot's command!"
After this, Mister Cass, sure all men must agree
That your name should be sounded "beyond the great C."

OF COURSE.—In a charity sermon in behalf of the Blind Asylum, the preacher gravely remarked, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

GREELEY ON A RAILROAD.—The *Buffalo Courier* in an article alluding to Greeley on a railroad, requests its readers to imagine the philosopher in a night car, occupying a section in company with a nervous invalid—a timid old gentleman who dreads the wind of heaven as much as a sensitive plant. The night is chill and damp, for the rain is pouring.

"Conductor," exclaims Mr. Greeley, "open that ventilator or I shall die."

The conductor promptly obeys. The current of water-laden air rushes in, penetrating to the very marrow of the sick man. He bore it for a few moments, shivering and shaking like a man racked by ague. "Conductor," at last he squeaked out, "shut that ventilator, or I shall die."

Conductor stands at nonplus. Presently a third party calls out in a gruff voice, "Conductor, open the window, and kill one of them fellers, and then shut it and finish off t'other."

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—A Methodist and Quaker having stopped at a public-house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed:

"Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

A DISTINCTION.—"Good morning, Pompey," said the lawyer.

"Good-morning, Massa C—."

"What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you hold your head upright, like me?"

"Massa C—, you ever bin tro' a field of wheat when he ripe?"

"Yes, Pompey."

"Well, you take notice, some of de head tan up, and some hang down; dem tan up got no grain in 'em."

AN OLD JOKE VERSIFIED.

A Paddy was told one day
A stove could save one-half his fuel,
"Arrah!" says Pat, "then two I'll buy,
And save it all, my jewel!"

OUGHT TO KNOW HIM.—"Please give dad a pipe!" asked a ragged urchin of the keeper of a rum shop.

"No," was the reply; "I don't know him—get out!"

"Oh! yes you do," replied the boy, "he's the man with a red nose and ragged trowsers, who gets drunk here every Saturday night."

WITTY REPLY.—Walter Scott does not seem to have been the fool at school which some have stated. Once a boy in the same class was asked by the dominie what part of speech "with" was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott, "you know there is a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Sampson with withs.'"

ONE OF THE "HOPEFULLY PIOUS."—A cabin boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling, and said to the captain:

"Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?"

"Yes," was the stern reply of the captain.

"Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get on shore."

MOST HORRIBLE.—What is the difference between Noah's ark and a down-cast coaster? One was made of Gopher wood, and the other was made to go for wood.

RETORT PROPER.—Judge Jeffries, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, in the reign of Charles II., was notorious for his unfeeling character to the poor prisoners, and want of charity in general.

"There is a rogue at the end of my cane," said he, pointing to a man about to be tried.

"At which end, my lord?" retorted the prisoner.

LIMITED CAPITAL.—One of the largest stock-raisers in Texas, one whose horses and mules "range on a thousand hills," commenced business in that country, a few years ago, with only a shirt-stud, a couple of nightmares and an old bootjack.

THE MODERN BRIAREUS.—"Lord!" said Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these cotton planters must be. I am told some on 'em have as many a hundred hands!"

BLACK GUARDS.—The soldiers in the West Indies are black as the Arabian Knights.

A LAWYER.—Lord Brougham defines a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

THE SEASONS.—"Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six; spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera season, and Thomson's Seasons."

ONE IDEA OF BLISS.—Tom—"Don't you think some wesees would touch her, Charley—a beautiful pome?"

Charley—"Oh, hang your wesees, Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and the gals altogether, and jine a fire company."

PERSONAL.—Mr. Benjamin Ginning, of Cincinnati, has presented the poor of that city with one hundred dollars. A good B. Ginning.

FLESH DIET.—Byron was disenchanted when he saw his immorata eating. In other words, he faltered when youth and beauty were at steak.

SMALL BY DEGREES, &c.—"Father, have you seen anything of my bonnet? I must have left it in this room."

"No, my dear, I have not; but I will take the microscope and look for it."

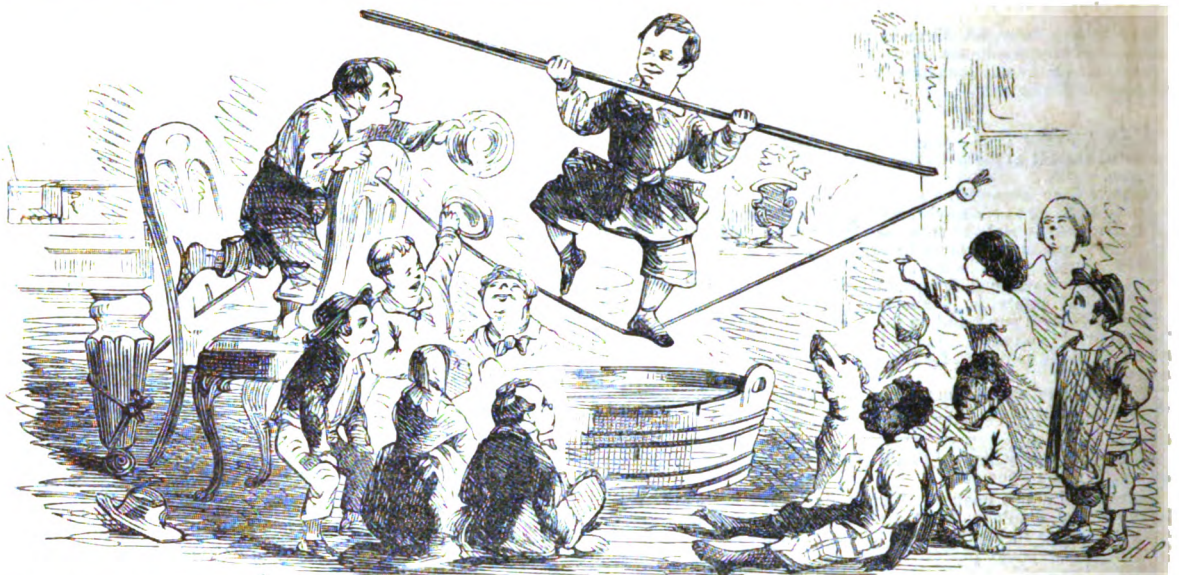
THESE EDITORS.—An editor says, "On our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches." We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves, they being one of the few articles never "crowded out."

DOG IGNORANCE.—An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend's for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away.

"Now, my dear joy," said the Irishman to the dog, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?"

A GAULING REPLY.—A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de batter of English poets." A wag said he had fairly churned up the English language.

The progress of a private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very distinct perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.



Master Charles Slasher, taking advantage of his Ma's absence at Saratoga, invites his admiring street acquaintances to witness his celebrated Blondin feat. Great excitement is visible when he reaches the centre of the rope, and stands upon one foot poised in mid-air over the terrific washtub.



Master Slasher, encouraged by a generous public, attempts the daring feat of carrying a (small) man across on his back. His success is complete—the wildest enthusiasm prevails—completely turning one black boy upside down—when—!



the opening of the door turns the tight rope into a slack one—disperses the (small) man—plunges Slasher into the fathomless tub, and turns the nigger up again. For a vivid description of this scene of confusion, see the "Tower of Babel."



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR OCTOBER.

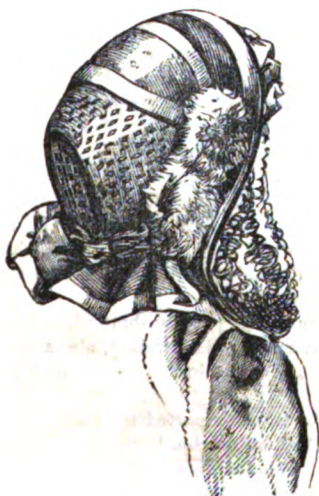
WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

No difficulty can be found, just now, in spending as many hours—or days—in shopping, as your taste and convenience, or the length of your purse may induce you to desire. The only difficulty will be in the variety and beauty of the goods offered to you. There is always, at this season, much to observe and admire in the dry goods stores whose windows make Broadway so gay, and offer such points of attraction for the ladies, who, themselves again, appear to possess the same magnetic qualities as regards the sterner half of creation. But this year, the importations have not only been more extensive than usual; they have also been, in many instances, of a peculiarly rich description. We have not seen anything, for some time equal in magnificence to some of the robes at STEWART'S and URSDELL & PIRSON'S; and the general character of new silks is one of chaste magnificence.

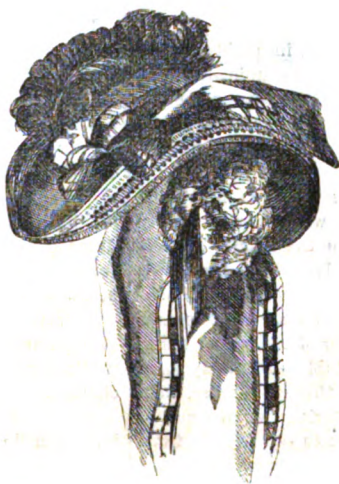
Beginning at the beginning—as we are bound to do—we notice first the charming display of the former of these firms, A. T. STEWART & Co., Broadway, Chambers and Reade streets. The

new color, the Petunia (or Marguerite, as it is sometimes called), appears in many of the robes; and looks especially beautiful in stripes of watered silk, alternated with white. It is also the ground of many of the brocades, in which the resplendent silvery white of the design appears to great perfection. The brocaded silks, by the way, are still generally two flounced robes, with a narrower pattern on the lower than the upper flounce, this last reaching to the waist. The designs are usually floral, mingled with wheat-ears, grapes and their always beautiful foliage, and handsome medallions. One medallion is often set in the centre of each breadth of the silk, with a rich arabesque round it. The ground above the design is sprinkled with small gem-like bouquets.

In this style of robe, however, there is nothing especially novel, if we except the predominance of the new color; but in those dresses sold by the yard, we find some of unique and exquisite design. There are wide black silks, over which it seems as if a shower of tiny bouquets had fallen, and assumed their places at regular intervals. Some have the flowers of a delicate maize or cream color only; in others they are pink, cerise, violet, cream, blue and lilac, the tiny leaves and stems being



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always in the natural green. We have not seen anything that has charmed us so much as this very lovely, bright, yet quiet-looking silk.

The moirés, poplins, cashmeres and merinoes of this house are well worthy of inspection; and we would counsel those who are refurnishing their houses, to look over the upholstery department, where they will find not only materials of the most moderate prices, but some of the costliest and richest articles to be found, perhaps, in the world. They may see at Stewart's some magnificent gold brocade, in designs for chairs, including, of course, fauteuils and lounging chairs, the expense of which would be some fifty dollars per chair. We examined also some magnificent window curtains, which, with the accompanying ones of lace, would come to some sixteen hundred dollars a window. That they were beautiful is a matter of course; but we could not help thinking what superfluous anxieties riches produce; and how much less responsibility for servants and mistresses there is when draperies and furniture are intended for use, not ornament only. Well! It would not do for trade if every one shared our somewhat Spartan notions on these subjects; we can, therefore, only commend the requisite richness of the material and the magnificence of the design; while hoping that the house which ultimately possesses them may, even in spite of wealth, be a true home to its occupants.

These splendid curtains and chairs would be incomplete without suitable carpets; and handsome Axminsters, in medallion patterns, forming one perfect design for each, are imported by the same house.

At E. LAMBERT & Co.'s, 335 Broadway, corner of Worth, we were attracted by some very beautiful silks and cashmere robes de chambre. In the latter, very handsome brightly-colored borders, with chints patterns scattered over the ground, are the most popular. They are so arranged as to appear like double-skirt robes, with the upper one in the tunic form; and some of them have really double skirts. Palms and pines in the true cashmere patterns, seem the favorite designs; but bouquets, in the natural colors of the flowers, intermingled with arabesques, are also popular. The skirts are mostly in one piece, four or four and a half yards wide; and in every instance, there are also trimmings for the corsage and sleeves.

In the cashmeres sold by the yard are some which have a ribbon-like stripe running through their length, alternating with pines set, at intervals, on a dark ground. They are very handsome; though we think that the delicate taste of a refined woman would be better pleased with soft chints patterns, sprinkled at intervals over a ground of French gray, fawn or black. Dark blue seems a favorite ground tint; and it is so generally becoming that it deserves extensive popularity.

In silks this firm displays its usual excellent taste and moderate prices. There were some wide silks, black barred with blue, green, brown or any other leading color, with delicate rosebuds and leaves placed at intervals along the upright stripes, and tiny chints patterns on the bayadere. The brocaded silks are also very rich.

A beautiful new material called *reps velours*, in plaids which, unlike most things of that design, are very quiet-looking, seemed particularly adapted for winter home dress, or for the promenade during the fall. There is here a great variety of colored French flannels, which make such comfortable douillettes and robes de chambre.

E. Lambert & Co. have also imported some Balmoral skirts, of excellent quality and very quiet, as well as some showy colors; we notice them because, although the scarlet skirt is an abomination fit only for a Lionne or a Lorette, yet there is no doubt that a woollen skirt, of suitable colors, over the delicate white muslin which every lady wears at all seasons, is a very comfortable garment. Call it under dress, upper skirt, Balmoral, or what you will, it is both suitable and pretty for a cold or wet winter walk; and we would rather see it more, than less popular. All we object to is the staring hue of some of the balmorals; and we would just suggest to our friends that, until next leap year (when once more ladies may claim the privilege of taking the initiative in love affairs, and demanding, in case of noncompliance on the part of the wooed, a silk

robe to cover the scarlet skirt in which they are bound, on that occasion, to appear), these feverish-looking articles of dress may be permitted to remain in the obscurity whence they ought never to have emerged, except in fun.

We think we noticed in a former number of this magazine that shawls and mantles, imported direct from Paris, had been added to the extensive stock of this firm. A shawl of the kind called reversible, from its appearing totally different on the reverse side—a bayadere stripe, with a jaspé border and very handsome fringe—seemed just the thing for wrapping round one during a chilly but beautiful autumn evening, when on board a steamboat or in a railway car.

It being yet early for the retail trade, we will say nothing this month of the mantles of this house.

STRANG, ADRIAN & Co., 365 Broadway, have amongst other novelties some singularly handsome foulards, with black and other solid grounds, and wreaths of flowers on them, in bayadere stripes. For the skirts these stripes are wide, but small and delicate in design for the corsage. The heavy silks are in more delicate and therefore more tasteful patterns than we are accustomed to see at this house, and one especially—a bayadere silk of white and lavender, with tiny berries of a bright scarlet set on the stripes at intervals. The same pattern looked equally rich in black and blue, black and green, and black and purple. Another beautiful dress was of white moiré, with a lilac lozenge enclosing a bright cerise flower.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co., Canal street, outdo themselves in the extent and variety of their importations. They are paying especial attention, apparently, to that interesting branch of the drygoods trade, the robes and other articles suitable for brides; and we were shown, amongst other novelties, one of the most exquisite white silks we ever beheld; it was of the richest texture, with a double skirt, brocaded in plain and cut velvet, in a design which seemed like baskets of flowers, with sprays and buds drooping from them, enshrined in wreaths of equally graceful flowers, mingled with arabesques. The singular purity of the appearance of this silk made it particularly suitable for a bridal toilette, and worn with one of the magnificent lace sets also procurable at this house, it will make a dress fit for a queen.

A style of silk peculiar to this house is in the rich material known as Ottoman. The ground is of any one of the fashionable colors, brocaded in black lozenge, in the centre of which is a tiny flower with its delicate leaves.

GEORGE A. HEARN & Co., 425 Broadway, have exclusively a material called *Velours de Paris*, composed either of wool only or of wool and silk combined. In the former there is no pattern; in the latter the silk is woven into a tiny sprig, which makes it into a bayadere. This is the least expensive variety, and does not please us as well as the pure wool, which is imported in several beautiful tints. The genuine French gray, which, with black trimmings, is so very ladylike and becoming a color, is to be found in this material; and being so rarely obtainable in any class of goods, we notice it particularly.

USDELL, PIERSON, LANE & Co., 471 Broadway, have silks of the new styles to suit every purse, from eighty-eight cents per yard to one hundred and fifteen dollars the robe. These last are of singular beauty, the design being woven in cut and uncut velvet on a ground of the richest silk. The colors are principally a dark, mossy green and a handsome brown. The robes are double-skirted, and in the centre of each breadth is a drooping bouquet of roses and other flowers, in white velvet, exquisitely shaded. This was partially encircled by a magnificent design of trellis work in black velvet, on which were small tufts of roses of the color of the robe, which left space below for other bouquets in white.

A very beautiful robe in the purplish-blue which is just now so popular, with the pattern in black velvet, also attracted our particular admiration; and we noticed the same design in other choice colors.

A good many of the robes imported specially by this firm have four flounces. They are broché, in medallion patterns in all the leading colors. The double skirts have almost invariably the under-skirt to match the upper one, with an equally elaborate design, but not so deep. The brocatelles, reps and

other rich silks have many of them patterns formed by a colored silk thread only; others have tiny chints patterns, or small spots of one bright color. We called these old-lady silks; but, in fact, they would be equally elegant whatever the age of the wearer.

But that which appeared to us the greatest curiosity in the way of a dress was one of black silk, the flounces of which were woven, with velvet bands and fringe of the richest and deepest plush. So long was the pile of some of this velvet that the fringes literally were buried in it; it looked beautiful, and the silk being suitably excellent in quality, the dress was truly elegant as well as durable. The price only forty-five dollars.

Poplin plaids, in high colors, have been imported in immense variety by this firm; and their assortment of cashmeres, both in dress patterns and by the yard, are very extensive.

The event of the month in the drygoods trade has been the opening of the splendid new store of LORD & TAYLOR, at the corner of Grand street and Broadway. It is a magnificent Palace of Fashion, and when thoroughly arranged and the various departments perfected (which at the time of our writing they are not) it cannot fail to be one of the most popular resorts of the lady time-killers of New York. If needing goods from various departments, however, the time consumed in getting from one to another will be quite a consideration to those with whom that one great gift of Heaven is of some value, especially if still more is lost in waiting for some one to serve them. We would seriously suggest the propriety of adding a moveable room to the establishment, in which customers may be translated from one floor to another without the fatigue at present inevitable. The business of shopping is more wearying in New York than probably in any other capital of the civilised world, partly from the want of comfortable accommodation—of chairs to sit on, a want ill supplied by the miserable stools on which you keep twirling round, with nothing on which to rest feet or back; partly because so few of the clerks are sufficiently disengaged from their own interesting conversations to attend to your wants—a fact which ought to be brought prominently before their employers. Meantime you have the uncomfortable feeling of being an intruder, whose reasonable desire to see and examine before making a choice is looked upon as an impertinence, and whose time is of no more value than their own. This is not the case with well-regulated houses, but it is too commonly so with many; and the sooner customers exact a decent degree of respect and attention, the better for both parties.

Making the transition from robes to the mantles to be worn over them, we notice that Chesterfield and other sacques are now almost exclusively worn; and that there are several new patterns, named for the most part from the late victories of Napoleon. This at W. D. ELLIOTT's (late W. B. MACKENZIE's), 294 and 296 Canal street, we have a most comfortable-looking mantle called the Solferino, of striped cloth, with a handsome pointed hood, finished with rich tassels. This hood falls from the neck only, unlike many of these additions which form capes over the shoulders and chest.

Another gracieuse novelty at this house is the Druid, of reps cloth, with a hood trimmed with colored ribbon falling down almost to the edge of the mantle, but capable of being drawn over the head, when it will make a most comfortable and coquettish coiffure; we think it should be called the Serenade, since it seems so well adapted to encircle the face and envelope the person of a pretty girl, while listening from a piazza or balcony to one of those harmonious tributes to her charms.

ARTKEN & MILLER, 302 Canal street, are displaying thus early in the season a large assortment of beautiful cloaks in velvet and cloth. The former are trimmed, for the most part, with rich lace, and a good deal of embroidery in silk, intermingled with jet. Their cloth cloaks we find trimmed, in a majority of cases, with chenille fringes and moss trimming.

GEORGE BRONIE, 300 Canal street, is also prepared to meet the requirements of his many customers from a stock of rich and stylish goods, embracing, it would seem, every pattern that was ever invented. There is a mantle of this firm called the Archduchess Olga, a perfect miracle of richness. It is composed of black velvet, lined with petunia silk, quilted evidently by

the aid of a WHEELER & WILSON sewing machine—(we have never met with any other that does this work so well!) and trimmed with a magnificent guipure lace. This lace almost forms a cover for the upper part of the cloak, being composed of a cape in the Cardinal style, coming below the waist, sleeve trimmings and epaulettes. The lower part is a deep flounce of velvet, set on in box plaits.

At BULPIN's, 361 Broadway, a new material called Montebello cloth (a striped material), is made into very graceful fall mantles, moderate in price, as are, invariably, the goods of this firm, and of the most fashionable forms. The fulness at the back is set in, invariably, in large box plaits, over which falls a handsome hood. These cloaks are so cut as to form very graceful sleeves, thereby adding not only to the comfort, but to the elegance of the wearer.

We observe that Bulpin is now directing his attention entirely to mantles, having for that purpose got rid of his extensive stock of shawls. This undivided attention to one object, with the determination to carry it fully out, is the true secret of commercial success. Were it more generally adopted, shopping would be an occupation both more agreeable and more satisfactory.

This same principle of having a *specialité*, on which customers can rely, is carried out by J. C. MILLIKEN & Co., 748 Broadway, of whom linen goods of every description, linen only, and pure linen too, can be obtained. We saw there shirting linens, with pretty delicate patterns on them, very pretty indeed for shirts and waists for boys, and every other article in this material, at prices which we thought particularly moderate. As a curiosity we were shown some miniature *mouchairs de poche*, for little children, whose small pockets are sorely encumbered by the larger handkerchief usually sold for this purpose. Who that knows the delight a boy feels in cramming those receptacles with knife, marbles, top, string, cents, fruit and all sorts of other valuables—can bear to deprive him of half his pleasure by giving him a handkerchief which fills one entire pocket? It is absolutely barbarous. No mother with any mother's feeling for her boy will do it when she can help it.

We saw amongst other things at this store some exquisitely stitched shirt-bosoms, which, we were assured, with that air that showed the fact made the excellence unquestionable, were done with the WHEELER & WILSON machine, and by one lady only. Certainly the work was beautiful, the best we ever saw, even with that machine.

Another establishment which pleases us, from its being dedicated to one branch of business only, is that of RANKIN, late UNION ADAMS, 96 Bowery and 637 Broadway, below Bleecker. All sorts of hosiery will be found here, of the best makers, and at reasonable prices. Furthermore, pains will be taken to obtain any article not at the moment in stock, and this will certainly aid in securing regular patronage to these stores.

The principal embroidery and lace houses have opened for the season, with beautiful assortments in these essentials to the toilette. E. WILLIAM & Co., late PETER ROBERTS, 429 Broadway, study to provide Honiton and other lace collars, and embroidered sets, at the most moderate prices. Many are fairly thirty per cent. less here than at some other houses; and this may readily be accounted for, from the extent of their sales, and from their not meddling with other goods, not coming in their own line. Breakfast sets, embroidered on hair-cord and other striped and fancy muslins, at one dollar and seventy-five cents and two dollars the set, we noticed as particularly cheap, considering the quality of materials and work. There will be found also all the newest styles of lace and Shetland veils for the coming season.

BLUXOME, 651 Broadway, displays among other novel styles of sleeve, the Gracieuse, a flowing drapery for the arms, of net, velvet and very handsome pillow lace edging; the form is peculiarly pretty; a double mandarin, with puffs of tulle between, and rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon. The Gracieuse is meant to be worn with an open silk sleeve. For such as are made smaller and closer to the arm, other styles as pretty in their kind will be found here; and amongst the embroideries of this house we again call attention to the machine embroidery



SUSPENDED FLOWER-BASKET. PAGE 379.

for ladies' under garments, in very handsome patterns, at about thirty-eight cents a yard.

Chemisettes of tulle bouillonné, in Pompadour and other fashionable styles, will be found to correspond with the collars, and the stock of illusion goods generally is admirable.

HATHAWAY, on Broadway, has some charming novelties in chenille head-dresses and coiffures, Greek caps and illusion goods. We observe here some styles of chenille head-dresses not to be found elsewhere throughout New York. Every article is characterized by exquisite taste.

R. H. MACY & Co., 204 Sixth avenue, just below Fourteenth street, vie with the best Broadway stores in their display of feathers, flowers, ribbons and laces. Some of the embroidery is very beautiful, being done in the most delicate stitches known in the art; the light parts of leaves produced by French knots, contrasting with the heavy *plumetis* and *point de rose*. Scarfs, fichus, and other ornamental wraps, suited for the *demi-saison* in which we now find ourselves, when furs are unbearable, and yet some comfortable for the throat is needed, are varied and choice at this establishment; where, by-the-way, kid gloves, which promise to equal *Bajou's*, are to be had at sixty-three cents a pair.

KINSEY, 223 Eighth avenue, offers the fashionable world a stock of novelties in laces, coiffures, head-dresses, &c., remarkable for their excellent selection and varied character. The mourning goods are particularly worthy of notice.

The milliners and others in remote parts, who, as we have reason to know, make the most gratifying acknowledgments possible of the care we take in keeping them posted in such matters, by accepting *Frank Leslie's Family Magazine* as the organ of taste and fashion, will find at MEKKER & MAIDHOFF'S, 62 Walker street, an admirable selection of all that is newest in head-dresses of all sorts—including the netted and crochet hair nets—trimmings for mantles and dresses, tassels, buttons, &c. In hair nets the assortment is extremely extensive, differing in price from four dollars to twenty-four dollars the dozen. The former are without beads, simply netted; the latter are very rich and handsome, with double borders, heavy throughout with beads, which make them set well, as well as look well. Every novelty in trimming can be had here; but it will be understood that the business is entirely wholesale.

S. M. PEYSER, Broadway, corner of Broome, has opened for the fall season with every imaginable novelty in woollen goods, dainty head-dresses, rigolettes and hoods—warm Shetland and Algerian shawls, fancy work of every sort, pins and cache-peignes, smoking-caps and slippers—it would be hard to say what there is not in this universal repository. He has opened, also, a wholesale house on Broadway, opposite Canal, considerably lower down.

GENIN'S BAZAAR—we might as well christen it Geninsville, for assuredly it is a city of itself, bewildering in the number of its departments and the extent of each, and charming from the beauty of the goods—we have reserved as a subject for the last of our comments, on the well-known system of children keeping back

the *bonne bouche*. Visiting the part allotted to children's bonnets and hats, we admired particularly some bloomers of rich dark silk, with small patterns on them, the form of the hats being perfectly new and a creation of the presiding genius of this establishment. The crown was low and round; the brim turning over, so that, except in the very front, it may be called absolutely double. This brim was generally bound with velvet, and finished with moss trimming. Velvet, rich ribbons and plumes formed the trimming of this graceful head-gear, which is called the Albanito. The rosettes over the ears are of tulle, intermingled with flowers.

The ladies' bonnets are, at least, equally elegant. We have selected some for illustration. The breakfast caps, coiffures and cache-peignes are as tasteful and beautiful as such things can be. Among the dressing-ropes are some charming bridal-looking affairs, in white cashmere, trimmed in Greek and Oriental patterns with cerise or sky-blue velvet, cordelieres to match, and a rich, lustrous, white lining. Then, in the lingerie department, are robe skirts, perfectly artistic in their mingling of lace, embroidery and delicate muslin, and their wonderful concoction of puffings, frills and tucks, just fit to wear with such a dressing-gown. They might be made for fairies by fairy fingers, only that our popular notions of that race do not harmonize with the proportions of these dainty garments.

Mr. Genin, however, excels himself in the children's department, where elegant frocks for the little girls, and charming suits for their brothers, of all ages up to twelve years, and in every style worn in this most cosmopolitan of cities, may be found. Then, another branch is devoted to laces and embroideries; shoes, boots and gaiters for ladies and children will be obtained in another; and one extensive store, 507, is entirely taken up with hats and caps, for gentlemen and boys. We do not know, in any part of the world, an establishment so complete in itself and so unique in its character. It is a wonderful saving of fatigue, too, to be able thus to fit out yourself or family under a single roof, and a decided economy of temper to be waited on by young women so obliging and competent.

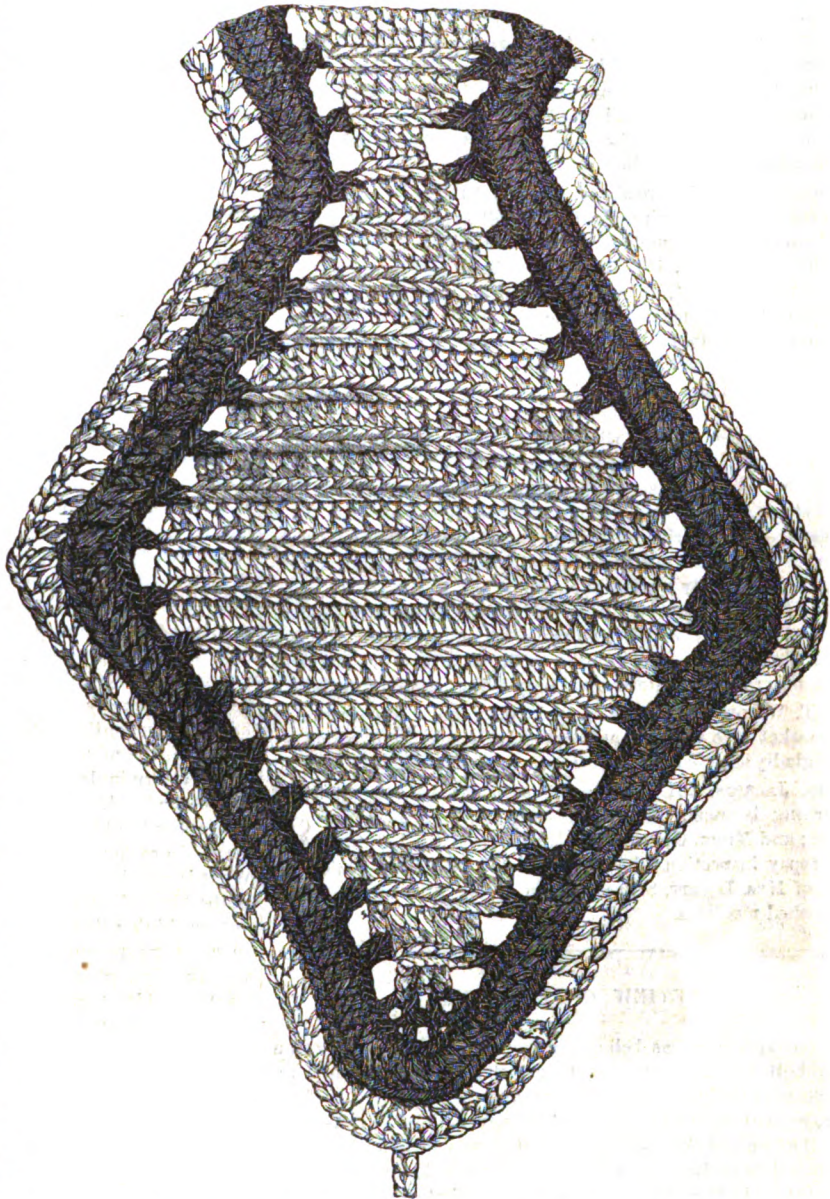
J. DALRYMPLE, 841 Broadway, is so well known as the leading retail thread and needle store of the city, we need, perhaps, hardly mention it; nevertheless we may draw attention to the excellence of its stock, and to the fact that Evans's Cottons are obtainable there.

These cottons are also to be had at WHEELER & WILSON'S.

Although the fall importations of ribbons have hardly as yet made their appearance in the markets, we notice with pleasure some very beautiful novelties at the new store of our old friends, S. & J. GOULDING, 325 Broadway. The designs brocaded on plain grounds occupy, as may be supposed, a large proportion of the space assigned to this department, and black is universally the most popular color. We have before us a charming spray of corn-flowers and wheat-ears, with the foliage appropriate to the former, brocaded on a rich black taffetas. We may observe, by the way, that wheat-ears, whether as a ribbon de-

sign or as an artificial imitation of the natural corn, for trimming the outside of bonnets in combination with ribbon and flowers, is very fashionable, and likely to continue so during the whole coming season. Another beautiful design is of heartsease (natural colors) brocaded on black and other dark grounds. These patterns are also to be had in white, and will be equally popular for evening hats.

To enumerate even a hundredth part of the beautiful ribbons of this firm would be impossible in our limited space; but we cannot pass without comment a very rich bonnet ribbon of hair-brown, barred at intervals by a brilliant stripe, composed of blue, white, green, scarlet and gold, and with a black satin



COUNTERPANE, OR COUVRE-PIEDS, IN CROCHET. PAGE 373.

stripe running throughout the length at one edge.

The same design may be seen with other grounds; but this rich dark color, softening the brilliant tints, has a particularly handsome and pleasing effect. Plaids of one bright hue, with black in blocks, are a good deal in favor, many having a pattern on them in satin.

Velvet ribbons, and ribbons of velvet and satin intermingled, are to be found in great variety here. Tartans seems to be the favorite styles; and bars of tartan across a plain ground promises also to be much worn. Such an one is now before us, composed of stripes in which green, scarlet and claret alter-

nately prevail, on a light-plum ground, with a space after these three before they are again repeated. Narrow black gauzes are also obtainable here, and we mention the fact because there is a great scarcity of them; and narrow gauzes will be in great demand for heading and finishing the flounces of evening dresses.

S. & J. Goulding have also a large assortment of fashionable flowers, barbes and coiffures of lace and blonde, veils, &c. Some of the barbes are fringed with marabout feathers, which must have a very light and graceful effect for evening head-dresses. Some of the richest flowers, also, have both lace and feathers intermingled with them. This is particularly the case with the yellow flowers, with which black lace is mixed in forming leaves.

A great variety of the newest and most popular bonnet materials, in all the fashionable tints, will be found here. The Velours Eugénie, in soft mauve, will make a most distinguished looking evening bonnet, trimmed with white blonde and marabout feathers. We saw, also, a great variety of materials in the fashionable shades of yellow and corn color.

LICHTENSTEIN, 371 Broadway, has bought largely at the auction sales, and is offering an almost endless stock of very beautiful goods at extremely low prices. He has all the leading varieties of ribbon, in corn-color, yellow, ponceau, grosseille, petunia—every tint, in fact, that exists; and the styles are well chosen. He makes a particular point, also, of his cloak and mantle trimmings, some of which are singularly beautiful. There is one of oval medallions, encircled by fringes, each lozenge of which looks like finely-quilted satin. It would make a lovely border for a white opera mantle.

We also saw here some ribbons half black, half some bright color, brocaded with delicate flowers and fruit in straw tints; others cut, at intervals, through part of the width by a bright plaid stripe, divided by the plain black of the other edge by a repsatin-colored stripe in the centre. Bargains, those delights of our sex, are always to be found here; and, wonderful to tell, they are really worthy the name.

We have left ourselves but little space to say anything of bonnets, which we will discuss more fully next month, the fact being that there is, at present, very little to say about them, the Southern and Western trade only being, as yet, considered.

R. T. WILDE & Co., have as usual made their appearance in the market with a varied and extensive stock, from which we have gladly selected some specimens for illustration.

MRS. JACKSON, 551 Broadway, has a lovely assortment of mourning bonnets, distinguished by their richness and elegance; and MRS. GOODALL, of Canal-street, has a stock that will repay inspection; but it is yet too early for the productions of MRS. LOVETT, SIMMONS, Miss D'ORSEY, and other distinguished modistes.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

It often strikes us as being the least bit in the world of an Irish bull to head with the title "Review of Fashions" an article essentially prospective instead of retrospective. However, we will endeavor to comfort ourselves with the consideration that we are not by any means the only people who go on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, and with this tranquillising thought will proceed to go on the ground that is to be occupied by the most distinguished *e'ég n'es*.

And first for the outer garments, bonnets and mantles, which we will glance over before we allow our friends to relieve themselves of them, and appear in all the elegant simplicity of morning toilette or the elaborate richness of their evening costume.

We do not notice any marked change as yet in the form of the bonnet, which continues to be large (as compared to those of the same period last year), flat on the forehead and decidedly open at the sides, although the space between the bonnet and the face is well filled by a profusion of blonde or Chantilly, mingled with flowers or ribbons. We observe, however, that the crowns are never soft or falling, as they have been during

the summer; that the curtains are narrow, not wider in the centre than at the sides, and set on in box pleats within the border, which thus forms a heading; they are also frequently double, the upper one but very slightly narrower than the under. Two colors, one of which is black, are *de rigueur* in all except those bonnets intended for evening toilette, when white with one bright color takes the place of black. The last named is, however, essential in all bonnets for the street, whether for the promenade or the carriage. There is a great variety of fancy silks and velvets to be found at the drygoods stores intended for fall bonnets: charming novelties combining silk and velvet, in stripes, spots and checks; velours royal, velours *épinglé*, terry velvet and new shades of the plain velvet. Yellow, corn-color, apricot and orange at present take the lead, and crimson and cerise are also popular. Mauve and *lilas de japon* are also seen a good deal. For the morning, straw is at least as fashionable as it was early in the spring. White split straws and the rough-and-ready are worn a good deal; but dark and fancy straws are still more *comme il faut*. Many of these are black and of the kind called latticed straw: they are lined with colored taffetis, which shows through the open work, and always matches the one color of the ribbon. While flowers are very popular, we see that for the more dressy kinds feathers only are employed. Marabouts, or ostrich tipped with marabouts, appear to be the favorites, probably from being the most expensive; nothing of a secondary character is used at all.

A pretty addition to the bonnet trimming, and one that obtained much favor two years ago—the row of black lace two and a half to three inches wide round the front of the bonnet, falling over the bandeau, and shading even the flowers and blonde composing the brides—is again as fashionable as it was then, or perhaps even more so. It is so generally becoming, that we hail its reappearance with great pleasure, and take the opportunity of pointing out to our readers the secret of its great charm—this is, that it takes off entirely the sharpness of outline of the bonnet's edge, an effect produced in some degree by hiding the edge with a roll of velvet, but still more by this lace fall. Then it is a fact that black lace is universally becoming, blonde and brunette alike may employ it, and both with equal advantage to their appearance. The coming season bids fair to prove this fact satisfactorily, since at no former period has black lace been so generally worn on every article of attire.

Bandeaux continue still in vogue, with little or no change in the form, the material being pretty generally velvet ribbon, or velvet intermingled with black lace, forming a round on the top of the head. Doubtless the service the bandeau performs in keeping the bonnet on the head, and making it a coiffure instead of a cachepeigne, has something to do with its long reign. What is merely ornamental we manage to change pretty often, in the hope of getting something more ornamental in its stead; but we think a little more seriously before we discard what is an accessory to our comfort, and which we think may not be very readily replaced. Flowers, we notice, are more employed for the brides than the bandeaux, and even these are made generally of velvet. Before concluding this subject we may refer to the slides of marquise, jet, or plain steel, so largely employed for the exteriors.

Mantles next offer themselves to our notice, and we see that many of the Paris houses are making a great variety of the mantelets *écharpes*—that is, in the scarf form, with long ends in front and a wide flounce or frill at the back, so arranged that it falls into a circular shape. Others, again, are true circulars; but in all we see either a sleeve or a place for the arm to come through, without dragging up the cloak and spoiling its set. We gave, last month, an illustration of one of the prettiest and most comfortable of fall mantle shapes, from Bulpin's well-known house, and our readers will find detailed descriptions of other novelties in this line in another section of this department.

We see that shawls, which are never quite discarded in a Parisian toilette; (probably because a French woman wears her Cashmere with such consummate grace!) are more seen than they have been for some months, and will become still more popular as the season advances. In Paris, the great shawl emporium is the *Compagnie des Indes*, from which sprang into existence

tence somewhere about the time of the building of the *Palais de l'Industrie*, possibly called forth by that exhibition, and which now does business on so extensive a scale, that it finds itself obliged to keep a resident agent at Cashmere. This man, being an educated artist, a man of true taste as well as diplomatic skill, has effected a great change in the labors of the Cashmerian shawl workers, who, no longer confining themselves to pines and palms, which, however graceful, are certainly wearisome by their continual repetition, now work out also garlands, bouquets and arabesques in the most graceful, fanciful and complicated styles. We need hardly say that these shawls are more brilliantly colored than Cashmere shawls used to be. Every one knows that an Indian shawl used to be remarkable for a certain deadness of tinting (except in certain specimens, where one bright color made up almost the entire article); but this distinctive peculiarity no longer exists, at least in those shawls fabricated for the company in question, who may take some credit to themselves for having effected a revolution in the plans and ways of those who have gone on from father to son for hundreds of years, each man making precisely that which his predecessor did—no more, no less. This is, indeed, a great point gained by civilization, one the results of which we can, perhaps, hardly estimate. That this company should be popular with a people so capable of appreciating artistic powers and commercial genius as the French. Another element of success has also doubtless been gained by the plan of marking every article in plain figures, and the direct nature of the transactions between producer and consumer assure, also, much more moderate prices than would be made to pay in the ordinary mode of supplying the market.

As to head-dresses for indoors, to which we shall now pass, we find that nets of black silk, ornamented liberally with beads and bugles, and made in either crocheted or knitted, are by far the most fashionable for the morning. They are also among the most economical of coiffures, from their durability and their not being liable to get soiled. Some are netted of silk only; with no beads at all except in the border, and very few there. These are the cheapest, but they neither have the elegant appearance of the more elaborate ones, nor will they last, relatively, so long. These nets are generally kept on the head by ornamental pins; they are not pretty when confined by an elastic merely, though the common ones are always so made. There are small triangular pieces of crocheted and knitted also, with full borders, used as coiffures. Breakfast caps of illusion and blonde, with ribbon rosettes and long streamers, are made by some of the leading millinery houses; some of the very prettiest will be found in that department of Genin's Bazaar; and the prices are, generally, most moderate. For the evening, cachepignes and torsades divide the empire with small coquettish Greek caps composed of the silk and pearls. We notice that pearls are extensively used for the cachepignes also forming long fringes which fall over the back of the head, as well as bandeaux and tassels.

In robes we have, as we predicted, more plain full skirts than flounces under any form, two, three, or double-skirted. Yet these are by no means out of date; and plain silks of the ordinary qualities are made flounced up to the wrist. The plain skirts are of rich brocatelle or reps, in dark grounds brocaded in chintz patterns or set designs. Some have running patterns à la bayadere, broché on them in the same color, but a somewhat darker shade. We saw these in browns, greens, black and some other hues. For skirts they would be very elegant; but we cannot think that the skill of any dressmaker in the world could render the corsage of such a silk becoming. They would look well, however, with black velvet basques.

Apropos of the rich quality of the silks made into plain skirts, we may observe that the best models were these skirts, so that they are considerably narrower at the waist than at the hem. The front breadth is also carried up in one piece, to form the front of the corsage. This latter is, almost invariably, cut plain and close-fitting, relying for ornament on materials which are laid on afterwards, brandebourgs, velvet trimmings, tassels, &c. We notice in our most recent Parisian advices that sleeves, in some few instances, are made something in the form of that of a coat, and like it, with two seams, the back plain, the front

gathered in longitudinal puffs, down to the wrist, edged along the outer seam with lace or fringe. It is very novel and pretty. Others are in the Marie Stuart style; a series of puffs from shoulder to wrist, the two or three lower ones being, perhaps, of tulle or muslin terminating in an embroidered band. Still, it must not be supposed that the flowing sleeve is discarded; on the contrary it still predominates over the closer styles.

We notice that the corsage is frequently seen in the redingote form—open in front, so that the sides turn back, forming lapels; crossing in the lower part, and buttoning over on the left side. The trimming of the lapels is generally carried down that side to the bottom of the skirt. For pain gros de Naples silks, in self colors, for ordinary home or promenade toilette, this is a very pretty style, the lapels being faced with velvet, and so arranged that, on a cold day, the edges may be caught together at the throat by a brooch. The chemisettes worn with these dresses are, like them, partially open, with falls of lace or embroidered muslin falling round the neck, just inside the edge of the dress.

Evening and dress sleeves are as much trimmed as ever, or more so. Real pillow lace is a good deal employed for them, being used as edging to a hem of tulle; narrow black velvet ribbons, with rosettes of the same, form the trimming; and have the convenience of being wearable with dresses of any color.

For breakfast sets, very fine linen or jaconet, with delicate embroidery à la minute, still continues popular, a slight modification in the form to that called the Mousquetaire being observable.

Our Parisian correspondent speaks of a glove made to button on the back of the hand, with three small gold buttons. We have not yet seen any; but can imagine they are much neater and better fitting than those now worn.

Shoes and slippers are ornamented, just now, more elaborately than ever, a plain shoe being, literally, hardly ever seen. Bows of black or colored velvet, with gold or marquise ornaments are most fashionable, except for ball or full dress, when flowers, intermingled with blonde, are employed with good effect. The brilliancy of a marquise almost rivals that of diamonds by daylight. We have seen some imitations elsewhere, but no genuine marquise except at Madame Hill's, 571 Broadway.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

To be really comfortable at this the most beautiful but variable of seasons, one should dress à la Chinoise, wearing half-a-dozen skirts and upper garments in the morning, casting them off one by one, towards mid-day, and as gradually resuming them on the approach of evening. Certainly this seems the only practical manner of keeping oneself pleasantly warm at the two extremities of the day, without being overburdened with clothes at noon. Whether this 'style for the month' would be becoming enough to be generally adopted, we can hardly, perhaps, decide. Meantime we may notice that the pretty loose jackets of silk, cashmere or velvet, lined and wadded, and made ample enough in every part to be worn over a perfect dress, which are called by the Parisians *Ours-du-feu* are too comfortable to be otherwise than popular; and even basques, although they are not likely to be the rage they have during the last two or three winters, will still be much worn. We are glad of this, as it is an economical as well as comfortable fashion, enabling us to wear out skirts of silk and cashmere dresses, which would otherwise, from the want of the corsage to match, be entirely useless.

Mantles of gray, black and brown cloth, in the Chesterfield form, double-breasted, and buttoning across the chest, are beginning to be a good deal seen in the streets. They are trimmed with velvet and chenille trimmings, to the exclusion of the fluted border which has been so universal a finish to every kind of mantle during the summer. The difficulty of removing the dust, which accumulated in every fold of this trimming, without entirely destroying the material, made the Dahlia fluting very unsatisfactory wear for out-door garments; and we are particularly pleased to see that its day is over.



TORSADE. MEYER & CO. PAGE 378.

The evening toilette is made graceful by the variety of fichus and pelerines of illusion, trimmed with chenille or flowers, which form so elegant a part of the dress. There is something so soft and vapory about illusion—so much of the charm of its name in every article made of it, that it is universally becoming, and especially so to those who need something to round the angles of their frame, as many women, after early girlhood, do. We saw a charming evening dress of amber silk, made for a lady of great personal charms, which had a single full skirt, trimmed with broad bias folds of crape, of the same hue, each edged with a ruche of gauze ribbon; the corsage plain, and cut square across the bosom, with very small sleeves (it would perhaps be hardly incorrect to term them shoulder-straps), and the waist formed in a deep point before, and one nearly as deep behind. A bertha, with sleeves of illusion, interspersed with delicate sprays of lilies of the valley; and a Swiss tucker of puffed illusion, confined round the throat by a band of narrow black velvet ribbon. The head-dress of pearls, with noëuds of black velvet ribbon, and floating ends.



CACHEPIGNE. P. T. WILDE & CO. PAGE 378.



CACHEPIGNE. MEYER & CO. PAGE 378.

Another elegant evening dress had a broad brocaded ribbon, edged with black guipure on each side, set on in irregular points round the skirt, and finished with large bows on each side of the front.

Ribbons are evidently likely to be as much in favor as ever.

The brocading of black ribbons with small designs in straw or amber is very general, and extremely distinguished; but those worn in Paris are of striking elegance, being embroidered by hand, with straw. White ribbons thus worked are also greatly worn for full-dress bonnets.

In skirts a new style has been brought out by DOUGLAS AND SHERWOOD, called the "Gem of Fashion." It seems to us to be the very perfection of a skirt, light, graceful, setting out well all round, but perfectly flat in front. A small semi-corset is attached, which, when laced, gives a delightful sensation of support to the person, while it precludes the possibility of the of the skirt slipping round, as every other kind will. The bustle (tournure), as it is sometimes called, is of short springs,



GLENGARRY. GUNN. PAGE 378.

fitting into neat little slides, lined with kid, on each side of the corset. Thus it seems almost impossible for the bustle to become misshapen. A twilled tape, fastened with a buckle, which passes from the front over the head to the waist of the skirt, can be shortened so as to draw up the front, if by chance the feet catch in it. Altogether it seems to us the perfection of grace and comfort. We should add that it has from twenty to thirty springs of the finest steel. Whilst according our praise to the "Gem of Fashion," we would not, however, forget the merits of that comfortable winter skirt, the "Isabella." We fancy, that with the corset-attachment of the "Gem," we should prefer it, for our own wear, in cold weather, to any skirt we ever have seen, or are likely to see.

Cashmere robes-de-chambre are among the most voyante of the fall importations, and are distinguished by brilliant borderings and rich centres. We have described elsewhere some of the most elegant.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

A WEDDING party, selected as affording the best scope for the skill of the artist, and for the display of elegant toilettes, has been selected for illustration this month. The figures are those of the bride, with her sister, mother, brother and two lady friends, and our readers will observe with pleasure the variety of dresses introduced.

Fig. 1, to the right, is habited in a robe of pearl gray moiré antique, trimmed with another moiré of light groseille color. The somewhat voyante character of this trimming is greatly softened by the liberal use of rich black guipure lace, which, in effect, nearly covers it. The body and the front of the skirt are made in one piece, the former being high and plain. The front of the corsage and skirt are covered with groseille moiré, wide on the shoulders, narrow at the waist, and widening gradually, *en tablier*, to the bottom of the skirt, along which a band of the same is carried all round. This band, ten to fourteen inches in depth, according to the height of the wearer, is covered by a guipure lace of the same width, bordered at each edge. Many



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 378.



BONNET. R. T. WILDE & CO. PAGE 378.

such laces have been made of late for flounces of mantles; one edge having perhaps a simpler pattern than the other, but not the plain heading usual to lace flouncing. Down the fronts are puffs of lace, graduated; and the groseille trimming is covered at the edge by a narrow guipure, within which tassels are placed at intervals. The sleeve is tight, with a cuff to match the rest of the trimming, and a puff, covered with two rows of lace, on a groseille cap, which covers the puff, finished with tassels, like the front of the dress.

The bonnet is of white crape, edged with white silk. The crown is soft, and covered with fancy tulle. The exterior is trimmed with a voilette of white blonde, and a plume of marabout feathers, from which spring a few sprays of frosted ostrich, which form the tail of an exquisitely wrought white bird. A full ruching of crape completes the interior, with

a white water-lily, just showing a glimpse of its golden interior, placed coquettishly above one side of the brow.

Fig. 2. Dress of green moiré antique, trimmed with black lace. The body is open in front, the right side crossing over the left, the opening of the skirt corresponding. The upper part of the corsage turns over, like the collar of a gentleman's coat, forming lapels. The corsage is cut on the straight, and forms a point. The lapels are edged with narrow black lace, which is continued down the skirt, and ten silk buttons are placed at intervals down, round each of which a tab of black lace is formed. Plain tight sleeves, with a reverse cuff, trimmed with tabs like the skirt. Lace fichu, and sleeves with two frills of rich lace.

Bonnet of white crape, edged with green, to match the tint of the dress; the exterior trimmed with white roses and grass of the natural color; a tuft of pink roses in the interior, and white brides, with green stripes, at the edge.

Fig. 3. Bride's dress of white royal velvet, trimmed down the front with bows of ribbon to match, and with buckles of passementerie. The sleeves plain, with deep reverse cuffs of point de Venise, and bows on the shoulder like those on the skirt. The hair crépé, with a coronal of roses, jessamine and orange flowers, from which falls an ample veil of *crêpe lisse*, made in the form of a shawl, and with a ribbon run in the



BONNET. CLOIN. PAGE 378.

broad hem that forms its only ornament. The front of the corsage and skirt are made in one piece, as in the dress worn by the first figure.

Fig. 4. That of a bridesmaid. Bayadere silk dress, of peach and white. The corsage is high and close, and buttoned up the front; the waist round, with a sash to match, fastened in front, and leaving long floating ends. The sleeve is plain, cut with an elbow and two seams, like that of a gentleman's coat, finished with two small puffings on the shoulder, and a large square cuff at the bottom; open at the outer seam, where it is trimmed with a deep fringe.

Bonnet of white crape, with broad white silk strings, and a trimming of Parmesan violets across the front, forming tufts at the sides. Bandeau of the same.

Fig. 5. Dress of the bride's mother. Robe of violet silk, with a plain corsage, open nearly to the waist, and trimmed with black lace set on in Vandyke pattern, graduated in size to the bottom of the skirt. Five full rosettes of lace are set at intervals down the front of the skirt. The sleeve is plain, hollowed out at the arm, and with a large square cuff, trimmed with lace, falling back from it. Full rich chemisette of lace.

White velvet bonnet, with long white ostrich plumes, and a white lace veil.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

CACHEPEIGNE. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 376.

This is one among the many styles of cache-peigne introduced by this firm; it is in a coronal form, wider at the back than in front, and composed of chenille of two colors, one of which is intermixed with gold. A row of small tassels falls on the back of the neck, and a larger one is placed above each ear. This sort of head-dress is particularly suitable for those whose hair is long, but not very abundant.

TORSADE. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 376.

So many people are unable to arrange a torsade elegantly and becomingly for themselves, that we think they will be particularly pleased to see one formed into a fashionable ornament, ready to their hand, as is the case with the specimen we have engraved. It consists of a round cord, covered with black chenille and gold boudon, with a rich tassel of chenille, crimped fringe and gold beads at each end. It is twisted to form a bandeau across the top of the head, and a handsome plait or knot along the back, with the tassels falling low on each side. We have designated the colors of which this particular specimen is composed; but they will be found in every imaginable combination of colors at the warehouse, 62 Walker street.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 369.

This charming morning bonnet is of French black split lattice straw, trimmed with green and black ribbon. It is bound entirely with green, the curtain which is full and double, being black. A band of ribbon is carried across the crown and to the side, where it is finished with rosettes of feather flowers. A bandeau of amber ribbon, mingled with black lace, and ruche edged with black, completes it.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 369.

Bonnet of white figured silk, edged with amber. The curtain is bound with the same, and set on with a heading in box-plaits. Trimming of amber roses and black leaves.

ALBANTO HAT. PAGE 369.

We have described this hat fully in our fashion article.

BONNET. E. T. WILDE. PAGE 377.

Bonnet of white terry, edged with scarlet. A scarf of illusion with rich lace edges crosses the front, confined in the centre by a scarlet band. On one side it is finished with a plume of feathers tipped with scarlet marabouts; on the other the scarf mingles with a similar plume. Interior of scarlet velvet and black lace.

BONNET. PAGE 377.

Pale petunia velvet, with folds crossing the front; full curtain, and wreath of petunia lilies and black leaves.

OACHEPEIGNE. PAGE 376.

Of pearls, graduated at the end of each drop, and with a band of the same across the head. Cerise lilies, formed into a tuft, are placed on one side; and on the other a white rose, with long streamers of cerise ribbon.

GLENGARRY HAT. PAGE 376.

Of the new fancy silk, a rich brown spotted with blue. A plume of feathers, tipped with blue, are fastened by a buckle in the centre, and fall across one side; on the other is a bow of rich velvet ribbon. Strings of the same.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 377.

Of white fancy velvet, intermingled with peach-color. The latter forms the crown, which is covered with black lace, and is employed also to trim the whole bonnet. Tufts of feathered flowers are placed on each side; and a rich black lace is carried round the bonnet, falling over the bandeau in front, and almost covering the crown. The interior is trimmed with a bandeau of peach velvet and black lace, with full blonde barbes.

BORDER FOR A MAT, IN O P BEADS. PAGE 380.

Bohemian or O P beads, and Evans's leading cotton. No. 00. A glance at the engraving, in which every bead is accurately represented, will show how this border is done, the loops being added after making the foundation, which, as will be seen, is a succession of points. The centre of the mat may be velvet.

ALPHABET. PAGE 381.

May be used for working in beads, or various shades of silk or wool, for book marks or other purposes.

TRIMMING MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 384.

A beautiful and novel style of cloak trimming, in moss or velvet tufts, on a silk ground, usually of another color.

BRAIDS. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 384.

These are ornamental braids of silk, in imitation of hair. Every shade of hair can be matched at this establishment.

DAISY TRIMMING. PAGE 384.

Shows the manner in which wool is wound on frames and cut for daisy mats and trimmings.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

COUNTERPANE, OR COUVRE-PIEDS, IN CROCHET. PAGE 373-84.

Materials.—For a counterpane, knitting cotton, No. 2 or 4, of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. For a couvre-pieds, double zephyr wool, scarlet, with a small proportion of black, or any other two contrasting colors, and a coarse crochet hook.

Begin on 3 ch, on which work 2 sc. 2 ch, turning miss 1, do 1 sc on the second, one on each of the sc of last row, and one by picking up a stitch at the edge, working as usual on the back half of the ridge stitches. (In the next row work on the front, and do this alternately, so that on the right side there will always be a line of chain shown.) 2 ch; turn, miss 1, work on the next, and on the 4 sc, and one stitch as before by picking one up. Continue increasing thus, one stitch at each end of every row, until you have sixteen stitches in the row, which is the widest width. Then do one chain only at the end of every row, and miss the first and last stitches of the previous row, thus decreasing two every row until you have only two; after which, begin again to increase up to sixteen. Continue until you have done the length you require in one stripe, always ending with two stitches only.

Every alternate stripe is one pattern longer than those between which it comes.

If working in wools, do this part in a bright color. Then take the dark wool and work all round each stripe in dc, with a chain stitch between every 2 dc. As seen in the engraving, the dc stitch must come at the edge of every row; and at the points five dc stitches must be taken close together; while at

the widest 2 ch instead of one must be worked between; three times over.

Do with the same wool a sc stitch on every one all round, and 2 in one round the points.

Then with the bright color a sc on every stitch, increasing at the points, to keep them quite flat.

When sufficient is done, sew the stripes together, as seen in the engraving; and add a tassel at every point of the ends, and every wide part of the sides.

This may also be done in dc instead of sc; but two additional chains must be made at the end of each row, twisted, and counted as one dc stitch.

SUSPENDED FLOWER-BASKET. PAGE 872.

Materials—Bohemian (O. P.) beads, white and green, white and blue, white and amber, or any other combination of colors that may suit the apartment; one hexagon wire frame about eight inches in diameter, and another of about six and a half ditto. Beading cotton No. 00 of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England.

Begin by winding narrow silk ribbon round the wires, so as to completely cover them. The lower part of the basket consists simply of strings of beads descending, at regular distances from the smaller frame, and meeting together at the bottom. Make every second string two or three beads shorter than the alternate one, and run the needle through so many beads of the latter, to contract the space as much as possible. Between the two frames the space is filled by a net-work of beads, crossing each other every third bead, through which both threads go. In making this pattern it is always advisable to do all the rows in one direction first, at regular distances, (greater at the top than the bottom, of course, because of the increase of size); then cross them, which will be done by threading two beads and slipping the needle through the third (see engraving). Do all this with white beads.

The chains by which the basket is suspended are attached to each of the six corners; they are of colored and white beads. It is very strong. Chains are always woven with 2 threads. + Cross them through 2 beads, and back through two more; thread one bead on each; then cross through 4, then a bead on each, and so repeat from +. A simple border of colored beads cover each frame, and tassels finish the corners of the upper one, the top and the bottom. Loops of beads, graduated in length to form a fringe, pass from point to point of the upper frame.

SECTION OF APPLIQUE VEIL IN IMITATION OF POINT DE VENISE.

PAGE 277, SEPT. NUMBER.

Material—Boussé's net of the size for a veil, with very fine linen cambric; also Evans's Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 160, and Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 90.

The design of which we give a full-sized section, is marked on the cambric, which is then tacked over the net, on *toile cirée*. The outlines are run closely, and sewed over, holding in a thread. Where the open English lace fancy stitch is seen in the border, both net and cambric are cut away, and the space filled with the stitch; in the remainder the cambric only is cut away from the ground, leaving it to form the design. The outer edge is finished with buttonhole stitch, and a thread pearl edge is then added. Use the Mecklenburgh thread for every part but the fancy stitch, which is done with the Boar's Head.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING frequent applications for the purchase of millinery, work-table materials, hair ornaments, &c., by ladies living at a distance, the Editress of the Fashion Department of *Frank Leslie's Family Magazine* will execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small per centage, for the time and research required. Every article will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste, and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country, on the following conditions:

The order must be accompanied by a cheque for the intended expenditure, addressed to the care of Frank Leslie, 13 Frankfort street, New York city. (Fashion Editress).

The instructions must be precise; and in the ordering of wearing apparel all particulars as to personal appearance should be given.

The address, including county and state, should be clear.

No order will be noticed unless the money is first received; nor can the editor or publisher be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The goods being purchased at those stores which maintain the highest character for the quality and style of the goods, and the moderation of price, and according to the prevailing fashion, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction is terminated.

We cannot, under any circumstances, send patterns or samples of goods, our own time and that of the proprietors of stores being too valuable to be taken up on the mere chance of an order.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.



CURIOUS HABITS OF THE MARMOSET.—When properly tamed, the marmoset will come and sit on its owner's hand, its little paws clinging tightly to his fingers, and its tail coiled over his hand or wrist. Or it will clamber up his arm and sit on his shoulder, or if chilly, hide itself beneath his coat, or even creep into a convenient pocket. The marmoset has a strange liking for hair, and is fond of playing with the locks of its owner. One of these little creatures, which was the property of a gentleman adorned with a large bushy beard, was wont to creep to its master's face, and to nestle among the thick masses of beard which decorated his chin. Another marmoset, which belonged to a lady, and which was liable to the little petulance of its race, used to vent its anger by nibbling the end of her ringlets. If the hair were bound round her head, the curious little animal would draw a tress down, and bite its extremity, as if it were trying to eat the hair by degrees. The same individual was possessed of an accomplishment which is almost unknown among these little monkeys, namely, standing on its head.

PETS OR PRETS.—Major Leigh, the author of a new work on the pets of the English people, estimates that in London alone there are two hundred thousand cats; and it is a statistical fact that to maintain the London canine and feline world fifty-two thousand horses are annually boiled down and served out by one thousand men at the cost of five hundred thousand dollars per annum to the inhabitants of the metropolis.

THE USE OF MOSSES.—Of the use of mosses, in the economy of nature, very little is known, except that they are often the necessary precursors of a higher order of vegetables; for which they prepare a soil, by retaining amongst their matted branches the drifting sand and dust in places which would otherwise remain bare and sterile. They afford refuge in winter, and food as well as lodging in summer to innumerable insects. They overspread the trunks and roots of trees, and in winter defend them against frost. In wet weather they preserve them from decay; and during the greatest drought provide them with

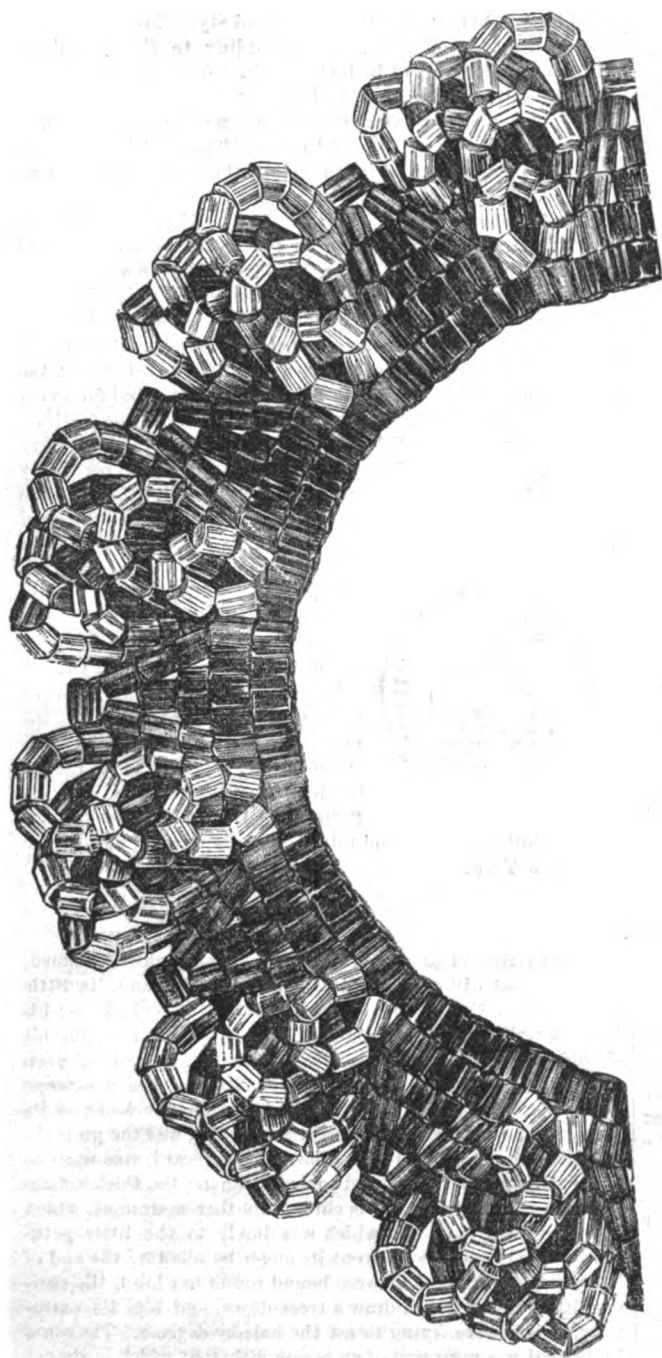
tribe, they form excellent beds, by cutting thick layers of it—one of which serves as a mattress, and the other as a coverlet. Linnaeus tells us that he himself often made use of such a bed when he was travelling in Lapland. These mossy cushions are so elastic that a bed may be rolled up into a parcel small enough to be carried under a man's arm, and the inhabitants take them about with them in their journeys. The Lapland women also make great use of the gray bog-moss (*Sphagnum Palustre*), which is particularly soft like a thick fur or fleece. In this they wrap their infants, without any other covering, and place them in leathern cradles, which are also lined with the moss. The little babies are thus completely protected from the cold, like young birds, in soft warm nests. The Greenlanders use this moss as tinder and for wicks to their lamps.

SINGULAR DIET.—Humboldt, a man whose word justly carries with it European authority, confirms the statement of Gumilla, that the Ottomacs of South America, during the periods of the floods, subsist entirely on a fat and ferruginous kind of clay, of which each man eats daily a pound or more. Spix and Martius declare that the Indians of the Amazon eat a kind of loam, even when other food is abundant. Molina says the Peruvians frequently eat a sweet-smelling clay; and Ehrenberg has analysed the edible clay sold in the markets of Bolivia, which he finds to be a mixture of talc and mica. The inhabitants of Guiana mingle clay with their bread; and the negroes of Jamaica are said to eat earth when other food is deficient. According to Labillardiere, the inhabitants of New Caledonia appease their hunger with a white friable earth, said by Vauquelin to be composed of magnesia, silica, oxide of iron and chalk. To conclude this list, we must add Siam, Siberia and Kamtschatka, as countries of clay-eaters. This is rather a staggering accumulation of assertions, which we cannot dismiss altogether, even if we suppose a large allowance of scepticism justifiable. Granting the fact that certain kinds of earth are really nutritious (and it is difficult to escape such a conclusion), we are completely at a loss for an adequate explanation of it. Little light is thrown on it by the assumption, probable enough, that the earth must contain organic matter, because in a pound of such earth there could scarcely be contained sufficient organic matter to supply the demands of an adult. Nor will it get rid of the difficulty to say that the earth only appeases hunger without nourishing the system, because in the first place, Humboldt's testimony is, that the Ottomacs subsist on the clay at periods when other food is deficient; and in the second place, although the local sensation of hunger may be appeased by introducing substances into the stomach, the more imperious systemic sensation of hunger is not thus to be appeased. We must therefore be content at present with accepting the fact, which the science of a future day may possibly explain.

THE CUSTOM OF REMAINING TO TAKE WINE AFTER DINNER was the device of the royal wife of Malcolm Canmore, in order to bring the godless Scotch to a sense of decency. The Scottish chiefs who dined at Margaret's table were in the habit of tossing off

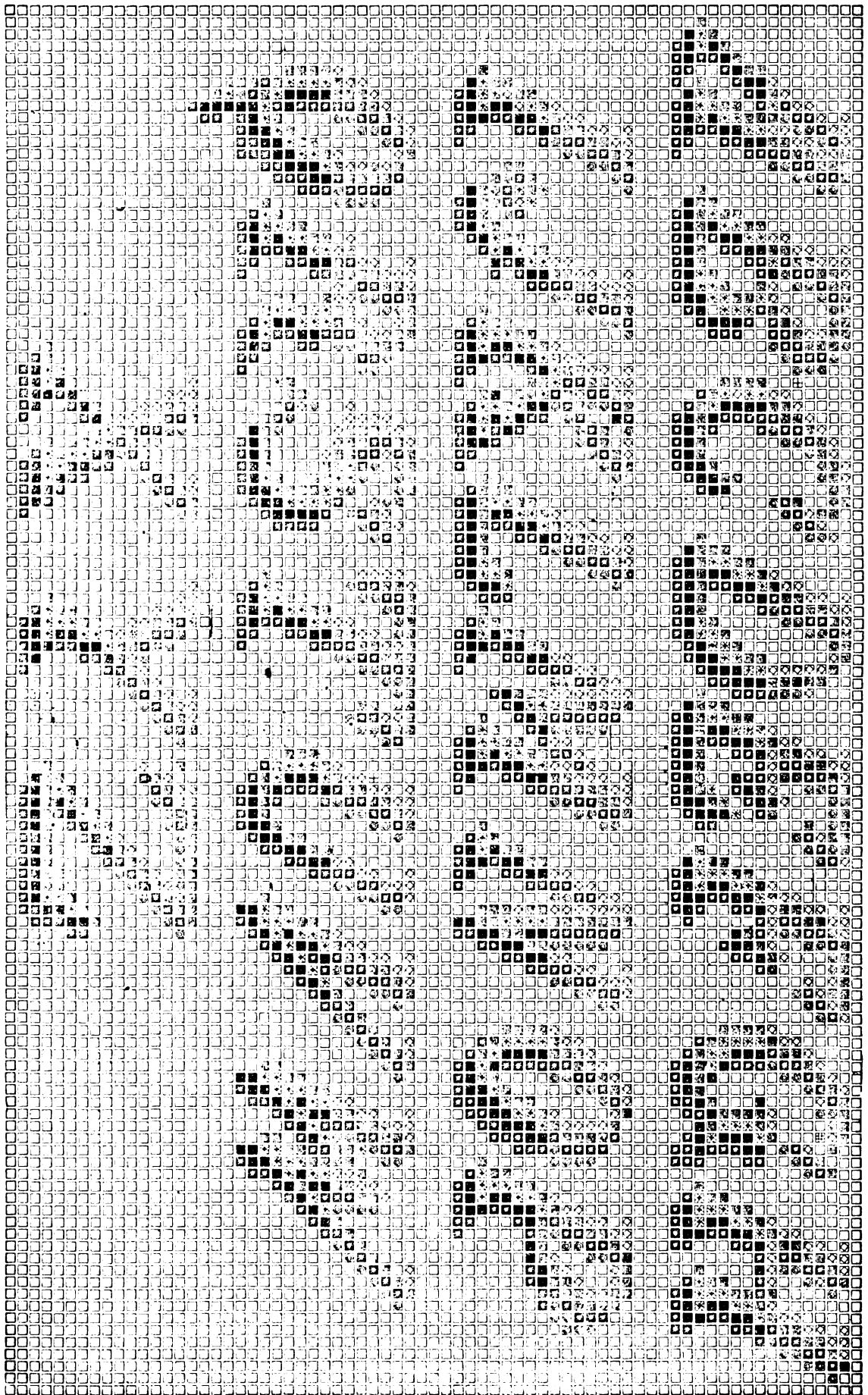
their last goblet and hastening from the hall before the queen's chaplain, Turgot, had time to say grace. Accordingly the royal lady promised that, to as many of the nobles as would remain till the pious ceremony was completed she would cause to be given a cup of the very best wine. On these terms the Scottish courtiers endured a minute of religion for a five minutes' enjoyment of the cup to follow. If this declined to an "orgie," let it at all events be remembered where it originated.

moisture, and protect them from the burning heat of the sun. Indeed, to the traveller in the dense and trackless forests of North America, they are pretty sure guides to the points of the compass, growing chiefly upon the northern sides of the trunks and branches of the trees, as if, it is said, to shelter them from the cold north wind, but, in reality, because they find there most shade and moisture. The poor Laplanders derive several of their comforts from mosses. Of the golden maiden hair (*Polytrichum Commune*), one of the largest species of the moss



BORDER OF MAT. PAGE 378.

ALPHABET FOR EMBROIDERY.



A HOT WIND IN AUSTRALIA.

It is early morning, and as you look from your window you see a thin white vapor rising from the far off bush. The sheep out there in the distance are congregated beneath the trees, while the old cows are standing knee-deep in those clayey creeks of water that trickle from the heaped-up rocks above. You have seen all this before, and know too well what it means. Before breakfast time, there will "be" a hot wind. It comes. The white earth cracks as it passes over it, as though it were a globe of crystal struck by some invisible and mighty hand. The air is hot and murky, as the breath from an oven; and you see trees wither—the fruit shrivel and drop from the vines, as though the Last Seal were opened, and the breath of the Destroying Angel had gone forth. The cicadas seem to shriek (their shrill note is always shrillest in hot weather), and the birds drop dead from the trees. The dogs in the street lie down and hide their dry protruding tongues in the dust. Higher and higher rises the mercury in the glass, until now, at noon, it stands one hundred and forty-seven degrees! You stop up every keyhole and crevice in your room to keep out the burning Sirocco, and endeavor, perhaps, to read. In a minute stars dance before your eyes, and your temples throb like pulses of hot iron. You allow the book to fall from your hands, and strive to drop to sleep. It is not much relief if you succeed, for you are safe to dream of the Inferno or Beckford's Hall of Eblis. There is only one thing you can do, that gives relief. Light your pipe, mix your sherry-cobbler, and smoke and drink until the change arrives. The "Southerly Buster," as this change is called, generally comes

"—— sounding on
Like the stormwind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,"

early in the evening. A cloud of dust—they call it, in Sydney, a "brickfielder"—thicker than any London fog, heralds its approach, and moves like a compact wall across the country. In a minute the temperature will sink fifty or sixty degrees, and so keenly does the sudden change affect the system, that hot toddy takes the place of the sherry-cobbler, and your great-coat is buttoned tightly around you until a fire can be lighted. Now, if you look from your window in the direction where you saw that white vapor ascending in the morning, a spectacle terrible in its magnificence will meet your eye. For miles around—as far as the gaze can reach—bush fires are blazing. You see the trail of the flame extending into the interior until it grows faint and thin along the hill tops, as though a wounded deer had moved, bleeding, upon the road. Nearer, however, the sight is grand and awful, and hints of the Final Apocalypse, when the stars shall fall like those charred branches that drop with a thunderous crash and scatter a cloud of glowing embers around them.

DANIEL WEBSTER used to relate the following: One night, before railroads were built, he was forced to make a journey by private conveyance from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow, and told so many stories of robberies and murders, that before they had gone far Mr. Webster was somewhat alarmed. At last the wagon stopped in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, "Now, sir, tell me who you are." Mr. Webster replied in a faltering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle: "I am Daniel Webster, Member of Congress from Massachusetts." "What!" rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, "are you Webster? Thank God! thank God! You are such an ugly chap, that I took you for a highwayman."

It may be questioned whether promptitude in execution is sufficiently urged as essential to efficiency; but when once a design has assumed a clearly-defined shape in the mind, then, if ever, is the time for action. Wait awhile, and you will find that you see less plainly the thing to be done, and that a warmed-up enthusiasm is a poor, spiritless performer. The same rule applies to the enforcement of newly-discovered truth.

The thing you discerned so clearly a year ago, that you could have told all the world in accents which would have roused them, you scarcely perceive at all to-day; or it has taken rank among your own mental common-places, and you cannot command worthy speech for it. Remember, then, that (the first outburst of adolescent excitement once over with you) a real enthusiasm, whether for truth-speaking or for doing, is *præsumptio*, a golden opportunity, and if you let it slip you are a fool for your pains.

A CORRESPONDENT in Naples says of Vesuvius: "I have sent you no report of his doings for some time, though at the beginning of the week the sides of the mountain appeared to be in a fearful state. Towards the 20th of last month the crater in the direction of the Hermitage was tolerably quiet; it was perfectly white, being covered with *salmirino*. Towards Boscoreale the mountain was throwing out bombs, with the sound as if it were of artillery, which made the whole crater tremble. Near the Plato di Ginestre there was a grotto twelve palms in height, and three hundred paces perhaps in length; out of it came a current of lava; 'it travelled so rapidly,' says the guide, 'that I was compelled to fly.' The crater in the direction of Pompeii was at that time throwing out fire and hot stones; at the Fosso Grande there were twenty-two currents of lava; at the Tironi, ten others; and at the Rivo di Quaglio twelve additional streams, which occasioned great damage. On Tuesday last, the lava flowed down most copiously, and it was a piteous sight to witness the small proprietors, who watched its course and wept bitterly. On the 3d of August, the stream, which numbered perhaps one hundred and twenty-four, ceased entirely, and the mountain, which, on the day before, had been on the side facing Naples, a large bed of fire, was now a mass of black ash. On the night of the 4th, however, two fresh streams burst out in the direction of the Ginestre, and are now running down upon Torre del Greco like streams of water. Up to this time, eighty small proprietors have lost their land. Some of the most striking features in the history of the mountain is the caprice of its movements. One day it is raging, blazing all over, and the next day it is as silent as death, and its existence only indicated by a thin blue smoke rising from the summit. A few hours afterwards, and the lava is pouring down, and some hapless cottager is breaking down his doors and windows, and carrying off the woodwork. A natural object of great interest is Vesuvius, and I must continue to report his proceedings."

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the world's of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

DISTINCTIVE WOMANHOOD.—We are strongly of opinion that there are many phases of the life of industry totally unfitted for woman to enter on; and that, so far from its being to be desired that she should mingle in and understand by experience the difficulties with which many men have to contend, it is to be wished that her atmosphere should be as serene and her growth as unwarped as the conditions of humanity will allow. On the other hand, we yet more strongly deprecate anything in the nature of a cloistered seclusion or an enforced idleness. We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female; and we do believe

lieve that the number of unmarried woman in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for woman; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist—her distinctive “womanhood.”

WE FIND ANOTHER REMEDY against swelling of the throat recommended in the *Union Médicale*, by Dr. Roche. It consists of irrigations of the throat with salt water, continued almost without intermission, the patient lying on his side, with a basin under his mouth to receive the liquid running out, while a thin jet of salt water is directed upon the tonsils and other swollen parts with an irrigator. In one of the cases described by Dr. Roche he previously cauterised the parts with stick caustic; but in another case, which was that of a child about five years of age, he was unable to introduce it, and was obliged to have recourse to irrigation alone, with which he obtained a perfect cure. The effect of the salt water is to wither the adventitious membranes by degrees and reduce the swelling. The water may be either impregnated with common salt, or with alum, chloride of potassa, iodide of potassium or chloride of lime, in all cases so as to render the taste supportable.

AUSTRALIAN LIFE.—A LUGUBRIOUS PICTURE.—Take any day of Australian life. You come home after a hard, dusty day's work, and you long for a quiet evening with your wife and children, such as you could get once in dear Old England. When you sit down to dinner, which your wife has had to cook, and your children to prepare for, you see the partner of your domestic joys with a face (from flea and mosquito bites) like a pottle of prize strawberries at Chiswick—a pleasant object to contemplate of an evening. During your dinner you are tormented with flies and bitten by fleas; your very slice of roast mutton on your plate, before you have time to dispose of it, is blown by the yellow bottle full of live maggots—you push your plate away sick and disgusted—you pour out and drink half your pale ale, and in a moment your glass is crammed with ten thousand debauched flies, who die in drunken happiness. You call in your children; they come, looking squalid, pale and jaded; no rosy cheeks here. You help your wife to put away the things, and then sit down with flies, fleas and mosquitoes, a mottled-faced wife, irritable children, and your own pleasant reflections. You may have made a very fortunate speculation that day; but it takes a vast amount of money to compensate you for so much domestic misery. When you retire to bed it will be only to a second torture of fleas and other vermin, and you will pass a restless, feverish, sleepless night; your children will cry and call for mamma half the night long; and you will get up to another day of speculation, gain or loss, a jaded wife, tired children, and thorough discomfort. Hence it is not just of those people who write books for the purpose of inducing emigration to Australia, to give an estimate only of the milk and honey the country offers. We believe a great quantity of the household milk to be sour, and most of its honey naught but gall and bitterness.

SUCCESSFUL BOOKS.—About one book only in a hundred is a success. When Campbell, at a literary festival, toasted Bonaparte as a friend to literature, because he once had a bookseller shot, he was a trifle too rough on the trade. It is impossible always for a publisher to decide rightly. All publishers are naturally shy of a new MS. of poetry, for instance, for they know by experience that the dearest of all dead books is a dead volume of verse. The sepulchre of deceased poetry in Mr. Burnham's churchyard of old books, in Cornhill, is the

largest bin in his establishment. Some of the best books, which have afterwards had the largest sales, have been, in manuscript, the most widely rejected. The novel of “*John Eyre*” was turned away from the doors of almost every respectable publishing-house in London, and was pulled, by accident, out of a publisher's iron safe, where it had begun to grow mouldy, by the daughter of the bookseller, who had himself forgotten it. “*Ethel*” was carried by its author, Mr. Kinglake, to twenty different houses, till at last, in a fit of despair, he gave the copyright away to an obscure bookseller, paying the expenses of publication out of his own pocket. Mr. Thackeray's “*Vanity Fair*,” was rejected by Mr. Colburn, for whose magazine it was written—that astute gentleman complaining that there was no interest in it. A New York publisher fought the writer of a now popular book from spring to autumn, and at length gave in from sheer inability to escape importunity longer. After it was stereotyped, and before it was printed, he offered every inducement to persuade a brother bookseller to take it off his hands, but without success. In despair, he at last published it himself, and the sale went up to twenty thousand in one season.

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.—The origin of this nursery tale is thus given by a French journalist. We “tell the tale” as told to us, but it is probably of much greater antiquity. About the year 1780, an actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity, that he reappeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl of the very humblest class. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

An English writer has recently asserted that an undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair, and advises all to avoid hard water, either for drinking pure or when converted into tea, coffee, or soup, because hard water is always strongly impregnated with lime. Hard water may be softened by boiling it; let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage. It is also stated that a liquid that will color the human hair black and not stain the skin, may be made by taking one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure. The hair must be washed with this mixture every morning, and in a short time the use of it will make the hair a beautiful black, without injuring it in the least. The articles must be of the best quality, mixed in a bottle, and always shaken well before being applied.

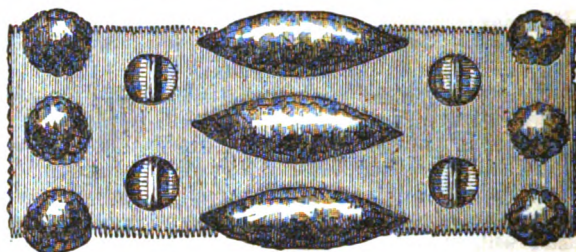
PORTRAIT PAINTING.—Who needs the art of putting things more than the painter of portraits? Who sees so much of the littleness, the petty vanity, the silliness of mankind? It must be hard for such a man to retain much respect for human nature. The lurking belief in the mind of every man, that he is remarkably good-looking, concealed in daily intercourse with his fellows, breaks out in the painter's studio. And, without positive falsification, how cleverly the artist often contrives to put the features and figure of his sitter in a satisfactory fashion! Have you not seen the portrait of a plain, and even a very ugly person, which was strikingly like, and still very pleasant-looking and almost pretty? Have you not seen things so skillfully put, that the little snob looked dignified, the vulgar boor looked gentleman-like, the plain-featured woman angelic—and all the while the likeness was accurately preserved?



BRAIDS. MEEKER & CO. PAGE 378.

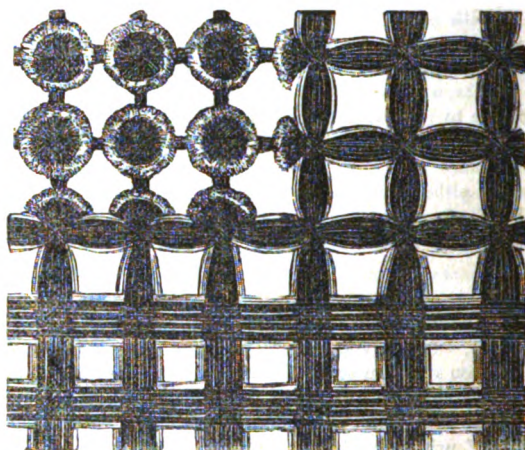
THE EXTENT OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.—The Austrian empire comprises a total superficies of 12,120 square geographical miles, or about 682,000 square kilometres, with a population of 37,000,000 of inhabitants. In a territorial point of view the above extent may be divided into four parts—the Italian countries, 47,000 square kilometres, and 5,000,000 inhabitants; Hungary and dependencies, 354,000 and 14,500,000; Poland, 79,400 and 5,000,000; and the German countries, 199,500 and 12,500,000. These last alone form part of the Germanic Confederation, and they alone are placed under the guarantee of the federal compact. They are the Archduchy of Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, Salzburg, Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria, Carniola, Trieste and its territory, the counties of Goritz and Gradisca, and the county of Mitterburg and the lordship of Castua in Istria. The non-German provinces of Austria are Galicia, the Bukovina, Hungary, the Voivodina, Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, a large part of Istria, and the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER.—A private letter from Calcutta gives the following extraordinary and exciting narrative: On the 31st of May, Roland M'Intyre, Esq., and Lieut. Phillipson, were proceeding on horseback along the Ganges, at some little distance from Hajeeapoor, at sunset. Lieut. Phil-

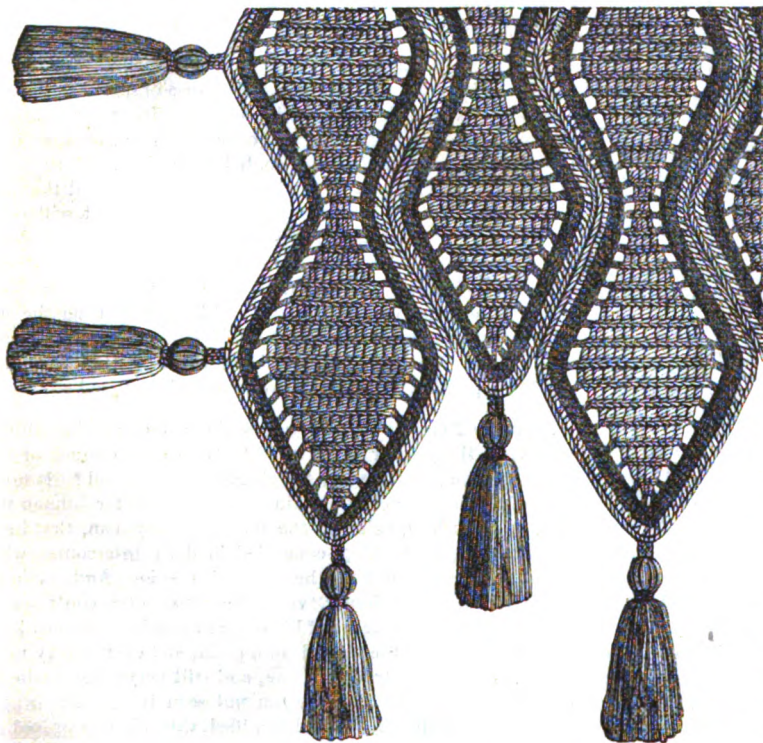


TRIMMING. PAGE 378.

lipson had dismounted to take a pebble from his horse's foot; and, having fastened the bridle to the lower branch of a tree, had moved a short distance back towards Mr. M'Intyre to obtain a small instrument usually carried by travellers for that



DAISY TRIMMING. PAGE 378.



COUNTERPANE, OR COUVRE-PIEDS, IN CROCHET. PAGE 378.

purpose, when a most appalling roar electrified them both, and on looking up they perceived a huge tiger making for the riderless steed. In the vain hope that he could regain his horse, Lieut. Phillipson made an energetic effort to do so, but the terrified animal breaking loose eluded his grasp. Fortunately, however, the attention of the tiger seemed directed towards the animal rather than its rider, and fastening on it, the brute speedily brought the poor creature's struggles to an end. All would now have been well had Lieut. Phillipson quietly rejoined his companion, but Mr. M'Intyre, fancying his comrade in danger, fired a pistol at the tiger, and the brute receiving a wound, became furiously enraged, and, quitting its prey, pursued his new enemy. Whilst so doing Mr. M'Intyre fired a second time; this time with more success. Still, however, the position of the parties was such that Lieut. Phillipson could not approach his friend without the greatest danger of being attacked. He advanced till within a short distance of the tiger, and discharged his revolver down its throat. This had the effect of disabling it; and Lieut. Phillipson joining his friend, the two rode away on the remaining horse, thinking, no doubt, discretion the better part of valor. The tiger was found dead next day a mile from the spot.



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THE CRUISE OF THE ANNIE CLARENDON, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER VI.—MORRISTON ES. DE LA MOZA.—(Continued.)

"LAND ahead! land ahead!" rang through the vessel; and the sleepy watch off duty came tumbling on deck, and the officers and passengers came flocking up the companion-way to have the welcome intelligence confirmed. It was scarcely daylight, and the eyes that had but just unclosed from sleep, at first found it difficult to make anything out of the hazy mass that had just loomed upon the starboard bow. But there it was, and as each eye became accustomed to the uncertain light, the cry so refreshing to the ears of those who for weeks have seen only the sky above, and the ocean beneath, was repeated by a dozen hearty voices.

"I thought we should get a glimpse of something more substantial than air and water, by about this time," said Captain Kimberley, as he adjusted his night-glass to his eye. "Yes, that's the mouth of Tumbez River, surely; and before eight bells, we shall be at anchor. I believe you said we should make this port to-day, Mr. Morriston."

"I should really like to understand how you could tell so exactly," said Annie, "unless you looked in the almanac, and found just what kind of weather we were going to have."

"Or consulted a fortuneteller," replied the mate, laughing.

"Well, I am sure, it is all a mystery to me, Charley, how you can tell just when you will arrive at a certain port. You explained it once, but I suppose I am too dull to understand these things."

"Miss Clarendon seems quite interested in acquiring a knowledge of navigation. Is it because she thinks of following the sea?" remarked De la Moza pointedly.

Annie looked full at the questioner without returning any



THE MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

answer; neither did De la Mora seem to think one necessary, as he turned hastily away.

"I wish that man would never speak to me again; I can't bear him."

"What a way that is to speak of your admirers; you will break the dear fellow's heart, unless you treat him more kindly," said Harry gravely.

"What! Harry, you here, and alone, too? A pretty gallant, truly, when there is Ada, who has been waiting for you to escort her to the deck, this half hour; away, and beg her pardon for your negligence."

"I am all obedience, most gracious queen," answered Harry, moving towards the companion-way.

"Miss Ada is not well, this morning, sir," said Annie's maid, who responded to Harry's knock.

"Nothing serious, I hope, Kitty?"

"Oh, no, sir; simply a headache."

"Well, present my regrets to Miss Seymour, and say that I hope she will not be too much indisposed to join us after breakfast."

"If you think of going ashore, Annie, you might as well be getting your traps together, or you will leave half of them," said the captain.

With a slow step Annie obeyed the request, and Morriston gave his attention to the many little duties incident upon the arrival of the vessel in port; while Harry, glass in hand, perched himself upon the main topgallant cross-trees, and proceeded to survey the wild shore with all the curiosity of a stranger. So intent was he in examining this new scene, that time passed unnoticed, and it was only when he heard the order given to shorten sail, that he awoke from his reverie. On reaching the deck he found that the cabin mess had finished their hasty meal an hour before. Ada and Annie were seated under the coach-house, and Harry approached to apologise for his forgetfulness.

"Pardon me for not presenting myself agreeably to appointment, an hour ago, but I was so engaged in my observatory trying to obtain a glimpse of your city that I took no note of time."

"It is some distance up the river, and not yet in sight," remarked Ada.

"Well, I shall have an opportunity of seeing it, I suppose, as I understand we remain here some days."

"Then, Captain Kimberley is not going on immediately; and I suppose your gentlemen will take up your quarters ashore, in the meantime?"

"I am certain that I shall. I am disposed to take full benefit of my liberty, and as there is nothing to keep me on board, I have made up my mind to quarter myself on my old friend, George Clarendon, and have a good time."

"Indeed! Harry, I was not aware that you were acquainted with Mr. Clarendon's family?"

"And I am not with any but George; he came to the States to be educated, several years since, and for a while we were chums."

"Ah! then you will find no difficulty in disposing of your time; but you must not forget the rest of your friends. My father will always be happy to entertain you."

"I shall not forget to avail myself of your invitation, Miss Ada. It has been so seldom of late years that I have met with a lady in whose society I was interested, that when I do, I prize her acquaintance and friendship accordingly."

"I should suppose that one with your taste and knowledge of the world, would have found many agreeable companions among the gifted and beautiful of your city?"

"Thank you for the compliment; but it is what you call knowledge of the world that has led me to adopt some notions that may seem eccentric. In short, Ada, I have learned by observation (and from bitter experience, too), that the friendship and love so warmly professed by the gifted and beautiful, to which you have just referred, are, as a general remark, nothing but professions, used to cover heartlessness and cold calculating policy. In other words, I have so little confidence in the sincerity of woman (begging your pardon), that for a long while

I have avoided female society entirely, but it was not always so."

"You are wrong, Harry," said Ada, in a low voice. "Friendship and love are not idle words with woman, neither is she the fickle creature you represent her to be. There are some, doubtless, who deserve the character you have drawn, but others go through life cherishing in their hearts a passion, unchanging and undying as eternity itself."

"I will not say that you are wrong," said Harry, gazing for a moment into the calm, eloquent eyes of his companion; "but it has never been my good fortune to meet one of these changeless characters, although I have frequently seen them delineated by the skilful story teller. But when I do meet one, I will bow at her shrine, and next to my God, she shall receive my devotion. I admire that constancy that clings to its object in adversity as well as prosperity, but when one has seen the most sacred ties sundered by those in whom we have placed implicit confidence, it is natural to conclude that our world is real, not ideal, and its inhabitants mortals, not perfect beings."

The brig is slowly nearing her anchorage. The fore and maintop sails under which she was standing were settled away, clewed up and furled. The anchor splashes into the water; the cable rattles through the hawsehole; the vessel gradually loses her headway, and swings gracefully round like a bird settling herself on her nest, and the Annie Clarendon, five months from New York, is safely moored off the mouth of Tumbes River. A few hours later the gig was hoisted out, and the young ladies, accompanied by the captain and supercargo, started towards the city; and close in their wake followed the long boat containing the remainder of the passengers and their baggage, under the immediate command of Mr. Winslow.

Both Harry and Annie were not a little interested in the strange novelty of every thing they saw. Here they were within a few miles of a populous city, and one of the oldest in Peru; but as yet nothing indicated their proximity to the habitations of men. Not a sound disturbed the stillness except the regular dashing of the oar blades, the moaning of the wind through the tangled chaparral, and the breaking of the waves on the beach. Occasionally an alligator paddled leisurely across the stream, and took refuge in the rank vegetation on the margin; and once or twice a jaguar could be seen quietly watching them from the forest; monkeys were skipping among the branches, and parrots were chattering as busily as a bevy of ladies at a sewing society. These were the only signs of animation that met the eye as the boat swept gaily forward.

On the west side of the river a low barren plain extended down to the seashore, destitute of vegetation, except in one place, where a beautiful group of algarroba trees had managed to take root in the white sterile soil, and formed a pleasing contrast to the desolation that surrounded them. But the eastern shore presented the strangest scene. That, as if to shame its barren neighbor, was covered to the water's edge by the dense impenetrable chaparral, the undisputed inheritance of tropical animals. But as they neared the city the scene gradually changed. The sterile plains gave place to gardens and orchards, and the gloomy chaparral was exchanged for groups of orange and lemon trees, dotted here and there by the tall, naked trunk of the cocoanut. To the left the city could be seen, scattered over a broad level tract of country, that descended an inclined plane to the seashore, and in the distance seemed to join itself with the dark blue waters of the Pacific, whose waves were chasing each other till they finally gashed on the shore, sending back an echo that distinctly reached the ear of the listener. To the left of the city the land rose in gentle hills like the regular undulations of the sea; while to the back and further inland, the hills gradually expanded into mountains growing more lofty as they receded, until they seemed to mingle with the distant Andes, and were partly lost to view among the clouds that veiled their snowy summits. It was a glorious scene, and all paused for a moment to gaze upon the magnificent panorama spread out before them. It was near two o'clock, and yet the city seemed wrapped in a general siesta; but as they passed up opposite the city, a few idlers were seen smoking under the

shadow of the bank, who gazed lastly at the new comers for a moment, and then resumed their smoking.

CHAPTER VII.—AN ADVENTURE BY MOONLIGHT.

"Now my little dears, what are we to do this evening?" said Ellen, the charming daughter of their host, as the girls collected in the verandah after tea a few evenings after the arrival of the brig. "I should propose a horseback ride through the chaparral, only I am afraid a jaguar might catch one of our gallants, and we must be careful of them, for we have only two, who are to be equally divided among three of us now."

"Then we had best take good care of them by all means," said Annie, laughing, "and as riding in the chaparral is so dangerous, let us take a walk about town. It is all new to me, but Ellen, don't you count our minister anything?"

"What, Mr. Fleetwood! certainly I do, that is, I would like to, but bless me, girls, I can't make him go anywhere with me. I have tried to be real polite to him, but he is so serious and sedate, that I suspect he is afraid to walk with a girl like me, who never had a serious thought, at least the captain says I never did (a pretty speech upon my word). The saints protect us, if there isn't De la Mosa, come to invite us somewhere, I know, because he thinks Charley will be away this evening. ha! ha! ha! a conquest already, Annie."

"Good evening, ladies," said De la Mosa, approaching them. "Will you do me the honor of visiting my plantation to-night?"

"Dear me, I wish the don and his plantation were in Africa," said Ellen, in a whisper. "But it will never do to offend him," and then saying that the others awaited her decision, she continued in her natural voice. "Oh, certainly, that will be a delightful walk, and I am sure, cousin Annie, you will be charmed with the don's magnificent grounds, that are laid out with such exquisite taste that one can hardly realize it is an earthly scene."

Annie looked up in astonishment at this speech that sounded so little like Ellen's random remarks. But a glance was sufficient to convince her that her cousin well understood how to humor the don's vanity, who next to his fine face and fine figure was very proud of his fine plantation.

"You but do justice to my place, Miss Ellen. It is, I think, one of nature's masterpieces. In fact, it lacks but the presence of woman to make it an earthly paradise."

"One would suppose Don de la Mosa could supply that deficiency without much trouble," said Ellen gravely.

"You flatter me, I think; but shall I not send for horses?"

"No, no," answered Annie, "walking will be much pleasanter," and at the same moment, Ellen caught a glimpse of some one through the trees and darted away, but reappeared in a moment, accompanied by Mr. Morriston, much to the astonishment of De la Mosa, who thought him safe on board the brig. However, he greeted him as usual, and a moment after, Harry Archer, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarendon, made their appearance.

"You must blame George for my non-appearance, the other evening," said Harry. "We —"

"Don't try to explain it," said Ellen, interrupting him. "I understand perfectly, you wished to avoid your punishment as long as possible."

"Which is only human nature, Miss Ellen; but as escape is now impossible, lead on. I take it for granted that you were on the move in some direction."

"Certainly we were. We were about paying a visit of ceremony to the don's sugar cane. You will do yourselves the pleasure of accompanying us of course," said Ellen demurely, as she took Harry's arm. Morriston of course took possession of Annie, leaving De la Mosa to escort Ada; which he did with fear and trembling; for if there was one thing in the world he dreaded more than another, it was a *tête à tête* with her. He was a person she heartily disliked, for various reasons, and her sarcastic responses to his fine speeches disturbed the don's vanity, because from the nature of things he could not resent it. But there was no help for it now, so he offered her his arm and led the way, and contrary to his expectations, Ada was

quiet and thoughtful, scarcely speaking unless in reply to some direct question, allowing him to run on unmolested to his heart's content.

Harry was for once in capital humor, which was partly owing to the pleasure he felt in escaping from the confinement of the vessel, and in part to the exhilaration of his companion's spirits, that seemed contagious. It was difficult for any one to feel gloomy in the presence of Ellen Clarendon, whose merry heart seemed as cloudless as the bright Peruvian sky beneath which she had so long dwelt; and as Harry happened to feel for once very like old times, he returned jest for jest, and for the first twenty minutes there was a continual shower of witticisms between them that kept the balance of the company convulsed with laughter. But suddenly Harry paused, and pointing towards a little conical shaped hill, asked if the old battle ground was not somewhere in that vicinity.

Ellen replied in the affirmative.

"Well then," continued Harry, "let us pay it a visit. I am fond of visiting such places and gazing at the bones of fallen warriors by moonlight."

"With all my heart," said Ellen, "and we will join the others farther on, unless they will accompany us."

The rest did not seem disposed to join them, which Ellen took care to intimate was for fear of seeing ghosts, and laughingly turned away.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember that Francis Pizarro sailed up Tumbes River with his troops when he first invaded Peru, and the adjacent country has been the theatre where some of his most bloody dramas were enacted, and one place a little to the left of the city, covered with mouldering bones, is still pointed out by the natives as the spot where their ancient Incas measured their strength with the Spanish Cavaliers.

It was toward this spot that Harry Archer and Ellen Clarendon were now bending their steps, more in obedience to a momentary impulse than from any other particular interest they felt in it, but they had scarcely accomplished their journey, when they were startled by the sound of voices in a neighboring thicket, evidently raised in angry altercation.

"Hist! Harry, what is that," said Ellen. "One of those voices sounded like Don Cemontex's; what can be the matter?"

Harry had no time to reply, for the next moment an old man sprung from the thicket, closely followed by a swarthy Spaniard, who drew a heavy cutlas and at once attacked him. The old man turned to defend himself, but neither his strength nor the light rapier he carried seemed adequate to compete with the powerful arm and weighty weapon of his adversary.

"Oh, Harry, that is Don Cemontex, and that man will certainly kill him unless you go to his assistance."

"Which I shall do instantly," replied Harry, hastily drawing a heavy revolver from his belt, and with two or three bounds placed himself beside the combatants. Neither saw him until he stood beside them. Just as he of the cutlas raised his blade for a final sweep, Harry saw the old man's danger, and, quick as thought, a blow on the temple from the heavy pistol brought the assailant to the ground, stunned and senseless.

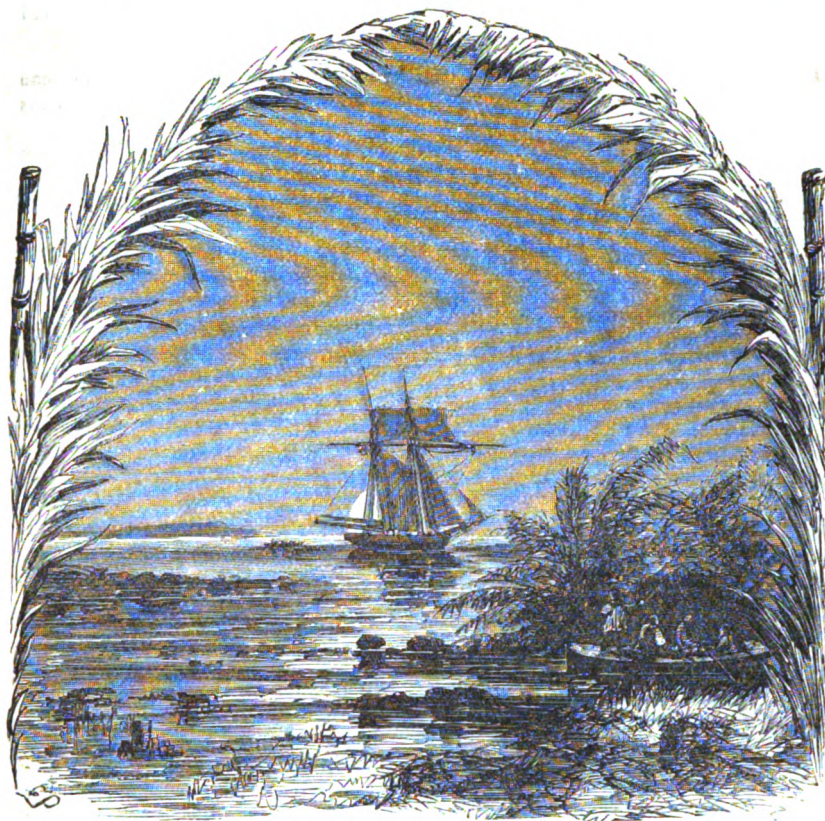
The old man grasped Harry's hand and shook it warmly, as he thanked him in the highest terms of gratitude for his unexpected service. He was evidently verging towards his three score and ten, and the long white hair that fell over his shoulders seemed in perfect keeping with his otherwise venerable appearance, and the benevolent smile that lighted up his noble features seemed an index of a soul warm and generous in every impulse.

"Are you hurt, sir?" said Ellen, as she joined them, a shade of unaffected solicitude passing over her fair features.

"No, my dear child; thanks to my gallant young friend, of whose name I am sorry to be ignorant, I am quite uninjured."

"It is a friend of my brother's from New York. Mr. Archer, Don Cemontex."

"And a friend of mine I hope to call you, sir. I am deeply in your debt, but it is possible that I may some time have it in my power to do you service; if so, I will prove my gratitude by something more substantial than words."



WATCHING THE SCHOONER.

"Pray do not consider yourself under the least obligation. A little act of neighborly kindness is scarcely worth remembering."

"Acts of that kind are the last things to be forgotten—at least by me; I cherish them among my dearest memories. But I detain you. I will see you again."

"Shall we not accompany you, sir?" said Harry; "it seems scarcely safe for a man of your years to walk alone where there are so many desperadoes at large."

"Oh no, there is really no danger. That is one I had sent to the mines some time since for robbery; but he has escaped, it seems. I will have him attended to. He is quiet now; that blow of yours was well directed. Twenty years ago my rapier would have been more than a match for his broadsword; but age impairs strength, destroys skill, weakens the intellect, and brings us back to our original state of helpless childhood. Good night, good night. You have a beautiful evening for rambling; the stars shine out gloriously, and the goddess of night has transformed yonder river into a stream of fused silver. I pray no other accident may happen to divert your attention from the lovely scene that awakens, even in my old heart, a spark of youthful fire, and makes me think of moonlight walks in old Castile."

With a low bow the old don moved away, and Harry and Ellen remained silent a moment watching his retreating figure.

"That is the kindest and best old man in the world, Harry," said Ellen; "and I am glad you had it in your power to do him this service. He will never forget it. I owe him a great deal; all I know in the world I am indebted to him for. He thinks all the world of Ada and I."

"His appearance certainly sustains the character you give him, and I shall take pleasure in cultivating his acquaintance."

"I know you will like him. He is a strange man. He has travelled all over the world and knows everything. But while I think of it, Harry, I would not mention this affair to the rest of our party."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I do not think it will be best to let De la Moza know of it at all if we can help it. That man on the ground there is one of his retainers, and one to whom he always seems

strangely attached, although every one knows he spends one half his time at the mines, and ought to stay there the other half. But I am afraid if De la Moza knew how you have treated him it would result in no good."

"Be it so if you wish it; but it strikes me that it is rather strange for an honorable man to uphold such a fellow, and I shall take the liberty of punishing such when I find them engaged as he was, for all De la Moza or any one else."

"Of course you will, Harry, and that is right; but it would be foolish to offend unnecessarily a man like him. He is very polite and obliging to friends, but I am afraid he would not scruple to commit any crime when under the influence of passion. Isn't it strange that Captain Kimberley can wish Annie to marry him?"

"What makes you think he does?"

"Think! why I know he does. It is as plainly expressed in all his actions as though he said in so many words—Don de la Moza, pray do my niece the honor of allowing her to accept your name! I am out of all patience with him, when there is Charley who worships her and—"

"And she worships him in return," said Harry, finishing the sentence for her.

"I am not quite so certain about

that, though I think she likes him."

"You must be a careful observer to read persons as accurately as you do."

"Oh, I find out a great many things just by looking on; and, by the way, I know something that would be very interesting to you, but indeed I shall not tell you."

"Why not? I am all curiosity to know."

"For the good reason that you will find it out yourself full as soon as you ought to know it."

"You are a strange girl, Ellen; I do not understand you at all."

"Good—I have mystified you, and you may work out the problem as best you can. You will get no assistance from me. We must go, Harry; they will wonder where we have flown to."

While Harry and Ellen were talking, they had remained standing near where Don Cemontez left them, and consequently within hearing distance of the fallen man, who had recovered his scattered senses, but fearful of bringing his head in contact with Archer's pistol again, if he attempted to move, had wisely remained quiet and motionless, and it was only when they were fairly out of sight that he ventured to rise from his undignified position, and look about him.

"I owe that youngster a blessing," he muttered as he walked away, "and I shall see to it that the debt is paid. Lady did not seem to like my worthy master right well; must inform him on the subject. And Don Cemontez will have me attended to, will he! I will save the gentleman all that unnecessary trouble, being quite competent to take the best of care of myself yet."

While Alonzo Garza thus communed with himself, Harry and Ellen were slowly making their way towards De la Moza's residence. It was late when they reached it, and they found their prolonged absence had created some uneasiness; but Ellen was ready with an explanation. They had seen a ghost, she said, and Harry tried to catch it, but after following it for some time it escaped into a hollow tree. All laughed at the story, and Mr. Morriston suggested that Ellen must have been reading Mr. Winslow's voyages round East Cape.

As the don's party had already finished their survey of the premises, and as neither Harry nor Ellen seemed to care much about seeing them, the company adjourned to the verandah, where coffee and cigars finished the evening's entertainment.

CHAPTER VIII.—SHOWING HOW THE CAPTAIN AND DE LA MOZA FOUND THEMSELVES IN UNEXPECTED POSITIONS.

THE first few days after the brig's arrival in Tumbes was passed by officers and men in the various amusements the place afforded. The crew enjoyed themselves as only sailors know how to enjoy their "liberty;" making frequent excursions to the mountains, each time returning with abundance of game and materials, from which they constructed stories that vied with Mr. Winslow's for improbability.

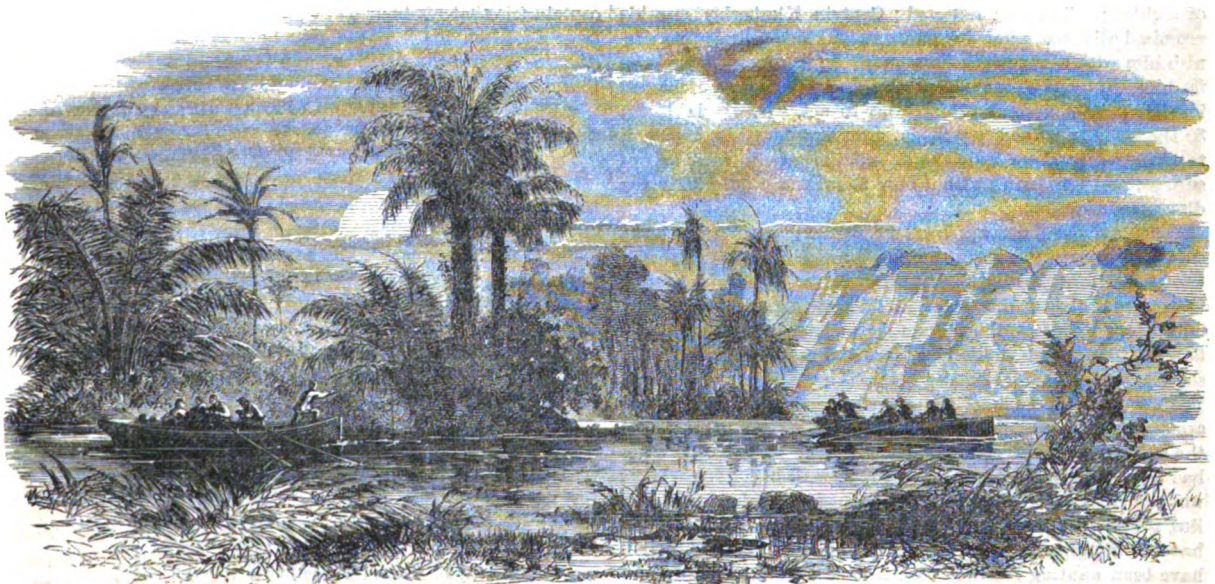
Harry Archer had taken up his quarters with George Clarendon and his pretty wife, Isabelle finding it much preferable to remaining on board the vessel; and by alternately shooting jaguars with his old chum, taking moonlight walks with Ada, and talking nonsense with Ellen, he found the time passing more agreeably than it had done for years. Scarcely an evening passed that did not find our friends together, either at Mr. Clarendon's or Mr. Seymour's, and walking parties, saffling parties, exploring parties and shooting parties were the daily order of exercises. Harry and Ellen were always the leading spirits on these occasions. No wild freak could be proposed by one that the other was not ready to participate in, and any one who had known Harry a few months before would scarcely have recognized the gloomy misanthrope in the fun-loving supercargo of the brig Annie Clarendon. Mr. Fleetwood at last became a welcome addition to these out-door merrymakings, and it was remarked by the others that he was generally found by the side of Ada, and that they were the only sensible persons in the party, unless, as it sometimes happened, Don Cemontez favored them with his presence.

But the young clergyman was not allowed to monopolise entirely the society of Miss Seymour, for much as Harry loved a gale with Ellen, it was with Ada, after all, that he passed the happiest hours. He found it a very agreeable pastime to wander with her alone among the algrova trees by moonlight, or down to the sea shore, making rude drawings of the magnificent scenery, that can only be fully appreciated, when seen by the brilliant light of a tropical moon. It was a dangerous experiment for one who was determined to believe all ladies deceivers; who conquered but to cast aside their trophies of victory as worthless, as soon as they had fairly gained them; and even Harry one day surprised himself wondering if Ada was not one exception to the rest of the female sex, and in reality as lovable and truthful as she appeared to be. Not that

he was in love. Far from it. He only admired her skill at appearing lovable, and the only reason why he preferred her society was because she was intelligent and refined, and better appreciated his own tastes than any one of his acquaintance. "Now, if she could really love me," thought Harry, "it would be something to the purpose. But she is just like all the rest of them. In six months she would not know me in the street; though to judge from present appearances, she is one of the warmest friends I have in the world. Love! nonsense; there is no such thing; or at least, it is quite a different article from what it is represented to be. I have seen enough of it, at all events."

But like all things of a terrestrial nature these holidays soon passed, and the gentlemen connected with the brig were obliged to turn their attention to business again. Harry had expected to trade up and down the coast some time in getting his cargo; but quite unexpectedly, he had an opportunity of purchasing one entire of Messrs. Clarendon & Seymour, before he had been in Tumbes three weeks, and all hands were at once in requisition to strike out the brig's cargo, and get it up to the city, and prepare the vessel for receiving the new one. The cargo was at a point further up the coast, and some little distance inland, at a camp, where the hunting party in the employ of the firm made their headquarters. It was over the line on the Equador side, but as Clarendon & Seymour owned quite an extensive plantation there, they were allowed the privilege of hunting. The gentlemen undertook to provide mules, and a gang of natives to assist in the transportation of the hides to the shore; and Harry saw that he could well afford to take some extra trouble in securing his cargo, considering the favorable terms upon which he had purchased it.

The facts of the case were, that trouble had been for some time brewing between the States of Equador and Peru, and both Mr. Clarendon and his partner had seen too much of these civil tumults to willingly trust their families in its vicinity again. So they resolved to close up their business and return to the States. So their hunting party was disbanded, their stock disposed of to Harry, and Mr. Seymour departed for Pata, to attend to some business there, while Mr. Clarendon remained to give his attention to home matters, anxious, if possible, to be ready to return with Captain Kimberley. All were now as busy as could be, and at the end of a week the brig was not only light, but had been moved from her anchorage to a more convenient spot, further up the coast, and again moored as near as prudence would admit to the bold shore. The crew were then divided into two parties, and while one went with the mules into the country, the other remained to keep ship and attend to stowing the cargo as it arrived.



LIKE A JAGUAR SPRINGING UPON HIS PREY, THE BOAT SHOT FROM THE SECLUDED COVE.

The place was well chosen. The shore, that for some distance up and down was bold and rocky, at this point descended perpendicularly to a little cove where the water, even to the base of the rock, was deep enough to float the vessel, and was so completely landlocked that the swell outside was scarcely felt. The cargo was brought to the edge of this cliff, and lowered by means of a derrick into the boats, that could approach with impunity directly under the fall of the tackle. This arrangement complete, the work went gaily forward, and at the end of the first week so much had been accomplished, that the captain expressed his belief that two weeks from that time would find them ready to get under way for home.

But while these matters occupied the attention of the officers and crew belonging to the vessel, and the ladies were busy preparing for their expected voyage, De la Moza settled down into a "brown study." This arrangement of Mr. Clarendon's had sadly deranged his matrimonial plans, and he was puzzling his brains to invent some plan by which his marriage with Annie might at once be consummated. As the reader will remember he had been patiently waiting to have the field to himself, before he began the chase in earnest; but now there was a fair prospect of seeing the lady, and his rival quit the field at the same time and together, for, of course, Annie would return with her uncle, unless she consented to remain for life with him.

The shortness of the time allowed him before the brig would sail was the principal difficulty he saw in the way, for he could now visit Annie as often as he pleased without fear of meeting his rival, who was busy with his crew in the country. In short, he came to the conclusion that he was making poor headway, and to add to the rest of his trials, he never could manage to find Annie alone. Ellen, as if divining his intentions and resolving to baffle him, would always be present, and took such particular care to compliment his face, figure and plantation, the three things he most admired, that he could not be offended. The truth was, Ellen did understand the wily don, just as she understood almost everything else that quick apprehension could detect; and she was determined to prevent him, if possible, from making a formal declaration, that she knew would meet with a firm, decisive refusal. Ellen read De la Moza's character better than many who had far better opportunities for judging him, and she saw that he was one with whom it was safest to remain on friendly terms. She was confident that if Annie refused him, as she knew she would, that it would result in mischief; what, or how, she scarcely knew, but still she felt that it was best to prevent matters from being brought to an issue.

It is not improbable that De la Moza suspected her purpose, but he was quite too cunning to reveal his discovery, and quite too self-conceited to allow himself to be outgeneraled by a miss of eighteen. The don reflected; Captain Kimberley was his promised ally, and after due deliberation, he concluded to furnish him with a "power of attorney" to transact the business for him, for by so doing he would have the benefit of his all important influence. To think was to act, with De la Moza. So the letter was quickly written, a servant despatched with it to the coast, and he quietly awaited the result, confident of success, and wondering withal how Morriston would bear the disappointment.

The worthy captain was hard at work, superintending the stowing of his cargo, when the don's messenger arrived. For two reasons, the time was not well chosen for the success of the project. In the first place, as the time drew near when he must leave the coast, the captain began to reflect how difficult it would be to leave Annie in a land of strangers, even though she was under the husbandly protection of the mighty don. The alliance lost much of the gilded tinsel that fancy threw around it, when the old man began to realise how firm a hold the orphan niece had upon his heart, that in all the wide world had no other object upon which to bestow its affections. There was something almost appalling in the idea of giving his darling's happiness into the keeping of one with whom she could have no common sympathy, although his consent would not have been wanting had she chosen to accept her Spanish ac-

quaintance, and he felt bound to say something in his friend's favor, because he had promised to. The other reason that rendered the time inauspicious was, that the captain was particularly busy, and did not care to be interrupted. He read the note, however, and after reflecting in dubious silence, for some time, began:

"Well, I suppose I must go; promised to speak a good word for him, but confound the luck, I wish he would do his own courting. I never could make any headway in it myself; the ground tackle always gave way just in the nick of time, and the next I knew, I was on a lee shore, broadside to the breakers. Busy as can be, too. Can't be helped, though. Who the devil invented love and love affairs. I'd like to know—some thick-headed marine, I'll be bound. Ashore, there! Mr. Morriston, you will have to come aboard. I must go to town to-night. Keep things moving if you can, and I will be back as soon as possible. I am in for a regular Tom Cox cruise, I suspect."

So saying, the captain disappeared down the companion-way, and half an hour afterwards he reappeared, and was seen to mount the horse that had been sent for him, and take his way toward the city, leaving the mate in a "brown study" as to what kind of a lark the skipper had started upon.

It was a lovely afternoon, and Annie and Ellen sat sewing by a window that opened upon the lawn, and chatting as only two girls can chat, with nothing to talk about. They were quite alone; Ada had gone out with Don Cementex for the afternoon, and De la Moza was for once, strange to say, absent. This last circumstance would have soon furnished the ladies with a topic of conversation, had not their *jele à tête* been unexpectedly interrupted by the appearance of Captain Kimberley.

"Why how you startled us my dear, captain!" said Ellen, springing up to meet him. "We had no idea of seeing you again till you were all ready to sail for home. What in the world has happened? Who is dead? do tell us this moment; or as like as not I shall die from real woman curiosity."

"Do coil away some of that slack nonsense of yours. Miss Ellen—nothing has happened that I know of, and you will please excuse me, for I have a little private business with —"

"With me? oh certainly," said Ellen, perfectly divining what the captain meant, but quite unable to control her fun-loving propensities. "I understand you, my dear captain, and have been anticipating this scene (that is to come) for a whole week." Annie's ready wit appreciated the jest in an instant, and she disappeared before the captain more than half understood the nature of his situation, while Ellen folded her hands and dropped her eyes *à la mode*; and the worthy bachelor sat gazing in utter bewilderment at the fun-loving girl, and uncertain whether to hoist signals of distress or to meet this strange dispensation of Providence with the fortitude of a martyr. The captain felt that his hour had come. The perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead, and he was aware of something (that he afterwards described as a mirlingspike in his throat), that effectually prevented a ready flow of language.

"I hope you do not intend to trifle with my young affections," said Ellen, gravely.

This was too much.

"Trifle with your affections. Thunder and Mars! Miss Ellen, what do you suppose I know about your affections. Never had any of my own yet, upon my honor; and if you thought I was going to make a proposal, you have made some mistake in your reckoning, and are considerably out of your course, and had better tack ship. I am awful sorry for the mistake; but I vow I never thought of marrying in my life. It was Annie: that I wished to see, but the simpleton went off like a signal rocket."

"Oh, dear! what a sad mistake. Do not mention it, my dear captain; it would be the death of me, I am sure."

"Shan't be likely to, miss; but if you know anything about Annie, I wish you would tell her that I have a little business with her, and that my time is precious."

"Yes, dear Captain Kimberley, I will find Annie; and pray forgive me for pretending to misunderstand you, in the first place. I knew we'd enough that it was Annie you wished to see, and what you wished to see her for, but I could not resist

the temptation to have just a little fun. You will not be offended, will you?" and Ellen dropped gracefully on an ottoman at his feet, and looked up in his face with a half serious, half comic expression.

"Offended! not a bit of it. Who could be offended with such a little witch. I always expect to be sold, when I am cruising on the same ground that you are; but your nonsense is the last thing I should think of being offended at, child; and by the by, look out, or some of these times I shall forget that I am an old man, whose voyage of life is so near up that I am already watching to see the highlands of the other world looming up in the hazy distance, and make a real proposal. I should really like to have such a little sunbeam around me, were I not an old dark cloud myself, and I hope some good kind hand will convoy you through life, safe to that good haven towards which we are all trying to lay our course."

"I never will have fun at your expense again; you are too good and kind; you always overlook my mischief," said Ellen, as she passed out of the room to find her cousin, leaving the old captain to settle upon the exordium of the speech he felt bound to deliver in behalf of his friend. In a few moments they returned, and he presently began:

"You know, Annie, I am getting to be an old man, and being subject to the quick consumption, it is the most natural thing in the world for me to wish to see you happily mated, so that I can feel, when I am outward bound, on my last voyage, that you will not be left alone. Well, this morning I received a letter from our friend Don Moses, that seems to have some bearing on that point. He says, let me see—what the deuce did he say; well, read the letter yourself; I've lost my glasses, and tell me what you think of such an arrangement."

It required but a moment for Annie to acquaint herself with the contents of the epistle, and but a moment more to reply calmly, but decidedly:

"My dear uncle, I must decline the honor of acceding to the wishes of De la Moza, and you will please request him not to mention this matter again."

"Why so, child?" answered her uncle, well pleased with the state of the pleadings, but thinking he ought to advocate the cause a little stronger, as there was no apparent danger of success. "Hadh't you better consider a bit? Don Moses is rich, and —"

"Don Fiddlesticks!" said Ellen, starting up. "Why, Captain Kimberley, what in the world are you thinking of? What do you suppose Annie sees to love in De la Moza? He is old enough to be her grandfather, and not a bit more than half civilised besides being as conceited a man as can be."

"I am sure I don't see why she shouldn't like him. He set half the New York girls crazy (he says) the last time he was there."

"I should think I had given you reasons enough for her not liking him; but if you must have others I may as well tell you the truth."

"Do hush, Ellen!" said Annie, imploringly.

"No, I won't. He ought to know the truth, and I am going to tell him. Annie hasn't got any heart, Captain Kimberley; she gave it away ever so long ago."

"And who on earth did she give it to, I should like to know?"

"Oh! to a young man, who prized the little keepsake on account of the giver amazingly, and gave her a great large one in return."

"Yes, yes; but hasn't the fellow any name?"

"Certainly, he has. He always answers to the name of Charles Morriston."

"You don't mean my first luff?" said the captain, springing to his feet as though a bombshell had exploded at his side.

"Of course I do."

"Then if she don't marry him in a week, may I never see blue water again; why in the deuce didn't I think of such an arrangement myself? But she shall marry him, and in just one week from this date."

"Oh uncle, that is quite too soon. I do not wish to be a burden to Charley till he is able to take care of me, for I have no fortune of my own, you know; not that I should hesitate

to go with him whenever he asked me, for I could gladly share his lot, whatever it might be; but he will never ask me till his prospects are better than I fear they are at present."

"Nonsense," I said, "you should marry him in a week, and I will have it so. I suppose I can fit out Charley with a fishing smack or a clam ship, or something of that kind: and I have a little house in New York that I will let you have at a cheap rent for a year or two, till you can get under weigh a little better. But what the deuce is the matter with the girl? Crying! Thunder and Mars, I would like to see a rational woman once! Now just look at her, Ellen! If I had told her that she could not sail in convoy with my luff there would have been a scene, and now, when she has her clearance all right, off she goes in another tantrum. Beats a Dutch skipper's reckoning all to nothing."

"Don't blame me, dear uncle; a woman must cry sometimes without a good cause. But I am very happy, and you are so kind and good."

"Avast there; not another word on this subject, for the bilge water finds its way into my eyes when I think of parting with you, child; you have been such a dear good child, Annie; and it has made me so happy when I was tossing about on the great ocean to know that there was such a bright beautiful little flower that loved the old, battered, worn-out sailor. I don't think any one else ever loved me, Annie; still I can give you up, dear."

"Do you think I am going to forget you in my new life, dear uncle?" said Annie, resting her head on his broad shoulder and her soft cheek against his bronzed face.

"No, no! of course you won't," said the captain, hastily brushing away something that looked very like a tear—a tear of pure, disinterested affection that asked no return from the object upon which it was all centred, and even wondered why it was returned by one so young and beautiful, and he so old and (as he thought) unlovable. "I don't think you will forget me, Annie," continued the captain, after a few moments' silence. "But Miss Ellen, suppose you furnish me with a bit of paper; I must let Don Moses know that the little craft he has had his eye upon so long is hull down, and he might as well take in sail and let go his best bower."

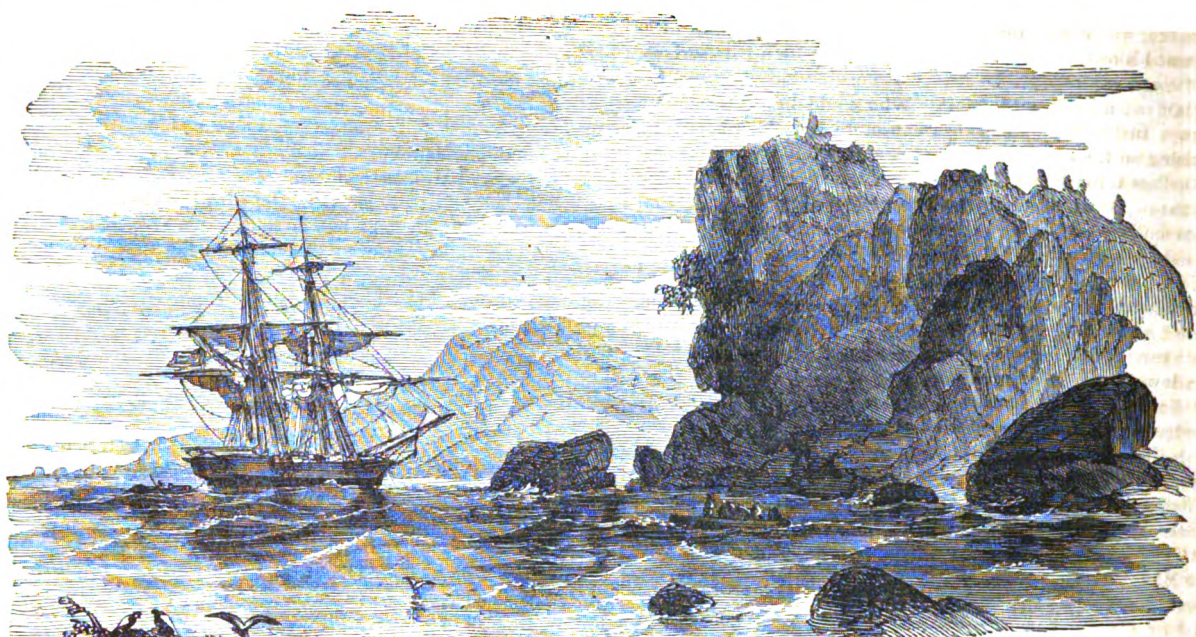
Ellen started up to furnish the desired materials, and Annie hurried to her own chamber. In a few moments the letter was written and despatched, and the captain arose to return to his vessel. Ellen stood some time on the veranda after the burly figure of the old seaman was lost to view, apparently absorbed in reflection, but what thoughts were winging their way through her fancy none could say, for the expression of her face, as she rested against a vine trellis, was as changeable as the April sky. Seeming to remember that she had other matters to attend to besides dreaming, she at last entered the house and hurried to her cousin's apartment.

"There, there, coz, your dear, kind, eccentric uncle knows the disposition you have made of your heart and approves of it, just as I expected he would; and you are so happy that you can't help crying like a dear little baby, as you are; and you owe it all to me. I wonder if you are grateful? Yes, of course you are, as a good girl should be, and that just reminds me how very pretty you looked when I divulged the beautiful secret; only, my dear, you should have blushed a little deeper, looked a little more confused, and hid your face in your handkerchief or on the captain's shoulder; and if you had fainted, it would have been quite to the purpose. It is very bad taste to be collected on such occasions."

"Oh, do stop your nonsense, Ellen. Can't you be sensible, ever?"

"Why no, you dear little puss. I never had a rational thought in my life, and never expect to have. I hate sensible people—but now go to sleep (if you can) and I will waft your spirits away to the land of dreams, on the music of my guitar, that tinkles so sweetly, as De la Moza, that pattern of sincerity, has it."

Nellie took the instrument, and after running her fingers over the chords for a moment struck up the familiar air of "Come, haste to the Wedding."



THE ANNIE CLARENDON RECOVERING CARGO ON THE COAST

CHAPTER IX.

It was quite late when Captain Kimberley, after a hard ride, arrived at the coast in the vicinity of his vessel. He turned out his horse to take care of itself, and then walked leisurely down to the beach and hailed

the brig. There was no one stirring on deck; the men had been allowed to knock off somewhat earlier than usual, and were lounging about like so many turtles in the sun, while the mate and supercargo were stretched comfortably beneath the shadow of the coach-house, puffing some fine Havanas, well content to keep anchor watch for an hour or two and let the men sleep, who stood more in need of it than they did. This was a departure from strict discipline that the mate had often allowed of late. The men were always willing enough to seek repose after the severe labors of the day, and both Archer and Morriston were quite as willing to pass an hour or two under the coach-house, finding enough to amuse them in the singular prospect presented to their view in the wild, savage shore, that seemed to acquire an additional wildness as the crags and broken rocks reflected the brilliant moonlight and cast strange shadows over the quiet little bay.

The captain's "brig, ahoy!" acted like magic on the sleepers, and in a moment the little gig was gliding towards the shore like a Mother Carey's chicken, scarcely seeming to touch the waves, and presently the commander found himself once more on his own deck.

"Glad to get back again, my hearties. How has business progressed?—busily, I hope, for every hide of that cargo must be under deck by Saturday night. It can be done, can't it, Mr. Morriston!"

"Why, yes, I suppose so; but I did not know there was any particular hurry. What's happened?"

"Let's of things; and I tell you this cargo must be all stowed by Saturday night. There's to be a wedding in town on Sunday—or rather it's to be on the brig, if we can get her there in time, and —"

"A wedding!" exclaimed both officers in a breath. "Who's going to be married, captain?"

"Why, you see, boys—but, ahem, I might as well let the whole story go by the run. You know Don Moses's servant brought me a letter this morning; well, it seems the fellow has

taken quite a fancy to Annie, and has concluded to save us the trouble of taking her back to New York. I have just been over to see about it, and we have concluded to have the matter settled before we leave Tumbez."

"Are you serious, captain?" asked the mate, hurriedly.

"Serious! of course I am—a judge couldn't be more so; but why do you ask such a question? Have you been cruising after Annie, too?"

"I will not deny it, my dear sir. It was wrong for a fellow like me, I suppose, to love a lady like Miss Clarendon; but I did, with all my heart, and I thought—no, I won't say it; but I can't attend her wedding. I could not see her marry that old land shark. Tell her, however, she has my best wishes, and —"

"Carry your own messages, or get some one besides me to officiate. I got into a pretty scrape by having a finger in Don Moses's love affair. And, by the by, Charley, you needn't look so blue; Annie has not given you the slip yet. I never knew till this morning that you were sailing on that tack; but you see I have found it out; and I have given my unqualified consent and have made up my mind to see you married next Sunday morning, just as fast as parson Fleetwood can pass the matrimonial earrings; and when you sail next voyage it will be as master and owner of the Annie Clarendon. You have won her fairly, and you must take her namesake with her. There, no thanks, my boy! Don't I know you are worthy of her? If I did not, you may be sure you should not have her at all. And now, I think you might as well lay your course for town; Harry and I can manage, I am thinking. I know if I was going to be married so soon I should want to be overhauling my spare rigging and getting posted in the parson's signal book, so I shouldn't be making some confounded blunder during the service. Good night, boys."

And without waiting to give the bewildered mate time to reply, the eccentric old seaman rolled down the companion-way, happy, because conscious that he had been able to make two hearts joyful. There is now and then one in this selfish world who can take pleasure in doing an act of kindness—to whom the bright teardrop welling up from a heart full of gratitude is far more precious than the glittering wealth gathered by a life of withholding. Earthly treasures pass quickly away, after all, but each tear of gratitude as it falls washes from the page of the angel's record book some debt entry opposite the name of him whose action caused that tear.

It was some time before Mr. Morriston fully realised the queer rotation that the wheel of fortune had made in his favor. He stood gazing towards the companion-way, scarcely knowing

whether to believe his ears or not, till Harry's merry voice aroused him.

"Charley, I congratulate you most sincerely. 'Pon my honor you are one of the most fortunate fellows of my acquaintance; and if the old dame has any more such chances unappropriated I wish to gracious she would take my case in hand."

"Thank you, maty, thank you. I am indeed more than fortunate. Three cheers for Captain Kimberley and the brig Annie Clarendon. Who would have thought the skipper was on that tack?"

"I must say the proceeding was an eccentric one, but none the less agreeable for that. But, Charley, let me advise you, when you go back to the city, to keep as much as possible out of range of that cursed Spaniard. He will be furious when he finds out the true state of the game; and somehow I can't help feeling that both you and I will yet have reason to regret we ever saw him."

"I'll keep a bright look-out on the fore-castle. But away with your 'coming-events-cast-their-shadows-before' blues! Here's another bottle of our favorite wine; fill high your glass and drink to the health of the future Mrs. Morrison. All right. Now here's to the future Mrs. Archer, now known as Miss Ada Seymour. How do you like her on acquaintance, maty? and don't you wish you had the little craft as safely as I have another I could name?"

"As to how I like the young lady of whom you speak, I am free to confess that I am very much pleased with her. She is brilliant, refined and educated; and were I disposed to call any one Mrs. Archer I should select her before any of my acquaintance; and it is also more than probable that if I had chanced to meet the lady aforesaid before I changed my opinions on certain points, when I used to admire moonlight and Byron, and had a fancy for writing verses in books with fancy leaves, I should doubtless have thought myself in love, and as like as not before this my white duck trousers would have been spoiled by coming in contact with the earth of Mrs. Seymour's garden; but I am wiser now—at all events I do not think I shall be made a plaything of again while I am in my right mind, unless some one appears *amicus curiæ* in my case, as the captain did in yours, and arrange the matter without my intervention, and

then notifies me that it's all right, and I can go ahead at my earliest convenience."

"Ah, ha! so you *would* rather like to make an impression on Miss Ada, only you suspect she would prove the same kind of an article as Sophia Clifford."

"Admit you are right in your supposition, for argument's sake, what then?"

"Only this, that you are several degrees out of your reckoning, if you think Ada Seymour is like Sophia Clifford in one particular; and, seriously, Harry, I do wish you would get interested in that quarter. You never will amount to much till you get some one to take that heart of yours. There is nothing like matrimony for fellows like you who have the blues."

"Allow me to suggest that you had best wait about a week before you speak very feelingly on the subject of matrimony. I can listen to you better when you speak from experience."

"You are a regular bachelor in feeling if not in years, as cross as the crosstrees, and as hard to please as a captain of marines; but in spite of your whims, I'll bet you a champagne supper against that old monkey-jacket that you will propose to Ada Seymour before you return to New York. I know by experience that a fellow can't be laying yardarm and yardarm with such a craft for ever without coming into action."

"Just remember that wager, will you?"

"Of course I will; and you just remember to own up like a man if you get *non suited*, as you lawyers say."

"Yes, sir, you will be advised forthwith when I get *non suited* in such a case. The Lord knows I wouldn't appeal it. But be off now to the state-room, I am not going to keep anchor watch with you any longer to-night. A young man in your situation needs repose."

While this colloquy was in progress on board the vessel quite a different scene was being enacted at the residence of De la Moza. He had been very sure that the present evening would find him, through the intervention of the captain, the affianced lover of Miss Clarendon; and he had passed the greater part of the afternoon in a state of very agreeable excitement. The excitement continued, but the nature of it changed materially when the servant arrived with the answer to his missive. He read the letter twice before he could fully understand that his



MARRIAGE AT THE CAPTAIN.

"face, figure and plantation" had not found favor in the eyes of Annie. It is probable that for a moment he felt something very like pity for the young lady's want of taste; but anger and mortification quickly relieved him of that sentiment.

"Refused, by the holy church!" he muttered, as he crushed the offensive document in his hand. "Refused because that simple girl prefers a nameless adventurer, whose assurance is without a precedent; but he shall regret that he crossed my path yet. I wonder if he feels that he has secured the prize and out-generalled me? Ha! ha! ha! Did I ever relinquish a plan that I had dearly cherished?"

"No, I don't think you ever did," said Alonso Garza, who entered at that moment without waiting for permission, and in time to hear a part of his master's soliloquy.

De la Moza eyed the new comer for a moment, as though debating in his mind whether to tumble him through the open window or make a confidant of him. The latter course seemed to please him best, as he presently seated himself, and handing the open note to the other, said:

"What think you of that, Garza? rather complimentary, is it not?"

"It is, upon my honor. It seems the lady has already disposed of herself. You will begin to believe that I reported truly the conversation between the supercargo and Senorita Ellen on the night I got my head broke, will you not?"

"I see I estimated too highly my position in that family. They have deceived me—led me on. Let them beware; I am their enemy now. You know what kind of an enemy I am, Garza. Did you ever know me to forget or forgive an injury?"

"Never; neither did I ever hear any one accuse you of it. But what do you propose to do? I do not know your rival; but I take it you do not intend to allow him to carry off the prize without at least an effort."

"Oh! I have a gallant rival—a rope-climbing, tar-perfumed son of the ocean, a youth whose fortune consists in his impudence and assurance! In other words, the first officer of that little New York brig has, as it seems, effectually crossed my path; but may the saints protect him if he gets his own body out of Peru in safety, to say nothing about taking the lady with him. No, no, I will have her yet, if it costs me my life. My rival's death-warrant is all made out, Garza; when I have disposed of him it will be time enough to decide upon further action."

"You are not going to work right, De la Moza. Better get possession of the lady and keep her out of sight for a while, until her friends have concluded that she is gone in earnest and has left the country, than to get up such a town scene as the young man's death would occasion; under the circumstances, you would be charged with it at once."

"I suppose I should; but your plan of abducting the lady can't be carried out without time. Remember the vessel sails in a week. We could get possession of her, I suppose, but we could not effectually conceal her here, and we can't get away on such short notice. One of my vessels is lost, and the other is down the coast somewhere. There would be no safety but in immediate flight."

"Very true; and that is just what I was about to propose. Your schooner is at Pata; I can have it at the mouth of the river by Saturday night, ready for sea. Now, I suppose that the senorita and her lover have a fancy for rambling now and then in the evening, among the algrova trees. Well, you ascertain their favorite haunt; I will conceal myself in the vicinity, and when they make their appearance will manage to silence the gentleman and convey the lady to the river, where you will be waiting with one of the schooner's boats. The rest is all plain. When we have her safely on board the vessel we can go where we please till the storm blows over, and we can return in safety; and by that time she will see that she is in your power, and will love you to distraction. A woman always loves the man best who takes the most trouble to get her."

"Garza, your plan is capital. By the Pope of Rome, you are the most cunning rascal I ever saw. If you but execute as you plan, your fortune is made."

"I don't generally leave my work half done, as you know;

but while I think of it, you had better see one or two trusty persons, and instruct them to testify that we took a direct and a little different from the one we intended to, when the affair becomes a matter of notoriety in town, and our friend the alcaide feels disposed to inquire into it."

"You have it all arranged, and I am certain we shall succeed. But now, Garza, we have no time to lose. You must start for Pata in the morning, and I will see about securing some reliable persons to report which way we go."

The next morning Alonso Garza was off for Pata, long before the city had awaked to its usual routine; and about eleven o'clock De la Moza mounted his mule and rode to the city, to call on some gentlemen of his acquaintance, who sustained a peculiar character among their townsmen, which was to be accounted for probably from the fact that they disappeared now and then, and report said that on these occasions they were usually engaged in official business at the silver mines. They were just the ones for his purpose, however, and he found no difficulty in securing their services.

This done, De la Moza returned to his plantation, well pleased with his morning's work, and well satisfied with his cunningly-laid plot. Success seemed almost certain, and a smile, which if it was a reflection from his heart it was one strangely dead to all moral feeling, played round his mouth, as he communed with his own thoughts.

How often it is the case, that in our happiest moments, when the present is all beautiful, and the future all bright, that storm clouds are collecting over our heads and danger hovering very near. Never before had the world seemed half so bright to Annie Clarendon as then. There was not one cloud apparent to her vision, to darken her approaching happiness, and yet a danger that she little dreamed of was but a step beyond her.

Saturday noon came, and the brig's cargo was all stowed, and when the men knocked off for dinner it was with the pleasing consciousness that the unwelcome labor that had occupied their time for the last few weeks was at last accomplished, and they would soon be "homeward bound." Still there was something to do before the vessel could be moved from her anchorage; and Harry, seeing it would be several hours before they would get under weigh, asked permission to take the long boat and two or three men, and coast down to the mouth of the river, thinking he should never have a better chance of seeing the wild scenery along the shore.

Captain Kimberley gave his consent, so as soon as dinner was finished the coasting party, suitably equipped for their cruise, stepped into the long boat and pushed off. The distance to the mouth of the river was about thirty miles, to follow all the irregularities of the shore; but they were well manned. In addition to himself and the two seamen who accompanied him, he had secured the services of four of the natives lately employed in transporting their cargo. It was a lovely day, and the little party were in fine spirits as their light vessel glided gracefully away. The afternoon passed much to the satisfaction of the supercargo and his companions; but they became so interested in the strange scenery, and made so many landings that time glided by more rapidly than they were aware of, and night suddenly cast its shadows over the water, leaving them still some miles from their destination. They pulled ahead, however, and by eight o'clock came in sight of the low sandy shore at the mouth of the river. As they neared the old anchorage, the dense fog that seemed to rest like a cloud over the water suddenly lifted and revealed the outline of a taut-rigged, rakish-looking little schooner, lying to, with her foretop-sail settled away and climbed up, and her flying jib taken in. Everything else was standing, and it is so uncommon to see a vessel in that position, with so much canvas set, that the boat's crew involuntarily rested on their oars to examine it.

"They expect to be under the necessity of leaving on short notice, I should say," remarked Smith (one of the seamen who accompanied Harry), as he proceeded to take a hasty survey of their neighbor. "There's mischief brewing hereabouts; don't you see they are fixed to be off about as soon as you could say what's that?"

"That chap does look a little sharkish," said Harry, mus-

ingly, "but have you no idea of where she comes from or what she is probably about, Smith?"

"As to where she comes from or what her business is, you know as well as I do, Mr. Archer. But now I think of it, that craft looks very much like one that don—what's his name, had black fishing on the coast where I was in this port last voyage. Couldn't swear it was the same one you know, but if it ain't, it looks as much like her as a twin sister."

"Do you mean De la Moza?" said Harry, hurriedly.

"That's the individual, I never can think of his outlandish name. It's worse to remember than the string of names in the first chapter Matthew; but I tell you he is the owner of that little craft, or one that was made in the same mould."

"Then I can work out the problem, without much difficulty," said Harry, quickly. "Pull away! pull away, boys! lay the boat under the bushes, yonder, and mind, keep in the shadow of the bank, so as not to be seen from the schooner. Curse the old scoundrel, he will find himself foiled yet."

"Who are you talking about?" said both men in a breath.

"I will explain all presently, but get the boat out of sight first."

The order was instantly complied with, and the next moment the little craft was gliding quickly across the river, passing within a few rods of the schooner, but effectually concealed by the heavy shadow cast by the gigantic trees of the chaparral.

"Here we can see, without being seen," said Harry, as the boat glided in a deeply shaded cove, and the men shipped their oars; "and now I will tell you what I think that little schooner is here for, at this present time. For reasons best known to myself, I am of the opinion that De la Moza will attempt the forcible abduction of Annie Clarendon, to-night, who was to be married to Mr. Morriston to-morrow, you know. He is doubtless up the river with a boat now, and presently we shall see him come sneaking back, like a bloody shark. He probably intends to escape in that vessel to some point up or down the coast, and stay there till her friends give up looking for her."

"Well, that's about as cool as a rich relation," said the Long Islander, Dogberry, "and if he is really up to that kind of game, he might as well be getting his clearance for the other world."

"That he had, matey;" said the other, "let me get my iron's hold of him, and it will be last time he tries to cut sticks with a sailor's sweetheart. Shiver my timbers if I wouldn't like to see him take a round dozen at the gangway, in the old fashion style, and then run up to the yardarm without judge or jury."

"I see I can depend upon you, boys, as I knew I could; in fact, I never saw an American sailor yet who would not fight to preserve the honor of his flag, or his countrywomen. I don't know what kind of a force we shall have to contend with, but I am of the opinion we will leave our private mark with some of them. Have you your revolvers and hunting-knives?"

"Aye, aye, sir; and all ready for service, too," said both the sailors, as they unslung the heavy boarding pistols from their belts, and examined the priming.

"All right, my hearties; and by the by, if these fellows (pointing the Indians) don't pull for dear life, when the word is given, you know what to do with them."

It was scarcely safe to run the risk of betraying their place of concealment by conversation, so the party continued to watch quietly, or the stillness, the almost deathlike stillness that reigned around them, was only broken by some whispered question or answer, the quick sharp click of a pistol lock, or the rapid breathing of the men. There was something almost oppressive in the unbroken silence, and the excitement of the occasion; and every eye was strained to catch the first sign of life on the surface of the river. Every ear awake to distinguish the sound that should warn them of the approach of their expected foes.

An hour passed wearily away, and manifest signs of impatience began to be apparent in the faces of the little group; when suddenly a faint dashing of oars was heard, and the next moment a boat glided round a curve and swept towards them with the velocity of an arrow, propelled as it was by four stout oarsmen, assisted by the rapid current. The boat stood out in

strong relief in the brilliant moonlight, revealing distinctly the faces of its occupants, among which Harry had no difficulty in recognizing De la Moza, holding in his arms a slight figure, that a second glance told him was Annie. She had apparently fainted, for she lay motionless in the Spaniard's arms, and Harry's blood fairly boiled, as he saw him lay back the glossy tresses of hair from her forehead.

"Away! away!" shouted the supercargo, in a voice of thunder, at the same instant whirling his sabre from its scabbard, and discharging a pistol in the air; "give way with a will, my hearties. Harry Archer to the rescue;" and like a jaguar springing upon its prey, the boat shot from the secluded cove, and before the astonished Spaniards well understood the nature of the attack, the two boats were alongside. De la Moza understood their situation at a glance, and spoke not a word, but depositing the insensible form of Annie in the stern sheeta, he drew his sword with a smile of derision, and stood on the defensive; but a quick whirl of Harry's sword disarmed him, and the next moment he was felled like a stricken ox, by one blow from the iron hand of Dogberry. The Spaniards started forward to assist their fallen master; but the ominous click of the pistol locks in the hands of the two sailors, and the glittering barrels in dangerous proximity to their breasts, checked them, while Harry gently transferred Annie to his own boat, and motioned his men to proceed toward the city.

They obeyed, sullenly; (being of the opinion that their discomfited foes were getting off quite too easily), only stopping while Smith recommended their new acquaintances the propriety of gaining their own vessel as soon as possible, and keeping clear of that part of the world, for some time to come, if they consider their lives of any particular value.

The attack had been so totally unlooked for that, to tell the truth, the victory had been gained by Harry before the Spaniards had really thought of defending themselves, and but for the fall of De la Moza it would not have been gained without bloodshed; but they were so accustomed to the voice of their leader that, without it, they felt comparatively powerless; and Garza at least reflected, that in a hand to hand combat, the American revolver—a weapon regarded by the natives at that time with something like superstitious awe—would quickly prevail over the Spanish rapier, and knowing the result of the publicity of their night's adventure in a city where he and his master were regarded with a jealous eye—he was not slow in obeying the gratuitous advice of old Smith. In a few moments they were on board the schooner, whose foretopsal was instantly sheeted home and hoisted, the flying jib run up, sheets were eased off fore and aft, and she filled away on the starboard tack, sailing close to the wind, and glancing over the water with such graceful rapidity that the two old salts stood watching the fast receding fabric in silent admiration, till a gruff "boat-a-hoy!" roused their attention, and they looked up to see the brig standing in under short canvas, which was presently followed by the rattling of her cable, as she let go an anchor.

CHAPTER X.—DE LA MOZA DECIDES UPON A NEW "MODUS OPERANDI."

As soon as the schooner was fairly under weigh, De la Moza was conveyed to the cabin by his faithful retainer Garza, and placed in his berth. He had not been dangerously injured, but the blow he had received kept him quiet for a time, till one after another of the events of the last few hours came before his mind, and he sprang from the berth and strode through the apartment apparently in a perfect fury of excitement. He was not one to bear a disappointment calmly, and now the memory of the signal victory Harry had gained over him, and the humiliating treatment he had received at the hands of the old seaman, stung his haughty spirit to the quick. To have been overcome in fair fight, with sword or pistol, would have been bad enough; but to be stricken down like a beast, and by one so far beneath him in social position, was unendurable.

For a time De la Moza seemed unable to control his wrath; he hurried through the cabin like a madman, dashing his clenched hand against his forehead, and almost gnashing his teeth with rage. But the first gust of passion at length spent

itself, or rather assumed a different form, for the Spaniard's anger, when once kindled, could only be extinguished by vengeance; and the savage calmness that succeeded the tempest of beastly fury, and the muttered threat that followed the insane imprecation, showed that the flame was far from being extinguished, and that the aimless maniac had settled down into the calm, calculating fiend.

There is something dreadful in seeing a man calmly contemplating crime. An unpremeditated act of guilt loses half its repulsiveness, for the mind scarcely acquiesces in it; and in this particular instance there was something so appalling in De la Moza's appearance, as he sat perfectly motionless, with his head resting upon his hand, apparently lost in reflection, that even Alonzo Garza, who was accustomed to his flights of passion, felt uncomfortable to be alone with him, and withdrew to the deck.

For something like two hours De la Moza sat silent and motionless, till bringing his plans, whatever they might be, into a tangible shape, he arose and called for Garza, whose absence he had not before noticed.

The man instantly presented himself, and was well pleased to find his master apparently cool and rational again.

"Where are we?" said De la Moza, as the other entered.

"We can't be more than twelve miles from the river."

"Then we can run back there before daylight, I suppose?"

"Certainly, we could."

"Put about, then, and get back as soon as possible."

"Are you crazy, señor?"

"Do I act like a crazy man?"

"I think you do, decidedly (begging your pardon for speaking so plainly). The alcaide would have us ticketed for the mines in twenty-four hours after we landed. He is no friend of yours, and he will look on the darkest side of this matter, when the lightest is dark enough in all conscience."

"Nevertheless, I wish to return."

"Well, at all events, wait till these cursed Americans leave the place, and—"

"And let that dog who crossed my path to-night escape the punishment he deserves," shouted De la Moza, in a perfect frenzy again. "No, I will spend my life in the mines and eternity in purgatory first; and now obey my orders, or, by the holy church, I'll have your heart's blood!"

"What's the use in these threats? I have always been ready enough to do your bidding, and if I objected to returning to Tumbez it was more on your account than my own. What care I for public opinion; it has been against me too long for me to fear that I can get into a worse position; but you have still some character, and—"

"I did have, you mean, but it's gone now, I suspect. Forgive me, Garza, for speaking as I did—I know you are attached to me, and perhaps you are the only person in the world who is. But I was distracted with this disappointment in my plans; we must go back to Tumbez though, but there is less danger in the operation than you think for."

"You are not going to try abducting the lady again, I hope," said Garza, suspiciously.

"I will tell you all my plans soon; but now send De Menzo to me, that I may give him his directions."

In a few moments the first officer of the schooner presented himself, and De la Moza, after a moment's reflection, began:

"We are going to return to Tumbez—that is, Garza and myself are—but I wish you to run the schooner up the coast, and lay her under the lee of Dead Man's Island. You will remain there for a few days, and in the meantime lay in a stock of provisions sufficient for a short cruise; but remember to be back, without fail, by a week from to-night. If there is any shipping at anchor here, avoid it of course. Perhaps I shall not be ready for you; if I am, I will indicate it by the usual signal; if not, you will stand off and on till you see you are wanted. You understand, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; and everything shall be done as you wish."

"Very well; and now, Garza, see that the small boat is cleared; we shall have to manage it ourselves, for De Menzo has no men to spare."

Five hours later De la Moza and his retainer were busy concealing their little boat in a dense thicket, but a short distance below the city, as it was now daylight and they could not expect to pass unseen. The day before the proud Spaniard would have laughed had he been told that it would be necessary for him to creep back to his plantation by a circuitous path through the chaparral, like an escaped convict; yet such was now the case—De la Moza, the aristocratic proprietor of so many broad acres, who had long been feared if not respected in his neighborhood, was busy with his servant concealing his boat among the bushes, because he feared to have it known that he was returning to his own home. This done, he struck into the chaparral, and felt relieved when he reached his plantation without having met a human being.

A week had passed since De la Moza returned to his plantation, and still the little brig was moored off the mouth of Tumbez river. The mate had been seriously injured on the night of the attempted abduction. As usual, he had been walking with Annie in the suburbs of the city, and was just thinking of returning home, when two men sprung from a thicket, and before he could defend himself a blow upon his temple brought him senseless to the ground; Annie was then conveyed to a boat, and in a few hours would have been beyond the reach of assistance but for the timely intervention of Harry Archer.

Mr. Morriston rapidly recovered under the care of Captain Kimberley, however, who was quite competent to attend any ordinary case, and at the end of a few days he declared himself able to stand his watches as usual; still, several days would elapse before Mr. Clarendon would be ready to embark for the States, and in the meantime preparations were making for a no less event than the wedding of Annie, that her uncle insisted should take place before they set sail. He had decided from the first that it should take place on board the brig; it was an old sailor's fancy, but no one thought of objecting; so, with the assistance of Ellen, the captain's floating home was prepared for the all-important occasion, in accordance with his quaint ideas.

Individuals about to enter the estate of matrimony, we believe (from hearsay), are always desirous that the day that witnesses their "good-bye" to single blessedness should be bright and cloudless, regarding this as a happy omen of a clear matrimonial sky. If the sky has, indeed, anything to do with foretelling events in this direction, Annie might well look joyfully into the future, for a more delightful evening never added the last shade of happiness to a merry-making than the one selected for her bridal. It was truly a brilliant night, such a one as must be seen to be appreciated, for what pen can give a true picture of the beauties of an evening in the tropics. There was just wind enough to lift the streamer that floated from the mainmast and rustle the wild-flowers and boughs that Ellen's hands had wreathed into garlands, and hung with careless grace around the temporary awning, giving the place more the appearance of a fairy bower than the deck of a merchantman. Everything was arranged with the most studied care. The officers paced the quarter-deck, striving to look as unconcerned as though nothing was about to happen, and the crew, dressed in their best go-ashores, were collected in little groups of two or three, or standing quietly apart with their hands thrust carelessly into their bosoms, and now and then casting a sidelong glance towards the companion-way.

The capstan, covered with the Stars and Stripes, supported the prayer book, and behind it stood Mr. Fleetwood in his white surplice, his usually grave face smiling as a June day; and close beside him stood the captain, to all appearances the merriest in the merry company. A few acquaintances of the captain's from the city made up the balance of the party, visible beneath the coach-house and awning, as the harsh voice of the second mate growled out, "For'ard there four bells, and relieve the look-out!"

Whether the party below were awaiting this signal we are not advised, but as the last stroke of the ship's bell sounded forth the hour, Mr. Morriston and Annie, accompanied by Harry Archer and Ada Seymour, made their appearance. They were

an interesting group. Annie and Ada, in their white dresses, with no ornament save a simple wreath of wild-flowers, seemed the very pictures of innocence and purity; and the very perfection of manly beauty looked the young mate, as he paused before the strange altar, and the clergyman began the beautiful ceremony, consecrated by long usage in the church, that was to unite him for life to the darling one who stood blushing by his side, half afraid, yet speaking the responses in a low, firm voice, that would have told, had not her eloquent eyes already spoken it, that those responses came from a heart full of love for him to whom she was confiding all her hopes of earthly happiness.

There is not in all the wide world a scene so beautiful as that of a confiding girl at the altar. Perhaps he to whom she is promising so much is one she scarcely knows except by name; yet the same woman's confidence beams in that loving eye, and strangely modulates the intonations of that voice as it pronounces the vow so sacred to her trusting heart. It is not strange that tears often dim the fond parents' eyes, as they watch a darling daughter giving herself into another's keeping, trusting her all to one who has not yet been proved worthy of the sacred trust he is assuming. It is not strange that they watch with deep anxiety her first steps in the new path she has chosen, that will be so quickly strewn with thorns or roses.

Some such reflections as the above were apparently fitting through the mind of the kind old captain, as he stood watching his lovely niece with an eye in which pride and affection were inseparably blended, and happiness in her new-found pleasure and sorrow, that another could at last claim his darling, seemed struggling for the mastery. But it was a merry wedding after all. The little party on the vessel that floated on the waters of the great Pacific apparently enjoyed themselves as fully as they could have done in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of a Fifth Avenue palace; and the honest but rough congratulations of the weather-beaten old seamen, who respectfully advanced to wish her all the happiness she had dreamed of, fell upon Annie's ear far more gratefully than many more polished but less heartfelt expressions would have done in a more polite meridian.

Twelve o'clock. The little brig is quiet again, and but for the anchor watch nothing of life is to be seen on the decks so lately alive with life and gaiety; but just approaching the city, a little fleet of boats are to be seen glancing over the still water, the oars keeping regular time to a wild song in which every voice seems to be joining. The bridal party of course. Joy go with them.

A week later, and our friends were assembled at the residence of Mr. Clarendon, to pass their last evening in Tumbes, that had been already prolonged beyond the time intended, for reasons before stated.

It had been the intention of Mr. Seymour to return with Captain Kimberley to New York, but that evening a letter had been received from him, in which he stated his intention of returning to England as soon as his business was completed, which would occupy him some weeks or longer. Harry Archer learned this with the keenest feelings of regret. It was true that he had not yet admitted to his own heart even that Ada was "the bright particular star," without whose light his pathway would be dark and cheerless. Yet it was not that his heart had failed to point to her as such, but because he had firmly resolved to believe that there was no higher feeling of regard than a mere passing fancy that was only experienced when in the immediate presence of the object that awakened it.

For the last few weeks Harry and Ada had been much together, and it would have been singular indeed if two persons, so very like in so many particulars, should fail to awaken in each other warmer feelings than those of friendship, as they became intimate; and consequently it was not strange that on this particular evening, the last that they would probably spend together, that Harry should for the first time begin to appreciate how warmly he regarded his fair friend. Had he followed the dictates of his heart the hour of parting would not have passed till he had learned whether this sentiment was reciprocated, as his companion's

actions seemed to indicate (the eyes and fingers unconsciously betray secrets sometimes), or was only amusing herself with one who pleased, but awakened no holier feeling. But misanthropy and scepticism again obtained the mastery, and he resolved to banish the memory of Ada, and in future avoid society entirely, as the pleasure he derived from it was momentary, and in spite of himself ties might be formed that it would cost a struggle to sever. Reasonable as this resolve seemed, he found it a difficult one to keep, when he remembered in all probability that this evening would be the finale of the happiest days he had ever known, and as they wandered on that night over the walks that of late had been so familiar to them both, and he watched the ever changing expression of the fair face that almost rested on his shoulder, he could not in his heart believe that those glorious eyes, so expressive of every emotion, lighted a soul that harbored a thought which was not lofty and magnificent. Ada was indeed beautiful in mind and person, and it was the calm pure beauty of the former that seemed so exquisitely lovely to her companion then. That would still exist unchanged and unchangeable, when time had silvered the bright hair, and traced deep lines on the smooth white brow. Twice Harry had the declaration on his lips that once made would have opened to his view the holy of holies of Ada's heart, but distrust, the bane of his existence, extinguished the kindling flame, and obscured his mental vision, which, could it have been unveiled, would have divined his companion's secret.

Few words passed between them that eventful evening. Their hearts were too full for conversation, and they rambled on till the moon, sinking in the blue waters of the Pacific, warned them that it was time to separate. Harry accompanied Ada to her father's door almost without speaking, and then without trusting his voice to articulate the farewell word, he touched his lips to her white forehead and was gone. It was his first kiss, and it thrilled through Ada's soul like a strain of music. It was the silent unspoken declaration of a heart chilled by the faithlessness of others till it had lost all confidence in its kindred hearts, but which momentarily expanded with passionate emotion as he kissed her "good-bye."

Slowly and sadly Harry pursued his way towards the river, conscious that he had parted from one who would ever linger in his memory in spite of all his resolutions, but one from whom he believed himself separated by impassable barriers.

Once he looked back and saw her slight figure still lingering under the algarrova trees, and he fancied her hand waved him a final adieu. He waited no longer, a boat was moored by the river's bank and he threw himself into the little vessel, and allowed it to float unguided down the stream. So lost was he in reflection, that he failed to notice that at the same moment another glided from under the dark shadow of the other shore, and silently followed in his wake. Swiftly the boat glided onward with its unheeding occupant, the city was presently lost to view in the darkness and distance, leaving nothing in sight but the dreary plain, and the still more dreary chaparral. The unguided vessel at last drifted toward the shore, and Harry roused himself to direct it again to the proper channel. As he stood up to accomplish this, the flash of a musket gleamed through the darkness, and with a low cry Harry Archer sunk down insensible.

CHAPTER XI.—A MYSTERY.

THE first gray light of morning found things astir on board the brig; and the fluttering foretopsail made known the intention of getting under weigh before long.

As soon as the early breakfast was disposed of, the gig was hoisted out and the captain started for the city, to see that his passengers did not indulge in any unnecessary delay. In the course of an hour he arrived at the residence of Mr. Clarendon; but instead of finding them ready and waiting as he expected, all was confusion and excitement.

"What on earth's the matter now?" said the captain, as he entered unbidden into the apartment where the family were collected. "I hope you haven't been getting up another sou'-wester to keep us in port two weeks longer. Truly you all

look as solemn as a camp-meeting; heave ahead and tell us the worst at once, Miss Ellen."

"I scarcely know how to answer you. We are all very much frightened. Isabelle is lost."

"Lost! thunder and Mars! What's become of her?"

"That is more than any one can tell. She went over to her father's last night alone, and when George went for her this morning he learned that she had not been there at all, and as yet we can hear nothing of her; George, poor fellow, is almost distracted. What shall we do? This is some more of De la Moza's work, of course, though I can't see what he could wish to injure her for."

"Nonsense, Miss Ellen, don't lay that to Don Moses' account. He has sins enough of his own in all conscience to answer for. I doubt whether he is in South America now, at all events he has not been seen or heard of since Harry dusted his jacket for him. Isabelle has probably been rambling round in these confounded woods, and has lost her reckoning. We must bear a hand and look her up."

"You may be right, but I have my doubts. I felt all night as though some sad event, something that involved the happiness of all of us, was about to happen. I wish Harry had come up with you; perhaps he could advise us what to do."

"Harry come up! Why, Miss Ellen, he's here now I reckon; at least he has not been on board these three days. I am of the opinion that you'll find him and Miss Ada sailing in company somewhere."

"No, Ada is here, and if Harry is not on the vessel I shall begin to fear for him too. He walked over to Mr. Seymour's and spent last evening, and about twelve o'clock started in a boat for the landing at the mouth of the river."

"Well this is strange, unaccountably strange; what kind of a lark could the boy start off on when he knew the brig sailed this morning?"

"Captain Kimberley, there is something wrong," said Ellen with energy. "If Harry did not reach the vessel last night, he has been made the object of foul play, and you may depend that he has disappeared through the same agency as Isabelle."

"If that bloody Don Moses was on the coast I should say you were right, but he's gone bag and baggage; and there is no one else in town who has anything against Harry that I know of."

"But there is one here who is as bitter if not as powerful an enemy of Harry's as De la Moza. It is a servant of his, called, I think, Alonso Garza. He attempted to assassinate Don Cernota, who was instrumental in sending him to the mines a short time since, one night, and was prevented by Harry, and treated rather roughly."

"It's all explained," said George Clarendon, entering the room with a flashing eye and compressed lip. "It is all explained. Isabelle and my old friend are together, it appears."

"Uncoil that mystery a bit if you please," said the captain anxiously.

"It's very easily 'uncoiled,'" replied the other with forced calmness; "the absent ones have eloped."

"George Clarendon, have you lost your senses?" said Ellen, laying her hand on her brother's arm, as if to arouse him to recollection. "If not, what are you saying?"

"I have not lost my senses, and I know perfectly well what I am saying; and if you wish to know my authority, your own waiting maid and her brother saw them when they started. And Harry, the accursed villain, when he saw that they were recognized by the girl, gave her that ring to bribe her to silence."

"George I am truly ashamed of you; I little thought your wife's honor or your friend's good name would ever be sullied in your estimation, by the unsupported story of a hired waiting maid."

"Unsupported story!" exclaimed the excited man; "isn't there his own ring to support the tale? How came the girl by it, unless he gave it to her?"

"I must say it looks dark to me," said the captain; "though I won't believe anything against Harry till it's all as plain as the chart."

"I should think it would look dark to any one of common

sense," replied George still more excited. "And to think that this is the way he repays my hospitality."

"Mr. Clarendon, I am willing to believe that your domestic trouble has made you forget yourself and bid you to make a very ungenerous charge against my absent friend, which you will pardon me for pronouncing a falsehood," said Morriston, rising with calm dignity.

"I usually take up matters of that kind on the spot. Defend yourself!" said Clarendon, drawing his rapier, which was crossed in an instant by the mate's.

"All hands ahoy! here's mutiny!" shouted the captain, thrusting his burly figure between the combatants. "What are you about, you hot-headed lubbers? Going to fight, eh? Let me tell you, if I see any more such actions I'll put you both in irons, and stow you down in the run for a while to cool off."

"You are altogether too hasty, George," said Mr. Clarendon, "and Mr. Morriston is right in defending the character of his absent friend, who may not only be perfectly innocent of the act charged, but involved in some skilfully-laid plot of De la Moza himself. I don't place much confidence in that girl's story."

"I was too hasty, and I am ashamed of myself, Charley; but forget it, and let us have the benefit of your assistance."

"It is already forgotten, my dear fellow, and you may rely on me, I assure you."

The gentlemen then withdrew to settle on some definite plan of proceeding, and Ellen hurried to her own apartment to find Ada, to assure her that she at least gave no credit to the story that seemed to cast a shadow over the character of Harry. Ellen had perfectly read her friend's heart and well understood her secret, but with a delicacy unusual to one of her volatile temperament she had never alluded to it, although she now felt that Ada stood in need of the sisterly confidence and affection she was hastening to offer her. The apartment was empty when Ellen entered, so she passed down into the garden, and hurried along a walk that led to a little arbor where the girls were wont to spend their unappropriated evenings. Ada was there, seated by the rustic window, her head supported by the trellis, very pale and quite motionless, but calm and lady-like as ever, exhibiting the perfect self-command that so few can call into action in a moment when all the chords of the heart are ready to vibrate with the slightest touch.

"You have heard it, haven't you?" said Ellen, kneeling at her side.

"Yes, I have heard it all, but I do not believe one word of it."

"Neither do I, Ada, darling," said Ellen, winding her arm lovingly around her companion's waist and drawing her gently towards her.

Thus far Ada had shown no sign of unusual emotion; but the kind, loving words of the affectionate girl at her side swept over her heart like the breeze over the Aeolian, and its chords quickly responded to the unexpected touch. Ada forgot herself—forgot her pride, forgot her guarded secret, as she laid her head on Ellen's shoulder and allowed tears to relieve her highly excited feelings.

"You know me too well, Ellen, for me to feel there is any necessity in apologizing for this display of feeling; what you see you can understand," said Ada, presently. "I knew you would not believe the story; but how is he to clear his character in the estimation of those who do not know him as we do?"

"Providence will take care of that, darling. Whether we ever see the lost ones again or not, I am sure the mystery will all be as clear as noonday yet."

"Oh! Harry is dead—I know he is!" said Ada, clasping her hands; "De la Moza has certainly killed him, and how is this wretched mystery ever to be unravelled?"

"He who holds all our destinies in His hand can do it, my dear sister, and I know He will—I am perfectly certain of it. And now Ada, you must rouse yourself; there are other eyes than mine to watch you. Go to my chamber and dry those tell-tale tears, and then be the calm, proud woman you can be

when you will. I will come to you as soon as possible, and in the meantime, God bless you, dear."

It was a sad day at Mr. Clarendon's. But one subject was thought of or spoken of—the mysterious disappearance of Isabelle and Harry. The family felt confident that in some way De la Moza was at the bottom of the affair so far as Harry was concerned; but it was difficult to account for his having anything to do with the disappearance of the other.

The alcaide had gone into a thorough investigation of the matter on the start; but at first there seemed no possible data to start from. Ellen's maid was questioned closely upon all the points of her story, but she stuck to it with a pertinacity that almost convinced those who heard her that it was true.

Towards evening, however, a starting point was apparently gained. A fisherman, who happened to be on the coast late the evening before, had seen a little schooner lying to a short distance above the mouth of the river; while he was watching it a boat approached containing several men and a lady. After depositing her on board it returned to the shore, and presently after a small party were seen coming across the plain, bearing among them what seemed to be a dead body. These were also conveyed on board, and the schooner almost instantly got under way, standing up the coast.

These facts were quickly communicated to the captain, who at once gave it as his opinion that the schooner was De la Moza's, and that both Harry and Isabelle were on board of her, prisoners—if they were still alive. A counsel was held, which resulted in a determination of making a voyage to Panama, calling at all intermediate ports, it being the general opinion that somewhere up the coast they should find the Spaniard's vessel. As soon as this was decided upon Mr. Clarendon and George went on board the brig, that was standing towards the Isthmus in the course of an hour.

But where was Harry Archer all this time? we left him wounded and unconscious in his little boat; and as the time that elapsed while he was senseless was to him a blank, it may as well be so to the reader. When reason returned, he found himself in the cabin of a vessel, and the familiar rocking told him that he was at sea. But where was he? He was not on board the brig; everything was strange. He closed his eyes, and slowly the memory of his walk with Ada, his voyage down the river, the shot from the unseen hand came slowly to his mind, but after that there was a void —. He had not even the means of telling how long he had been insensible.

He attempted to rise from his berth, and at last succeeded, but he was too weak to stand. The ball had been removed from his side and the wound carefully dressed, showing that he had surgical aid if nothing more. It was not difficult to decide who it was that had attempted his life, but who had rescued him was a mystery. He tried to make his voice heard, but to no purpose, at least no one responded, and as hours passed on his curiosity became intense. Could it be that he was still in the power of his enemies. This idea certainly seemed rational, and was reduced to a certainty at last when De la Moza himself entered.

Harry would have given worlds to know the fate that awaited him, but he knew it would be like talking to the wind to question the Spaniard. He would know all soon, and reason told him to prepare for the worst. He had offended a man who did not know the meaning of the word "forgiveness," and he was now entirely in his power, and not a friend near him.

De la Moza did not speak or even look at the supercargo, or seem conscious of his presence, nor did matters change in these respects during their voyage. No one noticed him except the black, who brought him his food. Once or twice, Harry tried to learn from him what part of the world they were steering for; but he might as well have questioned the bow anchor. The man maintained the same sullen silence that seemed to characterize every one on board, and Harry began to feel so nervous when these dumb beings were in his presence, that he sometimes fancied it would be a relief to hear his own death warrant read, if the voice was speaking to him.

It was the seventh night of his captivity, that just as he was about retiring an unusual noise on the deck, together with several hurriedly given orders, arrested his attention. He lis-

tened attentively, and from the few words he could catch the conjectured that the vessel was nearing some port, and that they were shortening sail. This opinion was quickly confirmed, as not many minutes elapsed before De la Moza entered, and motioned Harry to follow him to the deck. He instantly obeyed, knowing that it would be useless to hesitate, and besides he felt that his fate, whatever it might be, was about to be made known, and it was a relief rather than otherwise.

On reaching the deck, a glance showed him that the vessel was hove-to, and the whale-boat manned and hanging in tackles. De la Moza walked towards the boat, and Harry followed mechanically, and as soon as they had taken their places the boat was lowered away and pulled off to the windward.

Harry looked around for land, but nothing of the kind was to be seen till they had advanced in silence for something like half an hour, when a dim, shadowy outline like clouds drifting up the horizon became apparent, which as they neared it assumed the appearance of a low barren shore, that to Harry's eye seemed as desolate as were the shores of ancient Britain in the estimation of their neighbors. Towards this they pulled, and presently the boat's bow struck off the yielding shore.

"This is our destination, I believe," said De la Moza, as he stepped from the boat; "this way if you please, senor."

"So this is the place selected for my execution, is it?" said Harry with a calmness that startled himself. "It is well selected, De la Moza. You are secure from every human eye, and I believe from the eye of Providence, if there is a place on God's earth that Providence never scans."

"I think myself I have made a happy selection, but my dear senor, you must not think for an instant that I brought you here for the purpose you mention. That would be cruel, and I have always been considered a merciful man. This is to be a little kingdom where you can reign supreme, or if the fancy suits you better, call it a prison, where you will drag out the rest of your days, with no companions but the sea birds and lizards, no keeper but the ocean; no labor to perform except to look for food, which I am sorry to say is so unpleasantly scarce that I fear starvation will end your course before many weeks; but that is an easier death than some have died, and I will have masses said for your soul."

"You are very kind," said Harry, in the same calm tone of voice, "would you not enlarge the debt of gratitude under which you have placed me by telling me where this island (if it be one) is situated?"

"In the ocean, my dear senor, in the broad ocean, with no near neighbors, and quite out of the path of wandering vessels; won't it be a retired place to die?"

"Very, and I am much obliged for the definite information you have given me, and now if you are through with your business, you had better go, for you may find it a convenient place to die too."

"If you intend that as a threat, I must remind you that you are weaponless."

"Am I?" said Harry, drawing a revolver that had been so effectually concealed about his dress as to escape the notice of his captors; "will you go?"

There was something in Harry's eye that awed the other, and convinced him that he had gone as far as it was safe to go. Thus far he had borne every taunt patiently or returned them with irony, but De la Moza saw that there was a storm rising now that it was best to avoid. A few more steps placed him in the boat, and a few strokes of the oars placed it some distance from land; and this done, De la Moza stood up to give the finishing touch to his brutal speech.

"I almost forgot one thing, senor; some of my men have been so wicked as to carry off your friend Clarendon's lady, the other evening, at the same time that I in the discharge of my fearful duty deprived you of liberty. She is on board the vessel yonder, and will be conveyed to some safe place, while her friends and yours are already giving credit to a queer story that is going the rounds in Tumbes, about yourself and the lady sloping together. They will never know the truth, for the lady will not return, and this island will be your deathbed and your sepulchre. Good-bye."

It was well for the Spaniard that a quick motion of the oars

changed the position of his boat just as he finished speaking, for at that instant the report of Harry's pistol rung through the air, and the leaden messenger whistled within an inch of De la Moza's head.

The accuracy of the shot roused the boatmen to a sense of their danger, and they were not long in placing themselves out of range of Harry's pistol, and he stood watching the fast receding vessel and shouting out bitter imprecations against his

ment his resolution was taken, and he turned to take a hasty glance of his dreary island prison. It was a cheerless prospect; nothing met his gaze but broken rocks scattered over the ground, and huge piles of white drifting sand. It was too soon to learn the extent of his dominion, so after reloading the empty barrel of his revolver, he threw himself on the ground, under the shelter of a shelving rock, to wait for daylight.

(To be continued.)



PERILOUS ASCENT OF MONT BLANC BY DR. HAMEL, IN WHICH THREE OF THE GUIDES WERE LOST.

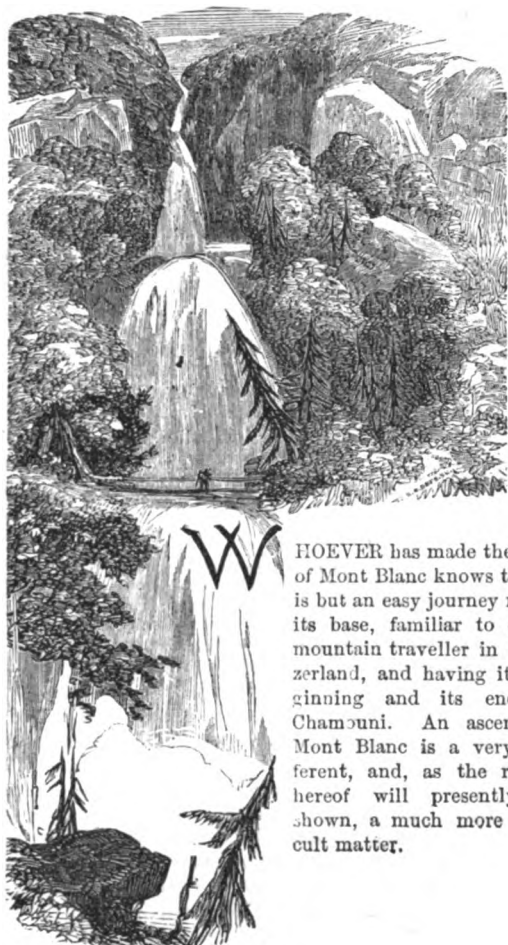
relentless enemy. "Gone, gone," he groaned when the boat finally disappeared, "and he has my curses to keep him company."

But Harry was not one to fail in an hour like this; little trials might dishearten him, but events and circumstances that would have crushed many a man to the earth only called in play those powers of endurance the existence of which he had never known before. It required but a moment for Harry to understand fully the nature of his situation, and the next mo-

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

Touching dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes, wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress.

UP MONT BLANC.



WHOEVER has made the tour of Mont Blanc knows that it is but an easy journey round its base, familiar to every mountain traveller in Switzerland, and having its beginning and its end at Chamouni. An ascent of Mont Blanc is a very different, and, as the reader hereof will presently be shown, a much more difficult matter.

First, the glaciers are to be encountered. And now, before we go any further, let us come to a right understanding of the answer to that interesting question, "What is a glacier?" Prof. Forbes, in his capital little book, "The Tour of Mont Blanc and of Monte Rosa," has a chapter on "Glaciers and their Scenery," a condensation of which will give the reader all the information required on this point:

Looked at carelessly, a glacier seems to answer more exactly than anything else in the world the description of a freak of nature. It seems as if she had started with the intention of doing something with that mass of ice—of moulding it into some graceful form, or letting it hang like a motionless cascade down the mountain side—but that, failing in the attempt, she madly tore up her materials, and dashing them down in a fury, relapsed into a grim tranquillity. Beyond this chaos are things less insane, but quite as eccentric. There are slender pillars of ice supporting broad slabs of rock; colossal ant-hills of gravel; crevasses with

blue and white stripes upon their ghostly walls; weird cups and rivulets of preternaturally bright water; long ridges of stone and rubbish branching in different directions, or stretching away into the distance, as if they were the preliminary embankments of a mad railway, projected by a board of directors composed of lunatic gnomes.

But all this apparently random and purposeless profusion of phenomena may be traced to the simplest and most every-day causes; and the alphabet, so to speak, once acquired, you may read the glacier as easily as the fairest Aldine or Elzevir print. The first thing to be learned and remembered is that the cold, solid mass which seems to lie sleeping upon its rocky bed is in reality a restless body, ever crawling slowly and steadily from the snowfields above down to the pastures below. If you want a proof of this you have only to look at those ridges of stone and gravel, and if they do not explain the matter sufficiently clearly, you may demonstrate it to your own satisfaction by a homely but persuasive experiment. Take a pinch of snuff and a lump of putty, and while you draw the latter out slowly, suffer the former to fall grain by grain upon it. The result will be an elongated piece of putty and a line of snuff extending along its upper surface, which may be taken as convenient representatives of the glacier and its moraine. While the glacier moves slowly onwards the rocks above it keep up a perpetual discharge of fragments upon its surface. But fragment No. 1 has moved on by the time that fragment No. 2 has come down to meet it, and as this process is repeated pretty regularly at every spot, the consequence is a chain of fragments running parallel with the boundary of the glacier. Before long, however, glacier No. 2, coming down from some other snow-field, joins glacier No. 1, upon which the two club their resources, and in a manner carry on between them a joint-stock moraine composed of the contributions each has received in its downward course.

There is yet another puzzle. That vast elongated mound running down the middle of the united glacier cannot be the mere result of the *débris* of the mountain side. It is almost a mountain in itself. To settle this question you have only to



CROSSING THE GLACIER DE DOSSONS.

turn over one of the stones composing it, when you find that the moraine, instead of being internally a mass of stones or gravel, is simply a ridge of ice coated with stones, which hints at another feature in glacier economy—viz., that it suffers a perpetual waste of its surface under the rays of the sun, and nowhere, as you find to your cost, does the sun beat down more fiercely than upon a glacier. The fact is, the height of the moraine represents the level the glacier in general would have preserved had it not been for the sun, and is due to the protection from his beams which its stony covering afforded to the ice beneath. The pillars of ice supporting tables of stone, before alluded to, are illustrations of the same action on a smaller scale. A slab of rock, either falling from a height greater than ordinary, or rebounding from some crag with unusual violence, alights on the glacier beyond the limits of the lateral moraine. But for this hard luck it would have enjoyed the company of its kin all the way down to the valley below. But see the compensating kindness of nature. While the ice all around it perspires away daily in countless streamlets, that portion which lies immediately beneath it is sheltered and does not waste, so that in time this protected ice forms a column, on the top of which the accommodating slab is borne along in solitary but imposing state. Of course, if it overweighs the amount of protection it gives, the ice cannot be expected to act in a disinterested manner; and if it should be so small as to afford no protection at all, but on the contrary to transmit instead of absorbing the heat of the sun, it has only to take the consequences, which are, that it sinks gradually beneath the surface, and leaves a crystal cup filled with water so clear and cold that your thirsty soul blesses the kindly pebble that produced it. As to the veined structure of the ice, all we know about it is, that in fact we know nothing about it, for none of the theories as yet proposed can be said to be satisfactory. Whether it be the result of a species of stratification of the ice, or the consequence of cleavage or partial liquefaction by extreme pressure, are still unsettled questions, and we suspect that if ever a solution is obtained it will be by careful examination of the relative properties of the blue and white ice, and ascertaining by the microscope, and by comparison of their specific gravities and refracting power, to what extent they are to be considered as different conditions of the same body.

When a glacier descends a steep mountain ravine, traversed by one of those majestic frozen torrents which course down the tremendous gorges which the chain of Mont Blanc presents on its southern side, the condition of the ice differs considerably from that which we have described. Urged onward in its flow upon the immense bed of rocks on which it reposes, forced sometimes to discharge itself over the bank of a precipice, the rigid mass is fissured in all directions. Swayed hither and thither by the unevenness of its base, the fissures maintain no constant direction, but subdivide the ponderous mass into rude, prismatic fragments, whose height is the thickness of the ice, and the form of their bases is determined by the melting of the fissures which form them. These fissures become transformed into pyramids more or less rude by the action of the atmospheric waters, the contact of air and evaporation which speedily sharpens their summits, rising in a thousand fantastic forms, whilst their bases here and there irregularly cut through by the escape of glacier torrents, become excavated into not less fantastic labyrinths in the deep, blue depths of the ice, which often preserves here its most characteristic purity. As the excavation proceeds, these pyramids, doubly acuminate above and below, topple over and increase the apparent confusion by mingling their ruins. The moraines with which the surface has been charged, are, as a matter of necessity, dispersed into every fissure by the discontinuity; and the masses thus fallen, and ground by the pressure of the ice, are from time to time rolled down the rocky steep, and finally are borne to a certain distance by the impetuous torrent which flows from its base.

To make much way along such glaciers as these is evidently next to impossible. The experienced guide will either cross the glacier as directly as possible, if his course requires him to do so, or scale the rocky walls of the ravine in preference to attempting to follow the course of the glaciers.

Such excursions, even when not dangerous, are the most

fatiguing of all sorts of climbing; the traveller now leaps from point to point along the jagged edges of the ice which bound the fissures, now making long zigzags to get round the *crevasses* which cannot possibly be traversed; at other times descending the walls of those less steep and profound, and laboriously climbing the opposite faces.

Or, if he prefer the moraine (where it exists) to the ice, he must step from top to top of the curiously piled stones which rest upon the ice, propped in the most fantastic positions, and on account of the perpetual changes of their bed, not firmly jostled, as on solid ground into positions of stable equilibrium, but often resting in such ticklish balance that his weight is sure to precipitate a host of them, and himself above all, down one of those treacherous slopes.

Driven sometimes from all these modes of progression, there is no alternative but to scale the rocks which confine the glacier, which are generally so rugged and intersected by watercourses, that a summit or elbow has no sooner with infinite toil been gained, than the traveller finds himself compelled to make a descent, still more difficult and alarming to his old level.

Such are the alternatives which not unfrequently present themselves to the glacier tourist—alternatives which Milton, in his enumeration of the difficulties which beset the Satanic voyage to earth, has failed to particularise, doubtless (shall we say?) from being unacquainted with them. Often is even the skilful mountaineer

— harrier beset

And more endangered than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks;
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd,
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on; with difficulty and labor he.

There are, however, many glaciers whose ascent is attended with no such inconveniences and perils, although generally with some labor, whether along the moraine or on the ice. The cool footing and the exhilarating mountain air give, however, an elasticity and confidence to the tread unknown below; the eye, familiarised with precipices, forgets their terrors, and those who at home would hesitate to walk along the top of a narrow wall, can look with unblenching gaze into the depths of the glacier *crevasses*. But whether the inferior part of the glacier has been steep and dislocated, or even and gently inclined, the higher portion of the ravine or basin into which it takes its origin is very generally, for some space at least, moderately flat. Here the glacier bounds on the region of perpetual snow, from which (on every theory) it depends in some way or other for its sustenance and increase.

Among the most dangerous accidents of glacier travelling are the fragments of stone which, during the heat of the day, are discharged and roll down from the rocks above. A stone, even if seen beforehand, may fall in a direction from which the traveller, engaged amidst the perils of crevasses or on the precarious footing of a narrow ledge of rock, cannot possibly withdraw in time to avoid it. And seldom do they come alone; like an avalanche, they gain others during their descent. Urged with the velocity acquired in half rolling, half bounding down a precipitous slope of a thousand feet high, they strike fire by collision with their neighbors, are split, perhaps, into a thousand shivers, and detach by the blow a still greater mass, which, once discharged, thunders with an explosive roar upon the glacier beneath, accompanied by clouds of dust or smoke, produced in the collision. These dry avalanches are among the most terrible of the ammunition with which the genius of these mountain solitudes repels the approach of curious man.

This especial danger is so well illustrated by Mr. Hinchliff, in "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers," a volume recently published in London by members of the Alpine Club, that we cannot forbear extracting his very graphic account. The party, of which Mr. Hinchliff formed one, had reached the Trift Pass on their perilous ascent. Mr. H. says:

The continuous exertion and great excitement of the three hours and a half since leaving the Col were admirably calculated to put the whole party in a high state of satisfaction at coming to so smooth an anchorage, and in the highest spirits we pre-

pared to improve the occasion to the uttermost. The provision knapsacks were emptied and used as seats; bottles of red wine were stuck upright in the snow; a goodly leg of cold mutton on its sheet of paper formed the centre, garnished with hard eggs and bread and cheese, round which we ranged ourselves in a circle. High festival was held under the deep blue heavens, and now and then, as we looked up at the wondrous wall of rocks which we had descended, we congratulated ourselves on the victory with a quiet nod, indicative of satisfaction. M. Seiler's beautiful oranges supplied the rare luxury of a dessert, and we were just in the full enjoyment of the delicacy when a booming sound, like the discharge of a gun far over our heads, made us all at once glance upwards to the top of the Trifhorn. Close to its craggy summit hung a cloud of dust, like dirty smoke, and in a few seconds another and a larger one burst forth several hundred feet lower. A glance through the telescope showed that a fall of rocks had commenced, and the fragments were leaping down from ledge to ledge in a series of cascades. Each block dashed off others at every point of contact, and the uproar became tremendous; thousands of fragments making every variety of noise according to their size, and producing the effect of a fire of musketry and artillery combined, thundered downwards from so great a height that we waited anxiously for some considerable time to see them reach the snow-field below. As nearly as we could estimate the distance, we were five hundred yards from the base of the rocks, so we thought that, come what might, we were in a tolerably secure position. At last we saw many of the blocks plunge into the snow after taking their last fearful leap; presently much larger fragments followed, taking proportionably larger bounds; the noise grew fiercer and fiercer, and huge blocks began to fall so near to us that we jumped to our feet, preparing to dodge them to the best of our ability.

"Look out!" cried some one, and we opened out right and left at the approach of a monster, evidently weighing many hundred weight, which was coming right at us like a huge shell fired from a mortar. It fell with a heavy thud not more than twenty feet from us, scattering lumps of snow into the circle where we had just been dining; but scarcely had we begun to recover from our astonishment when a still larger rock flew exactly over our heads to a distance of two hundred yards beyond us. The malice of the Trifhorn now seemed to have done its worst; a few more blocks dropped around us, and then, after an incessant fire for about ten minutes, the fallen masses retired in regular gradation till nothing remained *in transitu* but showers of stones and small *débris* pouring down the side of the mountain; the thundering noise died away into a tinkling clatter; and, though clouds of dust still obscured the precipice, silence was soon restored.

We resumed our seats on the knapsacks now bespattered with snow, and lighted the pipe of tranquillity, all agreeing that we had never before seen such a sight, and wondering at the force which could project such masses for six or seven hundred yards through the air at a bound. Even Cachat looked somewhat bewildered, and with a most comical expression of face he exclaimed, "Ah! si ma femme pouvait savoir où je suis à présent! Je lui ai dit en partant de Chamouni que j'allais voyager avec des messieurs qui étaient les plus tranquilles du monde, et —me voici!" The fact was that the fall had taken place too near to the line of our descent for the remembrance of it to be altogether pleasant.

A great number of mountains in the Alpine range, above ten thousand feet high, and having precipices on their northern or eastern sides, present the following remarkable appearance:

Icy crusts, possessing great consistency, project many feet over the precipices, and when the sun shines favorably upon them, exhibit their peculiar color with extreme delicacy. These projections are formed by the tufted accumulation of gently drifted snow, which thawing at intervals, becomes invested with a crisp coating. This crust, if pierced inadvertently, may bring a traveller into the most perilous situations, or sacrifice his life. Hugli picturesquely describes one of the most awful positions of this kind in which a human being was ever placed. Whilst attempting the ascent of the Finster Aar Horn, he broke, by his weight, through a cornice of ice, such as we have

described, only two feet thick, and projecting five or six feet over a sheer precipice of four thousand. Fortunately one of his companions had for security a hold of the other extremity of a long staff which he carried, who applying his whole weight at the opposite end, the two were held suspended in awful equilibrium, as at the arms of a balance, until help was obtained.

Nevertheless these dangers are braved, year in and year out, by the intrepid mountaineer in the pursuit of his livelihood. The principal routes of mountain travel are now almost entirely bereft of chamois, though on the less frequented glaciers whole herds are often seen. In the chase of these, the chamois hunter is obliged to make use of all the bodily strength and quickness of eye which he is possessed of. Often, in spite of everything, his toil is a thankless one, and well might he say with the hunter in Marfred:

Her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gain to-day will scarce
Repay my breakneck travail.

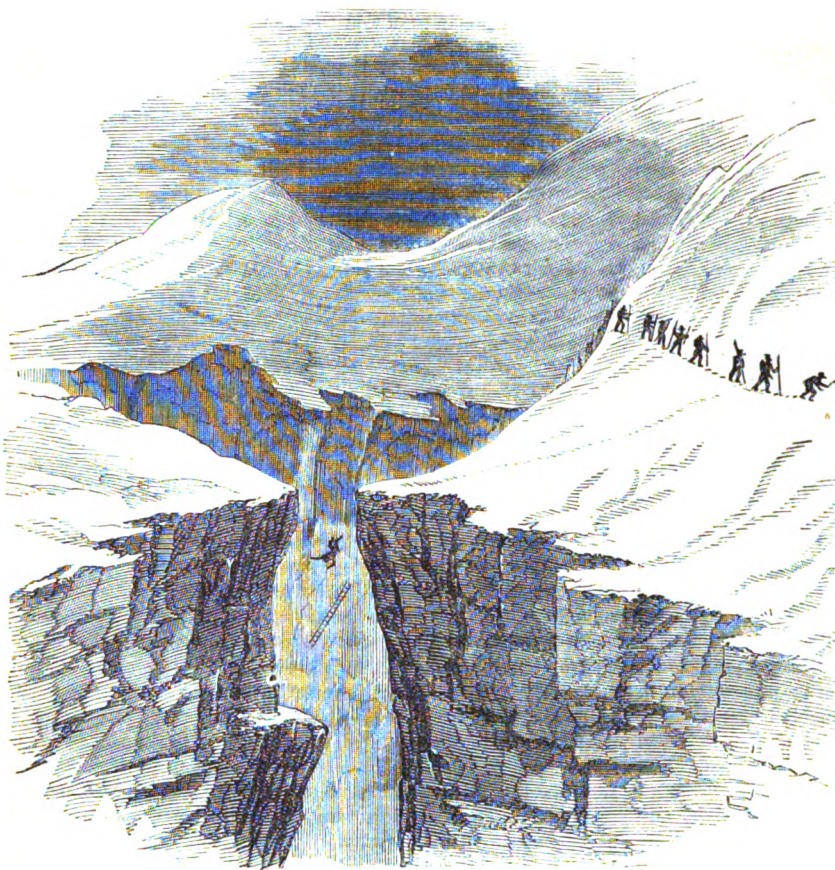
The mode of hunting adopted by these men is thus described:

The chamois hunter seeks the limits of the glacier region in the evening; lies under a rock and starts before dawn to watch the known avenues by which the chamois descends to feed. If alarmed, they take to the hill-tops—to crags rather than glaciers; there he must follow them, heedless of danger, impelled alone by the excitement of the sport. The day is soon spent in fruitless ambuscades—night arrives—and his previous shelter is luxury to what he now has the option of—a face of rock or leafless bed of debris must be his couch, and his supper is bread and cheese. After a few hours rest he repeats his meal, drinks some brandy, and starts again. If the chase be prolonged physical endurance is pushed to the utmost. A most respectable man of the canton of Berne, himself the slayer of seventy-two chamois, has wandered thus for three days together, tasting nothing but water, which would seem incredible did we not recollect that hunger is often repelled for a time by fatigue. De Saussure mentions three hunters, father, son and grandson, who successively lost their lives in the chase; but such accidents are now more rare. The value of a chamois is only from twelve to fifteen francs, including the skin, so that it offers little pecuniary temptation to the exposure of life. No doubt, as the historian of the Alps adds, the excitement is the real reward, as in the case of the soldier, sailor and gamester; and perhaps the naturalist has little reason to express surprise at the risks and privations of the hunter's life, when his own would appear to so many persons much less intelligible.

Indeed there are a great many people who profess a profound contempt for mountain climbing, and ridicule those who indulge in it as the victims of a kind of lunacy.

The reason they generally give is a perfectly rational and satisfactory one. They "cannot understand what pleasure you find in it." Of course they cannot, seeing they have never tried by actual experiment; but that does not prove that there is no pleasure to be found in it; while on the other hand, that there is some attraction about the pursuit, is shown by the fact that no one who has once tried a grand mountain excursion has ever been heard to express a disinclination to repeat the experiment, and many who used to sneer at such things as being work only fit for idiots, have, after once tasting the pleasures of the High Alps, taken kindly and even enthusiastically to the Alpenstock. As to what these pleasures really are, it would be difficult to give an exact idea. Properly speaking, mountaineering, *per se* and apart from its objects, is a new sport, and, as in all sports, a vast deal of the pleasure it gives lies in the excitement consequent on combating a difficulty by means of skill, pluck and endurance. These three are necessary to any sport that deserves to be called a sport. Even fishing brings them out, as any one will admit after a hard day's thrashing with a heavy rod, enlivened by brisk races with a fresh-run ten pounder, and sundry plunges waist deep into the eddies of a March flood, and mad jumps from boulder to boulder, the whizzing reel all the while singing in your ear "keep moving." But in none, not even in fox hunting, is there such a demand for them as in Alpine excursions.

It should be borne in mind also that there are things to be

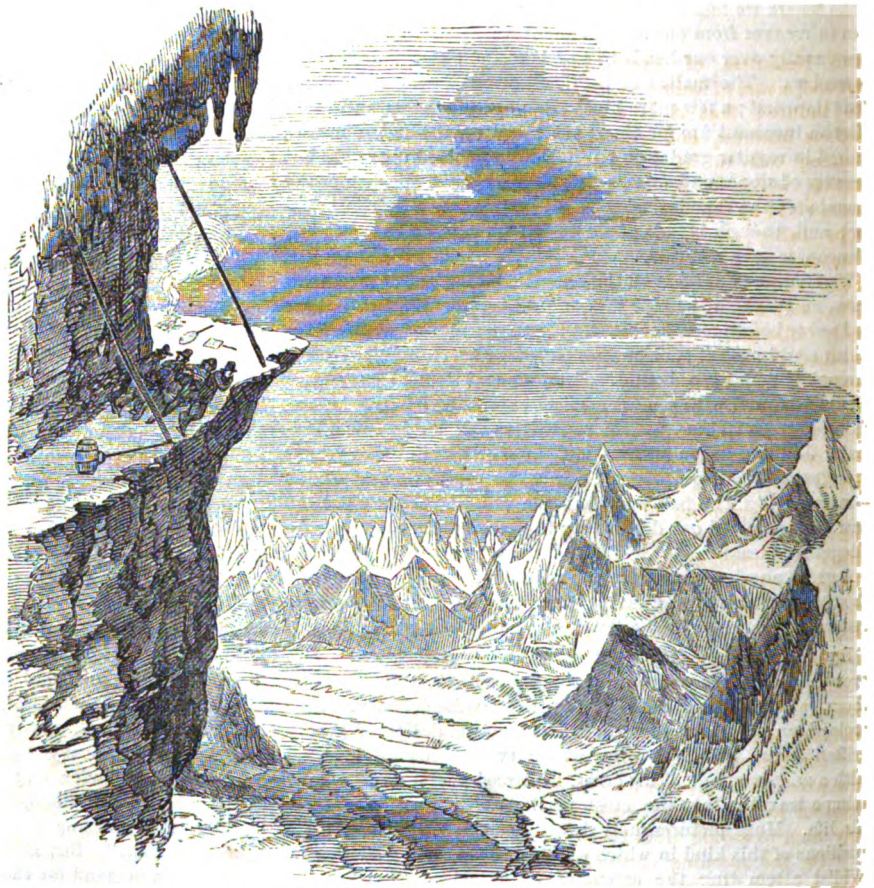


A GUIDE FALLING INTO A CREVASSE.

seen at great altitudes which can be seen there alone, and of which those who cling to the valleys can have no idea, not merely extensive and magnificent views, but marvellous bits of ice and snow scenery, which derive an additional charm from the solemn silence and desolation that reigns all around. The active exercise, the fresh mountain air, and the feeling of animal vigor and buoyancy of spirit they produce are important elements. Even the bustle and formalities of the preparation and start for an expedition are enjoyable. The scene is generally some airily perched little hotel, like those on the Eggisch-horn or Riffelberg, which from the valley below looks like a white speck on the mountain side. All over the house there is a sound and smell as of vigorous roasting going on, suggestive of the vast quantities of cold meat to be consumed on the morrow under the combined influence of keen air and hard work. The guides are for the most part taking it wonderfully coolly, but their employers, at least those who are not old hands, are in a great state of nervousness about the weather, always running in to look at the barometer, and out again to look

at the moon, and asking whether that haze does not look ugly? and whether those clouds do not promise fresh snow? to all which inquiries the guides, who in such cases are a sanguine race, invariably reply that there will be "schaynes walter." You don't feel a bit inclined to go to bed, and would sit up all night—rather till the period of it, two or three o'clock, which is fixed as the time for getting under weigh—were it not for a sense of the duty you owe to yourself, and the recollection that once off, you will have no rest for fifteen or sixteen hours at least.

Therefore you go to bed and delude yourself for hours with the notion that you are going to sleep. At length you do drop off—that is you begin to climb an imaginary precipice which tumbles down with you every time you get to the top, and after you have been so employed for about twenty minutes, as it seems, your guide comes in with your boots ready greased and spiked, and tells you it is time to get up. The people of these hotels never sleep, unless by snatches in the day. When you retired they were running about the house getting your dinner ready, and now they are running about getting breakfast. At last your party is assembled in marching order, and what with the stars blinking overhead, and the cold night air, and the rawness



ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT ON THE GRANDS MULETS.



A DESCENT OF STONES.

and bleakness of everything around, a sort of feeling seems to be induced that it is a very serious business, and very like turning out to be hanged, a notion which is rendered the more vivid by the fact of a coil of rope being slung behind the knapsack of one of the guides. Some stoic, however, lights a pipe, and his example is generally followed. With a soul soothed by tobacco and limbs warmed by exercise you wind up the mountain side, and somehow the funereal-looking cavalcade begins to turn into a very jovial party.

On the September of 1850 a very interesting ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished by Mr. Erasmus Galton, to the incidents of whose perilous adventure the sketches accompanying this article particularly refer.

We take from Mr. Galton's journal the substance of his narrative of his ascent:

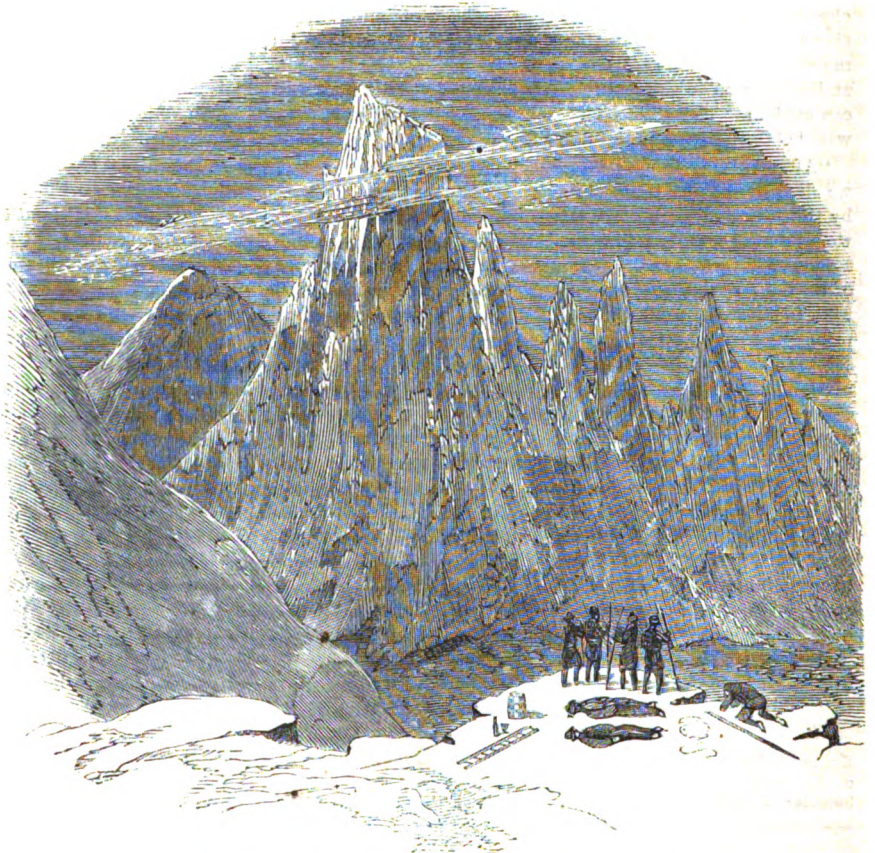
"On September 4, 1850, at seven o'clock in the morning, the weather looking fine, I made up my mind to ascend Mont Blanc.

"On the morning of the 5th the weather looked doubtful, and it was not, consequently, until ten o'clock that my party

started. It consisted of six guides, named respectively, Jean Tairray, Victor Tairray, Alexander Dirousseux, Joseph Tairray, Jean Carrier, Basil Tairray; seven porters, one volunteer (a young guide), and a German *ouvrier*. I rode on a mule for the first hour, when, the path ceasing, I had to dismount; and, having stripped off my coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, turned up shirt sleeves, &c., we began the ascent in earnest. Victor Tairray going first, myself second, and the rest following. The pace slow but constant.

"At about one p. m. we reached the ice, which we never left again, crossing the Glaciers de Bossons and Tacounez. These glaciers are very dangerous, as on the left above there is a succession of high precipices, down which avalanches are continually falling: they come down at a great pace, and, as the whole glacier is full of gigantic crevasses (see sketch 3), it is impossible to get out of their way. Just after crossing the Glacier de Bossons,

* Thus described by Mr. Auldjo in his "Narrative of an Ascent of Mont Blanc," 1827, p. 15: "We were surrounded by ice piled up in mountains, crevices presenting themselves at every step, and masses half sunk in some deep gulf,



THE GRAND PLATEAU—TWO OF THE GUIDES GIVE OUT.

while we were crossing a steep slope of snow, one of the porters (the man who carried the ladder) slipped and fell. He first shot down along the snow about thirty feet, then, bounding off the edge, he fell head foremost into a crevasse, about thirty more. (See sketch 4.) We all thought that he was killed. After some minutes we got round to the other side of the crevasse; we looked down and saw him lying insensible. He had fallen on a ledge of snow and ice, about four feet wide, with the ladder propping him up. Had he not bounded off the edge of the glacier with great velocity, and so fallen on this ledge on the opposite side of the crevasse, he must have descended to the bottom, a distance little short of sixty feet. After a little time he revived, and, being tied to the ladder, we all got hold of the rope and hauled him up. He was much shaken, and his arm so painful that we were obliged to leave him behind, with a porter to take care of him, and then we proceeded. This catastrophe detained us nearly an hour, and showed us how cautious we must be. By this accident my thermometer was unfortunately broken, so that I had no means of registering the degree of cold which we experienced. At half-past four p. m., on arriving at a tremendous crevasse, we left the porters behind to return to Chamouni, and, loading ourselves with the provisions and other requisites which they had brought so far, we crossed the crevasse without accident, and stepped out for the Grands Mulets, where we arrived at forty-five minutes past four p. m. Here we were to sleep; so we all immediately changed our clothes and put on dry and extra ones. We next had our supper, and then to sleep. The guides rigged up a tent, made out of four Alpine stocks laid against the rocks, and then spread some light canvas. The whole width of the place was five feet (see sketch 5); and as I slept the outside man, by lifting up my head, without moving my body, I could look down about four hundred feet upon the glacier below. At eight p. m. the guides awoke me to see the view at sunset. It was the most sublime scene possible to conceive, all the valleys being filled with clouds (we, being far above them, had a perfectly clear sky); therefore, on looking down, the whole world seemed gone, and in its place a sea of clouds below us, with just the tops of the mountains showing through like small islands; and the vapor being divided into masses, looked like an immense *mer de glace*, far, far below us, and joining on to the real one. It was a sight that no writing can explain. The thought that crossed my mind at the time was, 'O God, how wonderful are thy works!'

"After viewing this extraordinary scene for about an hour, we slept till eleven p. m. (being only disturbed now and then by the booming sound of falling avalanches), at which hour we all got up and dressed. From my former experience in the ascent of Mount Etna I was aware of the very great annoyance of having on thick clothes in ascending a mountain sufficiently high to affect the respiration, so I did not use any now; but I put on a second flannel, a second pair of drawers, thick worsted stockings, a *nightcap* (lent to me by the guides) placed under my hat, to cover the back of the head and ears; stopped my ears with paper, had my face greased all over with hot tallow, dropped from burning candles—plenty of it, and well rubbed in. Except the above, I did not use any extra clothing; indeed I wore my light summer great-coat—a very loose one—and my usual travelling dress. At twelve o'clock, midnight, we again proceeded. No moon, but the reflection from the snow gave considerable light. The leading man with a lantern, to be used at crevasses; and all tied together, at about nine feet apart. The rope to each person, after being knotted round his own waist, was tied to the rope at the back of the next man; by this means, if a man fell into a crevasse, the next men to him, both before and behind, must assist to get him out, as by this plan they cannot release themselves, which a man in a

the remainder, raised above us, seemed to put insurmountable barriers to our proceeding; yet some part was found where steps could be cut with the hatchet; and we passed over these bridges, often, grasping the ice with one hand, while the other, bearing the pole, balanced the body, hanging over some abyss into which the eye penetrated and searched in vain for the extremity. Sometimes we were obliged to climb up from one crag ice to another; sometimes to scramble along a ledge on our hands and knees, often descending into a deep chasm on one side and scaling the slippery precipice on the other."

state of alarm might do if he had the power; and this would be the case were the rope fastened in front.

"We continued walking all night, steadily but slowly, till about six a. m., when my respiration began to be affected (this was the Grand Plateau). Here our volunteer (the young guide) and the German gave out; they had plenty of pluck, but were utterly exhausted. I was quite grieved for them. We got on well till seven a. m., when I fell down on my face till my lungs became inflated. From that time till nine a. m. I continually became almost unconscious and partially blind and stupified, and tumbled about like a drunken man; but in every case, after lying down for about two minutes, I easily got up and started without difficulty. At half-past nine a. m. we gained the summit, when we all again lay down for about four minutes, and then got up much revived. The sky was quite clear and the boundless view perfect, but on too great a scale for the mind to take it all in. I wanted so much to see everything, that I could not calmly look at each point separately, more particularly as one of my guides was suffering very much from cold and difficulty of breathing, and implored me to descend.

"I think I could have stayed on the summit for an hour or two; but the party who last came up having had three persons frost-bitten, I did not feel justified in keeping the guides long on the summit. Auldjo describes the shape of the summit and the view so very well, that I will not repeat it here.

"In about fifteen minutes we began to descend, which I found to be much more dangerous than the ascent. I had two ropes tied to me, very long ones, as it is of great consequence not to give a sudden jerk to your next man, in case you slip. In descending the steep slopes, one man goes first to cut each step in the snow. It seemed to me a service of great danger, as he is not allowed to have a rope tied to him, the object being to oblige him to cut each step deep and quite safe, as the steps wear so fast from the friction of the feet that the last man would be in danger of slipping down—a most serious matter, as he would push the others before him, outwards from behind; and, not having any one to check him, if a second one slipped, all would probably be carried away. We arrived at the Grands Mulets by one o'clock p. m., where we took off our extra clothing. The guides dined, and I slept till two p. m., when we again descended, crossing at our old route, the Glacier de Bossons, as far as we were able; but, in the few hours which had passed since we had crossed it in our ascent, many of the crevices had been much altered—some closed, and one (a very large one) fresh formed. At five we reached the chalet at the foot of the mountain. At half-past six p. m., we arrived at the inn at Chamouni.

"The dangers of the ascent have been, I think, much exaggerated: the guides are most careful; they at times are in much danger, I mean the two leading men. Any man of strong active habits, accustomed to ropes, and the use of his arms, with good lungs, may easily do it; the real difficulty is the respiration. I starved both before and after; what is eaten should be most nourishing. I suffered from cold very much less than the guides—in fact, did not feel any annoyance from it, and was only made aware of the excessive cold by finding icicles formed between my spectacles and my eyes, and which I had constantly to break off, from the uncomfortable sensation which they occasioned. I was quite well the next day; not so the guides, one of whom was frost-bitten, and another had inflamed eyes. But this I greatly attribute to their having drunk so much wine and brandy, and eaten a great deal of meat on the journey; they now suffered from fever and excoriated faces. My diet during the two days was a small piece of a fowl, one lump of sugar dipped in brandy, a wine glass of wine, two French plums, about six raisins, and a very little raspberry vinegar and water. At the end of the descent, a bowl of milk with a little brandy in it—had the milk been warm, I would not have taken the brandy. I mention this, as I feel so thoroughly persuaded that, in all violent exertions, stimulants are bad.

"Each guide received one hundred francs; the whole cost me thirty-four pounds six shillings. The guides are a fine set of fellows. Our ascent was, I believe, the quickest ever made, by two hours. Auldjo mentions (page 181) that the whole distance

up and down is fifty-four miles; we were twenty-three hours constantly walking. We all wore veils and spectacles; they are absolutely necessary; the skin becomes so dry from the state of fever that people are in when on the summit, and from the peculiar dryness of the air, that the sun is unbearable to the skin, which becomes excessively excoriated when exposed to it. On the summit I observed that the flesh of all the people's faces became much retracted, making the eyes stare, and showing the teeth in a most peculiar way, disagreeable to look at, and rendered more so by the black appearance of the forehead, caused by the congestion of blood in the veins.

"The most dangerous part of the journey seemed to me the walking along the sloping snow and ice: I mean when it is at the angle of the roof of a house, and you keep walking on the same level. In that case you place the Alpine stock against the higher side into the snow (not the lower) and lean inwards; the object being, that if you do slip, you may yet help yourself by digging in the point of the staff as you slide down, which you could not do if it had been placed below you.

"In justice to Victor Tairray, I must mention the following fact: Just before leaving the summit, having the proper ropes tied to me but not fastened to the guides (they not being at the moment ready to descend), and thinking that there was no danger, I took three or four steps down the mountain side (of course on ice) before the new steps were cut. I slipped and fell, and slid away down the mountain side at a great rate, without the possibility of saving myself. Victor Tairray, who, fortunately, was only a few yards off, saw my danger, and without a moment's hesitation made a dash over the edge, and flung himself on the end of my rope, taking a turn of it round his Alpine stock. My weight and impetus was dragging him down also, when Jean Tairray, who was on firm ground, flung the bight of a rope over and round Victor Tairray, and, by holding on, saved us both. Had it not been for Victor Tairray's gallant conduct in rescuing me from a situation in which a thoughtless act of my own had placed myself, I believe I must have been killed or very greatly injured, as that slope of snow is some hundreds of feet in descent, and has a crevasse across it. The guides are indeed fine fellows."

One of our engravings represents the ascent of Dr. Hamel in 1820, at which time three of the guides were lost. In proceeding obliquely upwards, they approached a dark rock, deeply imbedded in the snow, when the catastrophe occurred, as thus related by Julien Devouasson, one of the guides:

"At the moment of the disaster, the leading guide was Pierre Carriez, the second Pierre Balmat, the third Auguste Tairraz (these three perished), the fourth myself; then, next to me, Marie Coutet (our captain), then behind, were five other guides, with Dr. Hamel, and two English gentlemen. Suddenly I heard a sort of rushing sound, not very loud; but had not time to think about it, as I heard the sound at the same time the avalanche was upon me. I felt my feet slide from beneath me, and saw the three first men falling on the snow with their feet foremost. In falling, I cried out loudly, 'We are all lost!' I tried to support myself by planting the ice-pole below me—but in vain. The weight of snow forced me over the baton, and it slipped out of my hand. I rolled down like a ball in the mass of loose snow. At the foot of the slope was a yawning chasm, to the edge of which I was rapidly descending. Three times I saw the light, as I was rolling down the slope; and when we were all on the very edge of the chasm, I saw the leg of one of my comrades just as he pitched down into the crevice. I think it must have been poor Auguste—for it looked black, and I remember that Auguste had on black gaiters. This was the last I saw of my three companions, who fell headlong into the gulf, and were never seen nor heard of again.

"At this moment I was just falling into the same crevice, and can but confusedly understand why I did not; but I think I owe my life to a very singular circumstance. Dr. Hamel had given me a barometer to carry; this was fastened round my waist by a strong girdle. I fancy that at the moment this long barometer got beneath and across me, for the girdle suddenly broke, and I made a sort of bound as I fell; and so, instead of following my poor comrades, I was pushed over into another crevice, close by that in which they were killed. This chasm

was already partly filled with snow; I do not think that I fell more than fifty feet down, alighting on a soft cushion of snow, and a good deal covered with it above. I suppose, before tumbling into the chasm, we slid down one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet; but I cannot tell, for it seemed to be not more than a minute from the time I heard the noise of the avalanche above me, till I found myself lying deep down in a narrow crack."

Coutet replied to a question:

"I should fancy I slid down near four hundred feet, and tumbled headlong about sixty feet."

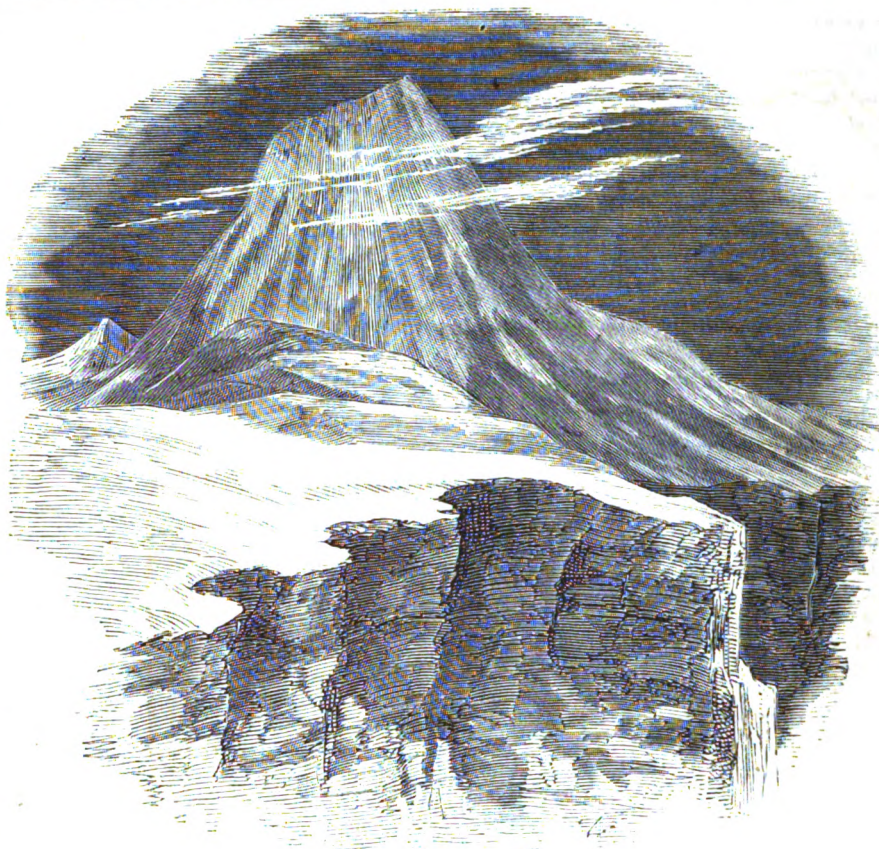
When Julien was asked what his thoughts were during his fall, his reply was:

"While I was rolling, I said to myself, 'Farewell my wife and children!' and I asked pardon of God. I absolutely thought nothing of the others."

"On coming to myself," continued Julien, "I was better off than I expected. I was lying on my back, heels upwards, with my head resting against the icy walls of the crack, and could see light and a little of the blue sky through two openings over my head. I was greatly afraid some of my limbs had been broken, but I had sunk into the mass of soft snow, and though bruised by falling against the sides of the ice, yet nothing was broken, and in a few moments I contrived to get up on my feet. On looking up, I saw, a little above me, a man's head projecting from the snow. It was Marie Coutet (our captain); he was quite covered with snow up to the neck, his arms pinioned down, and his face quite blue, as if he was nearly suffocated.

"He called to me in a low voice, to come and help him. I found a pole in the crevice (I think not one belonging to those who perished, but another); I went to Coutet, dug round him with the baton, and in a few minutes got Coutet clear out of the snow, and we sat down together. We remained in silence looking at each other for a minute or two, thinking that all the rest were killed. Then I began to crawl up on the snow that partly filled the crack, and in climbing up I saw above David Coutet, who was crying, and saying, 'My poor brother is lost!' I said 'No; he is here below' (for Coutet was climbing behind Julien, and was not seen at first); and I asked, 'Are the others all up there?' They answered, 'That there were three missing.' I asked, 'Who they were?' and the answer was, 'Pierre Carriez, Pierre Balmat and Auguste Tairraz.' I then asked, 'If the gentlemen had received any injury?' and the reply was, 'No.' Then the guides helped us to get up about fourteen feet on the solid ice. They threw us down a little axe to cut steps, and put down their poles, and we two got out. We all went to search for the three others; we sounded with our poles, we cried aloud, we called them by their names, and listened—but all was in vain, we heard not the slightest sound." They were lost!

So much for these ascents and their attendant perils, but the reader must bear in mind that going up Mont Blanc and going round it are by no means equally dangerous matters. The first is an expedition seldom attempted, and, with a few exceptional instances rarely accomplished, the second is a pleasure jaunt which calls upon just enough of your self-reliance to make the excursion interesting. The dangers of Alpine excursions have been very much exaggerated, not, we suspect, by those who have much experience in the matter, for your true mountaineer is not given to bombast or superlatives, but by those who have seen a little and fancied the rest. Thus we read of the traveller being in positions where a single slip or false step would have been instant destruction. Why as much might be said of crossing Broadway in its crowded localities. A single slip or a false step before an Adams' express wagon or a Bleecker street omnibus would be instant destruction for all practical purposes just as much as a descent of five thousand feet on the ice pinnacles of a glacier. Nor is there any occasion to slip or make a false step in the one case more than in the other. Of course it is another thing if a man cannot depend on his hands and feet; and if he feels any doubt on this point he has no business on the High Alps; but if he has a well placed confidence in his head, in his hands, and in his feet, he is just as safe standing on one ledge of a precipice and holding on



VIEW OF THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT BLANC.

falling into crevasses or slipping on ice-slopes are reduced to a minimum by the use of the rope, without which no expedition is now ever undertaken. These are not the dangers which those accustomed to the Alps stand in fear of. These can be always provided for; but not so fogs which may come on and render retreat or advance, surrounded as you are by precipices, equally impossible; or the sudden fall of masses of overhanging ice or snow; or the descent of rocks upon your head as you scramble along the face of some precipice, or even when you fancy yourself so far removed from its base as to be out of range. These are the real dangers of a tour of Mont Blanc, and the only ones to which the ordinary tourist is subjected.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN THE PYRENEES.—The lover proceeds in a very singular manner to bring his courting to a climax; he piaches the fair object of his attentions, who, instead of boxing his ears, as American maidens would probably do, sits on his knees if willing to become his wife, but turns away if resolved not to marry him.

by another as he would be in his arm-chair, for nothing short of an act of volition can remove him. Then the dangers of | MAN creates more discontent to himself, than ever is occasioned by others.



AN AMERICAN LADY MAKING THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.



OUR PICTURE GALLERY—GEORGE FREDERICK
HANDEL.

WHAT Milton and Dante and Homer are to poetry—*facile principes*, the acknowledged chiefs of song—is Handel to music, towering above all his compeers, the indisputable possessor of the loftiest throne. There may exist some doubt as to the relative positions of other famous masters. Each has his band of devoted admirers who noisily and zealously trumpet forth his claims to the world's honor. Some swear by the glorious name of Mozart, the *minnesänger* or love poet of musicians; others by Mendelssohn, almost Shakspearean in his genius; others by the grand but wandering Beethoven; others by the gentle and graceful Haydn. Between the votaries of Rossini and Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi a feud has long existed, and still exists; but none dispute the overpowering claims of Handel, none would pluck from his brow the crown he so royally wears. Unsurpassed, nay unequalled, his glorious strains still live in the hearts and sway the souls of men; and he has sang, and not

unworthily, such mighty themes as may well employ the harp of those Immortals who gather in awe and devotion before the throne of the Divine!

It is by these sublime conceptions he is chiefly known to the English public. "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabeus," for instance, are familiar enough to the ears of the masses. But the public, it would seem, can take no comprehensive view of the different *sides* of a great genius. They gaze straight before them and admire what they see, and see just what is patent to everybody. But if you would understand all the beauty of a fine statue, you must examine every limb and scrutinise everywhere its shapely sweetness. So, the public, to comprehend fully the wonderful resources and immense flexibility of Handel's genius, should know that his lighter efforts—his operas and chamber music—are not inferior in beauty to, if they lack the sublimity of, his grander inspirations. He can revel in "Lydian measures"—in strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out"—as well as in those solemn choral songs which seem to echo the power and splendor of the "heavenly host." He can terrify the soul, but he can

also soothe the heart; he can elevate himself and us to the meditation of the mightiest themes, but he can also sound the depths of human passion, and express in song the tenderest human feelings.

George Frederick Handel was born on the 23d of February, 1685, at Halle, a quaint town on the banks of the Saale, in the Duchy of Magdeburg, Lower Saxony.

His father was a surgeon, sixty-three years old when his famous son was born to him, and had acquired prejudices which at that age are not easily overcome. He regarded music as a light and agreeable art enough, but as altogether without dignity, and by no means a suitable occupation for an earnest man. When, therefore, the young Handel manifested the most astonishing musical tendencies, his father sought to repress them, as boding no good to his future career. He would not allow him to visit any public show of which music formed a part, nor to go to any public school where the divine art was taught. Nevertheless the boy succeeded in procuring a clavichord, or dumb spinnet, so called because the wires were deadened with strips of cloth; hid it away in a garret, and practised upon it when all his family were asleep.

Handel senior soon found it useless to attempt to check the natural bias of Handel junior. An incident occurred which sensibly proved to him the inutility of his senseless opposition. Accompanied by George Frederick, then seven years old, he set out to visit an elder son who held the post of *chapel-de-chambre* to the illustrious Duke of Saxe-Weissenfelds. Arrived at the palace, while the father embraced his son, the young musician contrived to gain access to the organ in the royal chapel, and amused himself by improvising upon it. The prince had a better ear and a higher appreciation of music than the elder Handel, and recognising the young organist's talent, sent for him, encouraged him with cheering words, and represented to his father the importance of cherishing and developing so precocious a genius. Accordingly, on their return to Halle, the young Handel was placed under the care of the cathedral organist, one Sackau, or Zuckau, an excellent musician, well grounded in the mysteries of counterpoint, who opened up to him the treasures of the Italian and German masters, and was constrained in a few short years to acknowledge that his pupil had learned all he could teach, and was destined to accomplish greater things than he himself had ever dreamed of.

Handel then made a pilgrimage to Berlin (1696), where he became acquainted with Bononcini and Attilio; won the warm regard of the one, and excited the jealousy of the other; astonished everybody by his extraordinary talent; and gained the patronage of the Elector of Brandenburg himself. He returned to Halle with greatly extended knowledge, and increased confidence in his own abilities; both valuable acquisitions, as his father, who died soon after his return, left him but scanty means, and Handel found himself compelled to go forth into the world and fight for fame and existence.

He removed to Hamburg in 1703. The Hamburg Opera House was an establishment of no mean repute, and Handel, therefore, gladly accepted an humble situation in its orchestra. "At first," says one of his biographers, "he played the *violon di ripieno* (or subsidiary violin as we may term it) in the orchestra of the opera house, and acted the part of a man who could not count five, for he was naturally fond of a certain dry humor. But the pianist one day being absent, he was persuaded to take his place, and to the wonder of everybody displayed himself a great master."

His first dramatic work was produced at the Hamburg Theatre under the title of "Almira, Queen of Castille," on the 8th of January 1705, and was closely followed by the opera of "Nero, or Love successful through Blood and Murder" (!), and, in the following year, by "Daphne" and "Florinda." Of these, only the music of "Almira" is now in existence.

In the month of July 1706, we find the young composer, whose reputation was already becoming something tangible, at Florence, where he produced his opera of "Roderigo," and received from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a handsome service of plate, and a purse containing a hundred sequins. Thence he repaired to Venice, and enchanted the Venetians with his opera of "Agrippina," the audience literally rising at him in

the theatre, and exclaiming, with all the fervor of Italian enthusiasm, *Viva il caro Sassone!* ("Long live the dear Saxon!") From Venice he went to Rome (1707), to share in the gorgeous Easter-tide festivities of the sacred city. But he still steadily pursued his labors, and at Rome he composed several pieces of devotional music, especially the oratorios of "The Resurrection" and "The Triumph of Time" (*Il Trionfo del Tempo*), wherein he introduced what the composers of that age considered most startling innovations.

Our limits will not permit us to follow every step of his long career. We can, therefore, but allude to his visit to Naples in 1708, and his production of an Italian serenata, "Acis, Galathea e Polifemo," the precursor of his well-known work, "Acis and Galathea."

Handel continued his wanderings from court to court, and city to city for the next two years, visiting Florence, Rome and Venice for the second time, and Hanover in the autumn of 1709, where the elector, afterwards George I. of England, bestowed him to take up his abode, as his *capel-meister*, or chapel-master, with a yearly salary of one thousand five hundred ducats (three hundred pounds). Handel had already made up his mind to visit England, which was to become, as it were, his second fatherland, and after a flying journey to Halle, to take leave of his blind mother and old Sackau, his whilom tutor, he set out for London, where he arrived towards the close of the year 1710.

The metropolis, at this time, or rather the aristocracy of the metropolis, greatly fostered and patronised Italian music. The King's Theatre, now known as Her Majesty's, had been opened in 1705, expressly for the performance of Italian operas, and they were very warmly accepted by all the town, notwithstanding the fine wit of Addison and Steele was directed against them. Handel, therefore, was received with open arms by Aaron Hill, poet (a bad one) and manager (an enterprising one), who directed the Haymarket Theatre, and who with Handel's assistance felt himself strong enough to enter into competition with the King's Opera House. Out of Tasso's poem of "Jerusalem Delivered" he made a libretto, entitled "Rinaldo and Armida;" Handel composed the music; one Giacomo Rossi translated the libretto into Italian, and on the 24th of February 1711, "Rinaldo" was produced with extraordinary success. The musical public felt that hitherto they had but listened to sorry mocking birds. Now, for the first time, the influence of true genius was upon them. And the strains of "Rinaldo" were echoed from ear to ear, and heart to heart, until all England felt that a great musician was rising above the horizon.

Walsh, the publisher of the music of this famous opera, gained, it is said, by the sale one thousand five hundred pounds, which drew from the composer the not unjust epigram, "My dear Walsh, as it is but just we should stand upon an equal footing, you shall compose the next opera, and I will sell it."

After this success Handel returned to his duties as *capel-meister* at the court of Hanover, but the sphere was one too limited for his mighty genius, and he returned to England in January 1712, in time to produce an "Ode for Queen Anne's Birthday."

Handel now entered with vigor upon his successful career. The operas of "Pastor Fido," in November, 1712; and "The scus," in January, 1713; the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," composed in celebration of the peace of Utrecht, increased his reputation, and the latter compositions procured for him from Queen Anne a life-pension of two hundred pounds sterling. On the accession of George I., in 1714, his fortunes were at first somewhat overshadowed, as his departure from Hanover had offended that monarch. But he regained the royal favor in this manner: Baron Kilmanseck, hearing that the king was about to delight himself with an excursion on the River Thames, requested Handel to compose some appropriate airs, and the musician produced the twenty-five concerted pieces known as "Water Music." In a boat following the royal barge was placed a small orchestra, who executed Handel's compositions with great effect. The king admired the music, and forgave the musician, adding to the pension he had received from Queen Anne, another of two hundred pounds yearly

Shortly afterwards he was appointed music-master to the daughters of the Prince of Wales, and for this service received a third pension of the same amount. Certainly, Handel, at this time, was fortunate in his patrons!

The opera of "*Amadigi*," or "*Amadis*," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in May, 1715, and was distinguished by the novel stage-effect of a fountain with "real water." It contains, according to Burney, some of the great musician's happiest inspirations.

Handel had not only secured the favor of the public, but the notice and attentions of the wits and literati of the day, and he now resided with the Earl of Burlington at that nobleman's house in Piccadilly, directing his private concerts, and enjoying the intimacy of Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot. The poet Gay, alluding in his poem of "*Trivia*" to Burlington House, exclaims—

There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein!

and there is ample evidence that his genius was widely recognized, and warmly appreciated by a public which, in the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary, foreign critics persist in sneering at as "unmusical."

In 1718, the great composer became the guest of the Duke of Chandos at his magnificent mansion, Cannons, near Edgware, where he produced two magnificent "*Te Deums*" and twelve "*Anthems*," known as "*The Chandos*." Unhappily these fine compositions, of late years, have been totally neglected, though the chorus "*For who is God but the Lord*" is only inferior to those mighty choral harmonies which astonish and delight us in his greatest Oratorios.

Meanwhile, the Italian opera had suddenly decayed in the metropolis, and the King's Theatre was occupied by a *troupe* of French comedians. To remedy this grievous state of things, about 1720, a committee of noblemen and others, including several wealthy *dilettanti*, resolved to resuscitate the opera, and, for this purpose, raised a subscription of fifty thousand pounds, to which the king contributed one thousand pounds. This was the foundation of the institution still known, unhappily, as "*The Royal Academy of Music*." But its object at first was simply the revival of Italian opera, and the formation of a suitable company, and the general direction of the enterprise was entrusted to the most fitting man in England, to George Frederick Handel.

The opera company opened with the "*Numitor*" of Porta, on the 2nd of April, 1720. Handel's "*Radamisto*" was produced on the 27th, and excited such a *furor* that the price of a seat in the gallery rose to forty shillings! Handel himself always spoke of one of its songs, "*Ombra Cara*" (Dear Shade), as a superior composition.

In the following year, however, the musical world received from Handel's genius a more precious gift than "*Radamisto*;" "*Acis and Galatea*," the poem by Gay, was produced for the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, and also Handel's first English oratorio, "*Esther*," for which the Duke paid him one thousand pounds. The overture to "*Esther*" is still very frequently performed, and our readers, we doubt not, are sufficiently familiar with "*Acis and Galatea*" to excuse our dwelling upon it.

During his residence at Cannons, according to a popular tradition, Handel composed the popular air of "*The Harmonious Blacksmith*." Passing through the village of Whitechurch, on one occasion, a smart shower of rain overtook him, and he accordingly retired for shelter to the forge of a blacksmith, named Powell. The blacksmith continued his labors at his forge, singing an old melody to lighten his toil, and wickling

His heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow.

"By an extraordinary phenomenon," says Schœlcher, "the hammer, striking in time, drew from the anvil two harmonic sounds, which being in accord with the melody, made a sort of continuous bass. Handel was struck by the incident, listened, remembered the air and its strange accompaniment, and, when he returned home, composed out of it a piece for the harpsichord."

Up to this period Handel's career had been wonderfully pros-

perous, but he was now to confront a most determined and embittered opposition. Bononcini, to whom we have already alluded, and who was undoubtedly a musician of considerable ability, had arrived in London, and succeeded in gaining on his side several influential English noblemen with the avowed intention of crushing Handel. The town soon became divided into two parties, the Handelians and the Bononcinists, as bitter in their hate as the Montagus and Capulets, and terrible, indeed, was the war that ensued, and which has been satirised by Swift in his well-known lines:

Some say that Signor Bononcini
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
While others say, that to him, Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

But Swift forgot that the real difference was that which exists between genius and mediocrity.

The contest appears to have summoned into play all the vast resources of Handel's mind, and he gave to the world in rapid succession his operas of "*Otho*," "*Giulio Cesare*," "*Flavius*" and "*Rodelinda*"—operas of which the general public do not even know the names, although they are full of beauties, and some of their finest airs have been metamorphosed into popular psalms and anthems. Few amateurs, indeed, are aware that "*Lord, remember David*," "*He was eyes unto the blind*," and many other favorite religious airs are operatic melodies slightly changed and disguised, on the principle, we suppose, enunciated by Rowland Hill, that "*the Devil must not have all the good tunes to himself*."

"*Scipio*" was produced in 1726, succeeded by "*Alexander*," "*Admetus*," "*Ricardo Primo*," and numerous other operas, of varying excellence, which we need not here enumerate. On the accession of George II., in 1727, he composed the magnificent "*Coronation Anthem*."

Having accumulated a small fortune of about ten thousand pounds, Handel now entered into partnership with Heidegger (the ugliest man in England, by the way) for the production of operas at the Haymarket Theatre, although before his eyes each successive speculation had terminated disastrously. To support this enterprise he worked indefatigably, and produced in rapid succession the operas of "*Porus*," "*Æzio*" and "*Sosarme*," but they were very coldly received by the fickle public.

On the 2nd of May, 1732, was performed, for the first time in public, Handel's first English oratorio, "*Esther*," and the king and queen honored the performance with their presence. To its great success the world is indebted for "*Judas Maccabæus*," "*Israel in Egypt*" and the "*Messiah*." "It was the applause accorded to '*Esther*' that induced Handel to compose other oratorios; and here, therefore, is the source of these magnificent works, which will bear his glory, and contribute to that of Great Britain, to the end of time."

The oratorio of "*Deborah*" was produced on the 17th of March, 1733; "*Athalia*" in the following year, which also gave birth to several operas, a Wedding Anthem, and his celebrated "*Hautbois Concertos*." His magnificent setting of Dryden's poem of "*Alexander's Feast*" appeared on the 19th of February, 1736, and immediately commanded the admiration of the musical world. One of his admirers addressed the great composer in almost hyperbolic strains:

Had Dryden lived the welcome day to bless,
Which clothed his numbers in so fit a dress,
When his majestic poetry was crown'd
With all your bright magnificence of sound;
How would his wonder and his transport rise,
Whilst famed Timotheus yields to you the prize.

Worn out by work and anxiety, depressed by the loss of all his fortune in his unsuccessful theatrical speculation, wounded by the malice of the enemies whom his genius had aroused, he fell ill, in the early part of 1737, of an attack of paralysis. Fortunately for the world of music he soon recovered; and the public sympathy was manifested by a grand benefit concert, which produced nearly a thousand pounds, while he received the unusual honor of having a statue erected to him. It was executed by Roubiliac, for Mr. Tyers, the proprietor of the

Royal Vauxhall Gardens, then in all their prosperity and repute, and has since become the property of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The composer also received from George II. warm and liberal encouragement.

Over the latter portion of Handel's career we must pass very rapidly, and we may do so with the better grace since we shall chiefly have to record his successes. The oratorios of "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt" mark, as with a flood of light, the year 1738. "Israel in Egypt," only second in grandeur and beauty to the "Messiah," was composed, we are told, in the short space of twenty-seven days! In the oratorio of "Saul" occurs the famous "Dead March," so fine a masterpiece of sublime melancholy!

The "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and the opera of "Jupiter in Argos," were the offspring of the year 1739. The following year produced several instrumental pieces, and the odes of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

"The Messiah," Handel's grandest work, and which, indeed, seems the very crown and perfection of the musical art, displaying all its mysteries, was produced on the occasion of his visit to Ireland, in 1734. Pope thus alludes to the journey:

Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul, he comes
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.

On the journey he was delayed at Chester, and being desirous of trying over some passages in his new oratorio, he sought for some singer who could read music at sight. A person named Janson was recommended to him; but he sang the music placed in his hands so vilely and so blunderingly, that Handel in a rage, exclaimed,

"You schountrel! tit you not tell me dat you could sing at soite?"

"Yes, sir," replied Janson, but not at first sight." A ridiculous reply which mollified the great musician's anger.

The "Messiah" was produced, for the first time, at the Music Hall, Dublin, on Tuesday, the 13th of April, 1742. The principal singer was Mrs. Cibber, a woman of unfortunate reputation, but who sang so finely the tender strains allotted to her, that Dr. Delany, Swift's friend, who was among the audience, could not help exclaiming,

"Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven thee!"

It was produced, for the first time in London, at Covent Garden, on the 23rd March, 1743, and immediately the critics and the public, with one accord, elevated it to that regal position, so to speak, which it has ever since occupied: the masterpiece of oratorios, and the greatest work of the greatest of musicians! When the "Hallelujah Chorus" was first performed, the audience, overpowered by its solemnity, rose with one consent, and as one man; and the homage thus involuntarily rendered to the composer's genius has become an established custom.

The "Messiah" was commenced on the 22nd August, 1741, and filled up on the 14th September following; that is to say, in twenty-three days!

The oratorio of "Samson" was also given to the public in 1743; and on the 27th November were produced the magnificent "Anthem" and "Te Deum" in commemoration of the victory of Dettingen, won by the English and Austrians under George II. The oratorio of "Belshazzar" appeared in 1744, and the "Occasional Oratorio" in 1746; the interval having unhappily been a time of great sorrow and distress for Handel, who had once more failed in his musical speculations, through the malice of his enemies. But the brave, heroic man did not succumb, and distinguished the year 1746 by the production of the oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus," in commemoration of the defeat of the Pretender, and the sanguinary field of Culloden.

In 1748 appeared three oratorios—"Joshua," "Solomon," and "Susannah"—produced when their composer was in his sixty-fourth year. They are instinct with novelty and vigor, and in them Handel is only inferior to himself.

It was about this time that Handel's attention was attracted by the Foundling Hospital, of which most excellent institution he became a liberal benefactor, and to which he bequeathed the manuscript of "The Messiah."

In 1749, he produced "Theodora," a work unworthy of his genius, but which, in proportion as the public neglected it, he

himself seems to have cherished. Two of his friends, who were among those who did not appreciate it, having asked the great musician for an order to hear "The Messiah," he exclaimed,

"Oh, your servant, *mein herren*, you are tannable tainty; you would not co' to 'Teodora;' der was room enough to tance dere when dat was performed!"

The last of Handel's works, "Jephtha," was produced on the 26th February, 1762, and displayed his genius in all its vigor, fertility and comprehensiveness. During its composition his eyes were affected with the disease *gutta serena*, and notwithstanding he underwent three operations, it continued to increase until he was unhappily reduced to total blindness. Shortly afterwards, when playing the organ at a public performance of his "Samson," he was so moved while the sightless giant gave expression to his woes in the fine air,

Total eclipse! No sun, no moon,
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!

that he grew pale, and trembled, and many of his audience could not but share in his emotion.

The "Messiah" was performed for the last time, under the direction of its author, at Covent Garden, on April 6th, 1759. At the close of the performance he went home, and retired to his bed, never again to leave it. Exhaustion ensued, and he calmly took leave of this world on Good Friday, the 13th of April, aged seventy-four years, one month and twenty-one days, his latter years having been years of peace and prosperity. He left behind him a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, as well as a name which the world will never let die.

ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

From various musical dictionaries, biographies of Handel, and other sources, we put together a few anecdotes, which will better illustrate the great composer's character than any elaborate analytical criticism:

Burney says, "His figure was large, and he was somewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius." According to Hawkins, "he was in his person a large and very portly man; his gait, which was ever sauntering, was rather ungraceful, as it had in it somewhat of that rocking motion which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed. His features were finely marked, and the general cast of his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity attempered with benevolence, and every quality of the heart that has a tendency to beget confidence and insure esteem."

He had a keen appreciation of wit in others, and was often witty himself. On one occasion, Dubourg, the violinist, indulged in such a wandering *cadenza*, that he found it difficult to return to the original key. When, at last, he did arrive at the final "shake," Handel cried out, with his customary coolness, "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg, welcome home at last!"

On another occasion, a singer named Gordon accused him of accompanying him badly, and declared that if he did not change his style he would jump upon the harpsichord, and smash it. "Let me know when you will do that," exclaimed the angry composer, "and I will advertise it; for I am sure more beoble will come to see you shump, dan dey will come to hear you sing!"

On first hearing the musical instrument called the "Serpent," he took a dislike to its sounds, and inquired, "Vat de tyfel be dat?" And being told it was called a serpent, he replied, "Oh, de serbent, aye; but it not be de serbent vat setuced Eve."

To a friend who expressed his sorrow at seeing the theatre so empty, he rejoined, "Nevre moind, de music vill sount de petter."

He undertook the care of a lad who was strongly recommended to him, but the lad running away, he was heard to mutter to himself, "De tyfel! de fater vas desheevd; de mutter vas desheevd; but I vas not desheevd! He is ein tanned schountrel, and coot for nutting."

The singer Carestini refused to sing the air in "Alcina," *Verdi Prati* (Green Meadows), as not adapted to his voice. Handel rushed to his house, and addressed him, "You too!"

don't I know petter as your shelf voat es pest for you to sing! If you will not sing all de song voat I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver!"

Signora Cazzoni, during a rehearsal of the opera of "Othello," protested that she would not sing the air *Falsa immagine* (Vain hopes). Handel flew at her in a furious rage, exclaiming, "I always knew you were a very tefel, but I shall now let you know dat I am Belzebub, de brince of de tefels!" and swore he would throw her out of the window.

Having to dine at a tavern, he ordered beforehand a dinner for three persons, and when at the appointed hour he sat down at the table, expressed his astonishment that the dinner was not brought up. The landlord said, "We will bring it up, sir, as soon as the company arrives." Handel replied, "Den bring up te tinner prestissimo, I am de gombany."

When asked what were his feelings during the composition of the "Hallelujah Chorus," he replied, "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God himself!" He often wept while composing some of his most pathetic airs.

Haydn pronounced him, "The father of us all." Mozart said, "He knows better than any of us what will produce a great effect. When he chooses he can strike like a thunderbolt." Beethoven called him, "The monarch of the musical kingdom."

His WORKS.—Oratorios 19, Te Deums 5, Psalms 7, Anthems 20, Motets 2, Hymns 3, German Operas 4, Italian Operas 39, Serenatas and Interludes 7, Odes 4, Chamber Trios 2, Chamber Duets 24, and Cantatas 150, besides upwards of 100 instrumental pieces.

THE COUSINS.

It had been decided that Anne Vernon should spend the ensuing season in town. Of course she was blessed with a rich uncle; what country girl is not? And he it was that sent an affectionate invitation to Mrs. Vernon, that her eldest daughter should share the pleasures of his Isabella's first regular season. Great was the commotion which the invitation had excited in Anne's breast.

It has been said that the chief aim of a young lady of eighteen, who has just finished at a boarding-school, is to be well married. It has been added, that it is her fixed belief that such a termination to her day-dreams can only be effected by a series of startling events, perils and rescues. The charming Anne was not entirely exempt from these little foibles. The adulation of all the beaux of the neighborhood since her return from school was enough to spoil wiser heads than hers. Their attention, however, did not meet with much favor. There was Mr. Bennet, the curate, but he was "too old. Tradition whispered that he was on the shady side of thirty." Then there was Charley Wilton, but he was "too young, only her own age." Then there was Caleb Cross. "But what a name! how could she ever make up her mouth to say dear Caleb? No, no; she would never settle down in the Darby and Joan style." As she thought of her promised trip to town, where such an assortment of beaux would be offered for her selection, she grew quite impatient of her rustic admirers. Wild visions of future conquest danced through her head as she overlooked her box of ribbons, and tastefully remodelled some bewitching bows for her neck.

The weighty and momentous question of the travelling dress had at length been settled. Anne for a long time was unable to decide between the respective merits of a gray de bege, with a basque of the same trimmed with black velvet ribbon, such as Miss La Mode wore, or a tan-colored merino, with a veil of the same hue, which was so irresistible on Miss Dashwood. The de bege at length carried the day. And now all was in readiness for her departure, save the arrival of her escort, a Mr. Norton, whom her uncle had written would be happy to take charge of her. Mr. Norton at length appeared, however, and proved to be quite a respectable, elderly gentleman, quite to Anne's disappointment, for with her usual vivid imagination she had depicted him as both young and handsome.

Anne was certainly very bewitching in her neatly fitting

travelling dress, with the indispensable linen collar, and killing little cuffs, and the darling of a bonnet, which only added to the piquancy of her appearance, without hiding a single curl or shading one laughing dimple. Many were the glances directed to that part of the railway carriage where she sat. We are forced to say, however, that she reached her destination without any startling incident, save her almost losing her heart to a youth with "beautiful black hair, and such thrilling eyes," who saved her from falling as she made a false step in getting out at the station. Anne repaid him with a smile of gratitude which seemed to sink very deeply into his heart, for it was evidently with a profound sigh of regret that he saw her borne away by the crowd.

It was night when the travellers stopped before her uncle's house. When safe within its walls, all doubts of a hearty welcome were removed by the very affectionate greeting which she received from her beautiful cousin Bella.

Isabella Travers was an only child. Her mother had died when she was quite young; and Mr. Travers never having married again, her home education had been confided to the care of his maiden sister, a gentle, amiable lady, who had, as far as was in her power, endeavored to supply the place of a mother to the orphan. This lady had fancied of late that her niece should have a companion nearer to her own age; and hence Anne's invitation.

Anne was soon very happy in her new home, and was almost as much of a pet in the family as her cousin. Anne admired Bella excessively, and described her to a bosom friend and confidant as "tall, aristocratic-looking, and so pale, with such magnificent hair and eyes of midnight hue," which is all we dare quote from a crossed description of four pages. Isabella seemed much older than her cousin, perhaps on account of her more sedate temperament and quiet manners. Though living in town, she had been more secluded than most country girls, and had sought for society in books, which had been judiciously selected by her father. Anne, as she became more intimate with her cousin, looked for Bella to make her the confidant of some romantic episode of her life—some unfortunate love affair, perhaps. But she was forced to believe at last that her stately cousin thought but little of beaux, or of her coming out into society.

One day Isabella happened to speak of Mr. Albert Denton, who had been intimate with their family for many years, and was her father's junior partner, and held in much esteem by him. He it was who had always taken her to the few places of amusement which she had visited, whenever her father could not accompany her; in fact she quite regarded him as a brother. But Anne seemed rather incredulous, the more so as she had described him as young and handsome, and at the first mention of his name, she established her cousin as the future Mrs. Albert Denton, without the possibility of a change. A few evenings after, however, the gentleman in question made his appearance, and what was Anne's surprise to behold in Mr. Albert Denton her *vis-à-vis* of the railway carriage, the gentleman with "such thrilling eyes," who seemed very happy to renew her acquaintance.

"Now here," thought Anne, "was a dilemma. Could she think of wasting her artillery of attractions on one who was evidently destined for her cousin's husband, if not by Isabella, certainly by her father, or why should he place in him such confidence? No, certainly not; how could she repay their kindness and hospitality with such base ingratitude?" So she resolved, with great magnanimity, "to sacrifice her own feelings on the altar of friendship."

Though far less enchanting than usual, Anne could not refuse her uncle's request to play and sing his favorite airs. Yet in spite of her resolutions there certainly was a greater display of her musical powers than was quite necessary, and far more distracting smiles bestowed upon Mr. Denton, as he gallantly turned the leaves of her music-book, than the occasion seemed to require.

Anne, that night, congratulated her cousin on her future prospects, wishing her all manner of happiness—"that her hopes might never be blighted by the cold hand of disappointment—or chilled by the withering breath of time—that her

path might be strewn with flowers," &c., &c. Chattering on in one incessant strain, to the great amusement of Isabella, who laughingly told her that she had certainly mistaken her vocation, or she would be furnishing romances to a devouring public for a shilling a volume. Still, as she did not deny "the soft impeachment," Anne was more than ever convinced that she was right in her surmises. At last, receiving no answer to the very important questions of "when is it to be?" and "who was to be bridesmaid?" she discovered that her cousin was already fast asleep.

It was now the height of the season, when happiness and mirth, pleasure and folly, trip hand in hand. Cards were received by Isabella and her cousin for a party at Mrs. Langly's. Anne was in a new ecstasy of delight. She suggested at once that her cousin should wear a crimson velvet dress, with pearls in her hair, like a favorite heroine.

"And pray what will you wear!" said her aunt, smiling at her earnestness.

"Oh! my Swiss muslin, with corals on my neck and arms," said Anne, with a scarce perceptible sigh.

But Miss Travers evidently thought otherwise, and resolving to adopt Anne's suggestion with regard to Isabella, she selected at the same time a dress for Anne, which, if not quite as costly, was equally beautiful, and better suited to Anne's style.

The morning of the eventful day arrived, and with it two superb bouquets for the young ladies. Anne was on a tiptoe of excitement to know who could be the donor, and strove in vain to find some hidden missive beneath the glossy leaves; but to no purpose. Isabella assured her that they could be from no other than a Mr. Redwood, who had called a few evenings previous with Mr. Denton.

"Mr. Red-head, you mean," said Anne. "Why he is actually a Methuselah. Believe me, he has done with such vanities long since."

"I doubt it," said Isabella. "At all events he was much struck with you, Anne."

But Anne evidently thought otherwise; at all events her attention was called to her new dress, which had just been sent home, and for which she could scarcely find words to express her admiration.

Anne was dressed and ready at least two hours before the time.

"And now she would run down," she cried, "and have a good practice."

"Armed and equipped for conquest," said her uncle, as she came tripping into the library.

"Certainly, uncle," she replied; "and am I not irresistible?"

"You certainly do look like some spring flower," he answered—"quite unfitted, I am afraid, however, to bloom in a London parterre."

She could not forbear glancing at the large mirror opposite, and there, to her surprise, saw reflected another figure, that of Mr. Denton, who now came forward from a distant corner of the room.

"How provoking that he should have heard and seen such an ebullition of self-satisfaction," thought Anne.

But he seemed entirely oblivious of any other sentiment than a profound admiration of the author he had been studying; and he discoursed with great volubility with Mr. Travers upon some point of ethics the book contained, until Mr. Travers was suddenly called out, and then of course Anne was obliged to entertain him. This she did by giving him an account of an excursion to Gravesend, which she had made with her uncle and cousin the day before. She described how they went on board a ship of war, just returned with troops, and told how very gallant the officers were. "She must confess," she added, "to a slight predilection for a red coat." She then descanted upon the admiration which some of the officers had evidently shown for her cousin, and dilated on the indifference with which Bella had received their admiration. Next she declared what an incomparable character that cousin was, and what a blessing she would prove to any man who could gain her affections. And so she rattled on, with a volubility which greatly amused Mr.

Denton. She was a perfect enigma to him, and so entirely unlike any other young lady he had ever seen, that he was interested all the more; and even when the stately Isabella appeared, in all the glory of her crimson velvet and pearls, looking radiantly beautiful, she was far less attractive to him than her bewitching cousin.

It was evident that the whispered admiration which greeted the cousins, as they entered the drawing-room of Mrs. Langley, had less reference to Anne than to the peerless Isabella. Known as Mr. Henry Travers's heiress, that alone would have been sufficient to attract the eye of the crowd; and Anne, though she had been far more attractive, might have been entirely overlooked if she had not shone in the reflected light of her cousin's honors.

And now over the chalked floor fair forms are gliding, music pours its enchanting strain, and voices scarcely less sweet float on the perfumed air; feathers wave, diamonds flash; there are smiles on the brow of beauty, soft speeches on the lip of manhood.

As Anne did not waltz, she seemed to be entirely satisfied with an occasional quadrille, more particularly as Mr. Denton was so kind as to amuse her between the dances. As they watched the jewelled belles glide gracefully through the dance, Anne expatiated in such rapturous terms on their loveliness, that Mr. Denton discovered that she possessed within her own breast a jewel far brighter than those which flashed on the brows of the beauties before him, namely, a heart free from envy. "She was sorry to monopolise so much of his time," she said frequently; but the gentleman did not seem to have any such compunctions, and did not take the least pains to introduce other gentlemen; and as for dancing with Isabella, was it not an impossibility, surrounded as she was by a bery of admirers, and when not dancing seemingly engrossed by her old friend, Mr. Seymour?

"Who is Mr. Seymour?" inquired Anne of her cousin, as they recounted the pleasures of the evening.

"He is a barrister, and quite an intimate friend of papa's. Now I see you have set him down as among the antiquities of the past; but I do not imagine him much older than Mr. Denton," said Bella, demurely. "But as I was going to tell you, he has been in India some two or three years, which may partly account for the 'bronzed complexion' of which you spoke. He used frequently to visit papa, and it often happened that when I had ensconced myself in the library to practise some difficult lesson, he would be sure to present himself, papa telling him not to mind 'that child's drumming;' and it seems that as a child he always regarded me, until to-night."

"He met you in all the splendor of your youth," said Anne, quickly. "How glad I am that you wore that crimson dress—you looked so splendidly."

"Such gross flattery can but fall harmlessly," said Bella, laughing.

"But poor Mr. Denton," said Anne, "will be in despair. thought he looked sad."

"You little gipsy, you know better," said Bella; "if Mr. Albert Denton left your side this night, it was at Mrs. Langley's particular request, who, I know, sent him on some commission; and if he was doubly mine, I should consider that I had not the shadow of a chance; for if there ever was an arrant little flirt, you are the one, cousin mine."

The time passed swiftly and pleasantly. A short essay into fashionable life seemed to satisfy Isabella, much to the delight of her father, who did not approve of the indiscriminate acquaintance which often follows the constant attendance of balls and routs; and so an occasional party or concert, with a visit to Covent Garden now and then, completed their round of dissipation. Anne too seemed as well satisfied as her cousin to remain at home, provided a certain gentleman formed one of their circle, which same gentleman seemed to find plenty of leisure to do; and as Mr. Seymour had renewed his intimacy with Mr. Travers, a very pleasant *r union* in Harley street seemed to follow as naturally as the evenings came round. When an excursion was planned, it seemed to be quite as a settled thing that Mr. Denton should take charge of Anne as that Mr. Seymour should escort her cousin; and Anne was only too

happy to have it so, without asking her own heart why she was thus happier in one presence, more joyous beneath one approving smile.

Blithe as a bird, carolling the live-long day, was Anne Vernon. She had quite decided that Mr. Denton was entirely indifferent to her cousin (she knew that long ago, the deceiver), when that gentleman suddenly manifested a change of demeanor towards herself; it first revealed itself by his absenting himself altogether for several evenings; and when he did appear, "what a change was there," for she noticed, what a less interested observer would not have perceived, that those thousand and one little attentions were wanting which had spoken eloquently to her heart heretofore. At first the change was felt rather than seen, but at length he seemed entirely indifferent to her presence, confining his attentions chiefly to Mr. Travers, who generally sat in the library, and there Mr. Denton would ensconce himself, talking politics by the hour. He showed too sudden a devotion to Miss Travers, and would sit by her side, assort her colors, wind her worsteds, and admire her embroidery. If a new singer was to be heard, he would beg the honor of escorting Miss Isabella, and then Anne could but accept of Mr. Seymour's invitation, which she imagined was given only with the coldest politeness.

On this account alone she would much have preferred staying at home, which she did whenever she could find an available excuse, though she generally had too much spirit to refuse, and would rather bear the infliction of even Mr. Redwood's company (who still followed her at a respectful distance) for a whole evening, than have Mr. Albert Denton imagine that she cared one whit for his sudden desertion. If asked to play, her music seemed entirely unappreciated. Mr. Denton was never in the least concerned when his favorite airs were sung in a manner that might have touched a heart of stone. Poor Mr. Redwood seemed to feel, as he patiently turned the leaves of her music-book, that his dim star might be in the ascendancy.

"This," thought Anne, "was the unkindest cut of all—to be bored to death with attentions which Mr. Denton knew she despised." Yet he never came to her rescue, but evidently enjoyed her perplexities. If she had not so cordially disliked her antiquated beau how quickly she would have revenged herself. Nothing seemed bright—concerts and the opera were dull—parties ennuyed her. The change was great, and she felt it keenly. Her uncle rallied her on her home-sickness, as she would now every evening seat herself by his side to read, instead of joining the circle in the drawing-room; for the indefatigable Mr. Redwood never failed of making his appearance, so that Anne scarcely felt safe from an open avowal of undying attachment except at her uncle's side, who declared that she and his daughter had certainly changed characters, so gay was Isabella, so sober the once light-hearted Anne. He liked not the change, for though he loved Anne's society, he would much have preferred to have heard her laugh ring out loudly and merrily as in former days. Anne was glad to disguise her real feelings under the plea of home-sickness; and she began to talk seriously of returning, when a letter from her mother hastened that event.

And now all were loud in their persuasions for her to stay; even Mr. Denton was "sorry that Miss Vernon was going to leave." Mr. Redwood, after repeated attempts to see her, indited four pages in her behalf filled with "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," or were *burned* shortly afterwards; and the desire to flee from his presence only hastened Anne's departure. With a heavy heart she was gathering up her treasures—mementoes of happy hours—tokens with which such varied associations were connected as would serve to light up some future dreary hour; and tears were actually falling on the withered leaves of her last bouquet, which she was stowing away in one corner of her trunk for safe keeping, when her cousin's voice, begging her to come down into the library, arrested her sad occupation.

"I have a secret to confide to you," said Isabella, drawing her into the dimly-lighted room, "and yet I hardly know how to commence," and she sat for some minutes holding her cousin's hand seemingly undecided, when Anne, whose love for mysteries had in no wise abated, gently reminded her that she

was waiting. "Well, what I have to say concerns a mutual friend of ours, Mr. Denton, who has, greatly to my surprise, this morning declared himself: and now what answer shall I give him?"

Anne continued gazing into her cousin's face as if to gather the full import of her terrible words; then threw herself on the sofa, burying her face in the pillows, while the tears came thick and fast.

"Why, my dear little cousin, I scarcely expected this of you," said Isabella, after Anne had wept herself calm.

"But—but," said Anne, "I—thought—you were going to marry Mr. Seymour."

"I did not say that I was going to marry anybody," said her cousin, gently; "I merely said that Mr. Denton had declared himself in love; I did not even hint that I was the object of his passion; for I ought certainly to have abandoned all hope when Mr. Denton proved himself such a willing captive to the silken chains which a certain little lady (quite artlessly, no doubt) wove around him. Besides, did I not warn Mr. Denton, who was quite too ready to come at the beck and call of his lady-love, against a precipitate and imprudent avowal, telling him that she who had fascinated him so completely had a natural horror of having the course of her true love run too smoothly; and did I not advise a change in his tactics, causing him to feign an indifference which he never felt—a sudden devotion to myself, which nearly drove him distracted? And has he not suffered as much as is necessary to gratify all romantic whims; and may not the term of his probation, which he has thought so tediously, hopelessly long, expire? But here he comes to speak for himself," said Bella, hastily leaving.

"Such unparalleled presumption!—such unmitigated assurance should receive no encouragement," said Anne, rising to follow her cousin. But Mr. Denton was so earnest in his solicitations that she should remain, and looked really so unhappy, that Anne consented, reluctantly, of course, to hear him. How long she kept him in painful suspense we are unable to say, but probably some time, for several hours elapsed before they were seen by any other member of the family, and then Mr. Travers, becoming impatient at having dinner delayed such an unwonted time, sent a servant to break in upon their discussion. Mr. Denton walked into the dining-room as coolly as if he had just come from a philosophical lecture, talking constantly during the dinner hour (which Anne thought would never end) of the sudden rise of some railway shares, in which Mr. Travers was interested, or some other subject equally entertaining, thus effectually shielding Anne from all observation. But after the ladies had retired, Mr. Travers (whose senses had seemed obtuse as to what was taking place around him) was informed that proposals had been made, and were under consideration, for the hand and heart of Miss Anne Vernon.

"I shall take good care to warn uncle Travers before I leave of the unexpected talent for plots and mysteries developing itself in his innocent daughter," said Anne to her cousin, on the evening of the eventful day.

"Why," replied Bella, "I should be but a poor scholar if I had not profited by the example set before me, and the precepts ever falling from your lips."

"Oh, I—poor little I!—am thrown entirely into the back-ground," said Anne; "and I expect nothing else but to hear that at your very first offer you have eloped with your lover. Just think how well it would read, 'elopement in high life,' &c., &c."

"Quite a temptation indeed," said Isabella; "but after your departure I intend to console Mr. Redwood."

"Such stupid conceits," said Anne, "for with Mr. Seymour for an escort I was generally edified by a discussion on the characterless women of the nineteenth century; the coquettish propensities of ladies in general (and I know he would like to have said mine in particular); so that between his lectures and Mr. Redwood's unparalleled devotion, 'twas hard to choose."

"Well, you must confess that 'all's well that ends well,' said Isabella "and perhaps you may like Mr. Seymour better some day."

"Oh, I feel even now an appreciation of his virtues stealing over me," said Anne, "and am ready to extend my hand in cousinly love."

Mr. Denton accompanied Miss Vernon home. And were they married? Not immediately. Mr. Denton returned to town, but he was so much pleased with country life that he made frequent tours to that part of the country, under pretext of "inhaling the mountain air, enjoying the fine fishing," &c., &c. Anne, however, received a bidding to her cousin's bridal, last month, who was, as Mrs. Seymour, to start immediately for Paris. And so she consented at last to put an end to the protracted wooing of her lover, who was the bearer of the letter, all the sooner, perhaps, as he urged her to join Mr. and Mrs. Seymour in their contemplated tour.

So one fine morning there was great bustle in Harley street, and a double wedding was solemnised at St. George's, Hanover square, by the Honorable and Reverend Somebody, assisted by another Reverend Somebody, cousin to the brides. Then "all went merry as a marriage bell," and the whole party are now enjoying their wedding tour.

SPIDER ENGINEERING. — Some few days since, while writing on the primitive machines, I had just finished treating of the cord as one of these, when my attention was directed to a small spider descending from the underside of a table in the corner of the room, where it had stationed itself unmolested. A large horse-fly, many times too large for the spider (which was very small) to manage, had by some means become disabled and lay on the floor. The spider descended to the fly, and, with some caution, began to entangle it in its web, and soon had it completely bound. The spider then ascended to the table, and soon descended again; and thus continued to ascend and descend for some time, fastening the fly more completely each time it returned. I was at a loss to know its object in binding the fly so completely on the floor. Soon, however, it ceased descending, and appeared to be busily employed at its station near the table. I could not conceive what its object was in passing about so very actively; but imagine my surprise when, in a short time, I saw the fly leave the floor, and begin to ascend towards the table. This was soon explained. The

spider had attached a number of cords to the fly, extending from the table, and by stretching each to its greatest tension, and confining the upper end, the elasticity of all the cords (some fifty or more) was combined in raising the fly. By continuing the process of tightening one cord at a time, in some

fifteen or twenty minutes the fly was raised to the table, and there deposited for future use. Here was a lesson in mechanics taught by a spider; and where is the difference, in principle, between this machine of the spider and the cord, as used with a number of pulleys, by a man? The spider, as he had no pulleys to enable him to use one long cord, and tighten the whole by applying a force at one end, as man does, effected the same object by using a number of cords, and tightening one at a time, thus obtaining the force of them all.

M. DE LA RIVE, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the Aurora Borealis in the following manner: "When the sun, having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats our atmosphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap enveloping the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of electricity accumulated in the upper portion of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles of ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are at the same time illuminated by these currents or electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the Aurora Borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin of which, less dense than the remainder, is colored the first; and indeed it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is an abundance of vapor in the air."

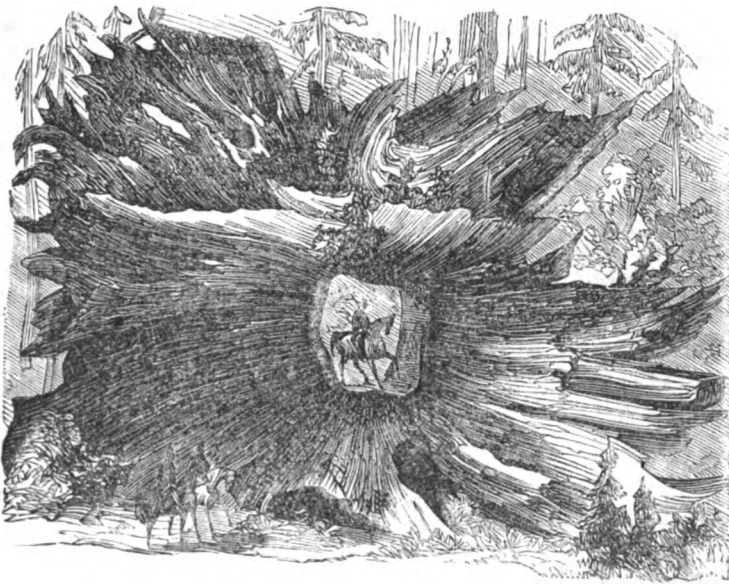
In any controversy, the instant we feel angry, we have

already ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves.

CREDITORS have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.



THE THREE SISTERS.



THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

GIGANTIC TREES.

As man is the head of the animal kingdom, so are trees at the head of the vegetable, and as we sometimes see men who by means of their great intellects and talents soar above their fellow mortals, and revel in a world of thought unknown to meaner minds, so do we continually see and read of those mighty monarchs of the forest, towering far above the trees around them, and serving as landmarks for ages.

There are few districts in the eastern portions of this country that do not possess each a tree whose name is as familiar as their own to the inhabitants for many miles around, but in the majority of cases these owe their celebrity as much to a connection with historical events as to their magnitude. Many instances might be also adduced of the great age of trees, sufficient indeed to fill a large volume, but here we must confine ourselves to a notice of the most celebrated trees in point of size.

The cedars of Lebanon were in the days of David and Solomon considered pre-eminent, and some of the most beautiful images of the inspired psalmist were drawn from this source, and in many portions of Holy Writ the cedar is mentioned as an image of beauty and strength. The cedar is now, however, used more as a symbol of mourning, in conjunction with the cypress, which from its dark and funereal appearance is certainly more suited for the purpose than the light and feathery cedar.

The cypress is also a tree of slow growth and long life, the most celebrated one having the reputation of being in existence at the birth of Christ.

This venerable tree is still standing at Somma, in Lombardy, and was considered the oldest in the world until the discovery, of late years, of the giant trees of California, which we have illustrated in this article. A late measurement of the Somma cypress gave the diameter eight feet and the height one hundred and twenty-three feet, which, although it does not appear at first sight large, is still much greater than the majority of trees attain to.

The celebrated Charter Oak, at Hartford, in which was hidden for many years the Charter of Connecticut, was, at the distance of three feet from the ground, twelve feet in diameter.

This venerable tree was unfortunately blown down a few years ago, and portions were much

sought after, for mounting in articles of jewellery, &c.

Boston also boasts of several gigantic trees, and throughout the New England States elms of large size are to be met with. But all these trees are small compared with those which have been discovered in New Zealand, and these again to the sylvan monarchs of California.

In July, 1854, some men who were at work clearing woodland near Akaroa, New Zealand, discovered an enormous pine, which was, as nearly as could be ascertained, fourteen feet in diameter, and of enormous height.

Trees of still greater magnitude have been found in the same neighborhood, and some which have been felled for the masts of large vessels have been found to be excellent in quality, although not quite equal to the Baltic or American timber.

Very large pines have also been cut down in the forests bordering on Puget Sound and the vicinity.

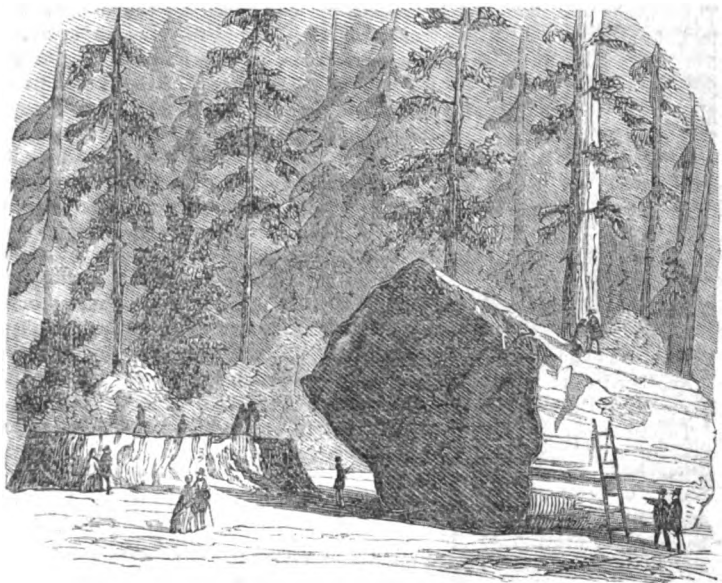
Between Puget Sound and Fort Harrison, pines have been discovered of the height of two hundred and sixty feet, and of a proportionate diameter.

Nearly all of these trees, from some cause which has not been ascertained, are bare of branches for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. None of these, however, have approached in size to those which we have mentioned above as growing in California.

In this state nature seems to have modelled all her handiwork in a gigantic mould; everything, whether trees, mountains, waterfalls or any production of nature, striking the beholder with admiration, as much by their gigantic proportions as by beauty of color and form.

The first travellers who discovered these enormous trees, of course, made known to the public their existence, but their mammoth size was for a long time thought to be owing to the recognized amplification of traveller's tales. Succeeding travellers, however, told the same story, and a few years ago an enterprising individual managed to take off the bark of one of them, and exhibit it in such a form, that although only a portion could be exhibited, no doubt remained in the minds of those who saw the portion of the gigantic proportions of the original.

Colonel Fremont, in the course of a government exploration in which he was engaged, met with several groups of these



THE BIG TREE.

larger trees, which all appear to be of one species. He measured one which had fallen, and reports it as being fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and seventy-five feet in length, but some which were still standing were much larger.

Judge Thornton speaks also of pines which measured, at the height of six or seven feet from the ground, fourteen feet in diameter, and from two to three hundred feet high. The bark of these trees was very tough and hard, and nearly a foot in thickness.

These trees are scattered over the face of the country in different parts. In some places forests of trees approaching this size extend over a great breadth of land, indicating the luxuriance of the soil, and proving that this land, so rich in minerals, is not less so in vegetation.

But it is with reference to a few particular trees growing in the county of Calaveras that we particularly refer, when we speak of the gigantic size of California trees.

There are not more than perhaps twelve of them, but they are known throughout the length and breadth of the state as the most wonderful objects in a country peculiarly rich in interesting productions of nature.

The hardy, unlearned hunters and miners by whom they were first discovered gave them names suggested by their appearance, and these names they have retained, being still known as the Pioneer's Cabin, the Miner's Cabin, the Horseback Ride, the Three Sisters, the Big Tree, &c.

The big trees stand in Mammoth Tree Valley, about thirty miles north of Sonora, in Calaveras county, where there are one hundred and thirty-one of them over ten feet in diameter.

The large tree which was felled was bored down with long augers, and took four men twenty-two days to accomplish the work. The stump still remains about six feet above the level of the ground, and its top has been smoothed off, which required sixteen days' work. From inside of the bark to inside the width was twenty-five feet, and the wood was perfectly sound and free from decay to the heart. At a distance of one hundred and seventy feet from the ground the diameter was ten feet, and at two hundred and eighty feet, four feet. The total length of the main stem, measured very accurately, was three hundred feet.

It is a little curious no other trees of the same kind (*arborescens*) can be found less than seven feet in diameter; and this one was estimated by scientific persons to be not less than three thousand one hundred years old.

The Big Tree represented in our sketch is ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred feet in length. Five men were engaged for a month in sawing it down. They sawed and bored great holes with immense wimbles, until the giant of the forest lost his equilibrium and fell with a tremendous crash. Three weeks were employed by the workmen in removing the bark from a portion of the trunk, which measured fifty-two feet. This bark, in thickness, in many parts, more than two feet, has been exhibited at San Francisco. The learned of the place have set themselves to ascertain the age of this enormous tree, and, by counting the concentric rings, have come to the conclusion that it must be at least three thousand years old.

The Three Graces, or the Three Sisters, as they are sometimes called, are united at the base, but each one has a separate trunk measuring in circumference some ninety-two feet.

The Miner's Cabin, one of those mentioned above, is eighty feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height.

The Pioneer's Cabin is seventy-eight feet in circumference and two hundred and eighty feet in height.

Another tree of large size, standing in an isolated position, has received the suitable appellation of the Old Maid.

Two trees standing in close proximity to one another have been called Husband and Wife, while a large group is known as the Family.

One called Uncle Tom's Cabin has a more commodious room in it than many miners' huts.

There is one which was blown down, in consequence of having rotted at the heart, which crumbling away has left a sufficient hollow space for a horse and his rider to pass through without inconvenience. In addition to this the sound part,

which remains, is as much as three feet in thickness all round. This immense tree is called the Horseback Ride.

The largest tree amongst them is indeed gigantic, and from its size and apparent age is called the Father of the Forest, a title which it well deserves. In circumference it is one hundred and ten feet, and in height five hundred feet.

When we compare these gigantic specimens of vegetation with any known height we are enabled to form some idea of the immense altitude to which they attain. The few dimensions which we have given will, we think, be sufficient to show the enormous appearance which the Californian trees present.

And not only the trees are luxuriant in their growth in this favored country, but almost all agricultural products thrive equally well. The climate and soil are well suited to the growth of all kinds of vegetables, wheat, barley, rye, and oats; though along the coast the temperature is too low for the successful culture of maize as a field crop. In the valleys eastward of the coast range of hills the climate is sufficiently warm for the mature production of maize, rice, and probably tobacco. The grasses are luxuriant and nutritious, affording excellent pasture. The oats which spring up spontaneously the whole length of the sea coast, and from forty to sixty miles inland, render the cultivation of that crop entirely unnecessary, and yield vast quantities of excellent food for horses, cattle and sheep. Potatoes, turnips, onions, indeed all the edible roots known and cultivated in the Atlantic States, are here raised in perfection. The cultivation of the grape is attended with much success; the fruit is delicious, and the wine made from it is of excellent quality. Apples, pears, peaches, and all kinds of fruit are also cultivated with facility.

Whilst we should be grieved to think that, through anything contained in these pages, persons should be induced to leave any remunerative occupation, in hopes of finding a more productive soil and a more easily acquired livelihood, still we cannot help praising even at the expense of another country that land which, as well in other respects as in regard to her mineral wealth, has so appropriately been named the Golden State.

The vegetation of India is of surpassing grandeur, and one of the most remarkable evidences is in the banyan tree, which has been too often described to need to be treated of at length at this time. The specimen we give as an illustration is remarkable even in India for vast extent. It is a singular provision of nature, providing the tree with the power to turn its limbs from time to time into trunks, thus making from one root what is finally a vast forest. Specimens of this tree exist under which whole regiments of cavalry can shelter. In close association with the banyan tree, as monsters of the jungles, are the bush ropes and parasites. These are sometimes very long, stretching from tree to tree, sometimes several hundred feet. The strain upon them appears to be very great, for you frequently see large trees drawn forcibly together by their power, whilst smaller ones are twisted and distorted, and strangled in their folds, much as you might fancy a huge boa writhing round and crushing its victims.

Humboldt says, that "heat and cold are nature's hands and feet, with which she performs miracles." If he were to substitute heat and moisture for heat and cold, we think he would come nearer the truth. The vegetation of India is perfectly incredible and continuous. Trees never fall, unless a solitary one, unsupported by parasites, is attacked by wild ants, or struck with lightning. The spot once occupied by vegetation is never relinquished. An unbroken course of vegetable metempsychosis is continually going on; the original form, indeed, may long have ceased, but its vitality is transmitted *ad infinitum* through lower and successive developments.

The Mata-Palo, or hill-tree, which is found in Nicaragua, is one of the most remarkable known; it is the rankest of all the rank growths; springing from the roots of some decayed king of the forest, it creeps like a thread to the top, and then commences to spread, throwing its shade far and wide, while its roots penetrate its supporter at every joint along its whole line, thereby drawing the sap from its mother tree, and living upon its very vitals. These roots interlace the whole tree, and in

time completely cover it, the old trunk and branches still proudly bearing up its destroyers; but ere long signs are seen of destruction, the leaves change their hue, portions decay, and after a certain length of time the old tree is buried in a living grave, eaten up, as it were, by the destroyer it fondly supported, when it was, unassisted, unable to raise itself from the ground.

Not satisfied with this, the parasite then commences to suck its own sap; shooting out long fibres, that creep along its bark and enter again, or, hanging down until they touch a lateral limb, pierce it, until finally it becomes one mass of braces, so supported that it is stronger than the best framework can possibly be made, and now it stands like some great monster which has succeeded in securing the life-blood of those who raised it to a position, and, thus defiant, it swells out its filthy green boughs, its poisonous fibres drink in the deep pollution it has caused, while all around and beneath is devastation.

In many tropical countries these parasites are found, sometimes creeping and twining around the forest monarchs as a snake would round its victim, sometimes attaching itself to a particular limb, and standing out stiffly like any other branch of the tree, but in all cases the effect is the same—the gradual decay of the tree on which the parasite has fixed.

In England, trees are frequently destroyed by the ivy growing around the stems, and by degrees so contracting the bark, and preventing the free flowing of the sap, one by one the branches wither and die, and at last the whole tree.

Notwithstanding the great injury done by the ivy, it is rather encouraged in its growth than destroyed, as it should be immediately it makes its appearance upon a tree.

The injury is principally done when the tree is but young, for, as the ivy is not a parasite in the strict sense of the word, but a distinct plant, the mischief is caused by the hindrance which it offers to the growth of the tree when the bush is young and easily impressed.

The ivy principally attaches itself to the oaks for which England is so celebrated, and notwithstanding the ravages which have been caused in the forests of late years, by the increased demand for oak timber for ship building purposes, there are still many noble trees standing; indeed, there is scarcely a parish which does not boast of three or four.

There are standing at the present day, in different parts of the country, over a dozen oak trees, each of which is claimed to be the veritable tree in which King Charles took refuge after the battle of Worcester, and all owe this reputation merely to their great size, as it is now certain which tree is the real historical one.

But we have wandered somewhat from our subject, and lest we should go still further, will close this article, putting forth as our only excuse for straying, the numberless recollections which our subject has called to memory.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF THE OLDEN TIME—One of the most pernicious mistakes of the old children's books (writes Leigh Hunt) was the inculcation of a spirit of revenge and cruelty, in the tragic examples which were intended to deter their readers from idleness and disobedience. One, if he did not behave himself, was to be shipwrecked and eaten by lions; another to become a criminal, who was not to be taught better, but rendered a more wicked contrast to the luckier virtue; and, above all, none were to be poor but the vicious, and none were to ride in their coaches but little Sir Charles Grandisons and all-perfect sheriffs. We need not say how contrary this was to the real spirit of Christianity, which, at the same time, they so much insisted on. The perplexity in after life, when reading of poor philosophers and rich vicious men, was in proportion; or, rather, virtue and mere worldly success became confounded. In the present day the profitableness of good conduct is still inculcated, but in a sounder spirit. Charity makes the proper allowance for all, and none are excluded from the hope of being wiser and happier. Men, in short, are not taught to love and labor for themselves alone, or for their little dark corners of egotism, but to take the world along with them into a brighter sky of improvement, and to discern the want of success in success itself if not accompanied by a liberal knowledge.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the only son of Alderman Beckford of London, who died when his son was only ten years of age, bequeathing him West Indian and other property, which yielded an income equal to half a million dollars a year. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the great Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world. The great talent of promoting happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there, was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal he visited, under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floors spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which the dinner was prepared is thus described:

"A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison, on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, finer than snow, blocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance."

The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver.

"The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season, from distant countries."

Confectionery and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Goa filligree, containing the rarest and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey.

Returning, at the commencement of the present century, to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of one million four hundred thousand dollars, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that, phoenix-like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the West of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crest of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shinar. "Go to, let us build a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, four hundred and sixty men were employed both night and day through an entire winter, the torches used by the nocturnal workmen being visible to the astonished travellers at miles distant. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated part



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of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood.

The building was indeed Beckford's idol—the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination. The tower was finally erected, but, as might have been expected, the mortar and cement used had no time to set properly, ere a violent gale of wind brought the vast structure to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the sublime fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower of two hundred and seventy-six feet in height; this also fell to the ground in 1835.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the whole world. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants or as pedlars, in the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Not was its interior unworthy of this curiosity. All that art and wealth could give, to produce effect, was there.

"Gold and silver vase cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabras and ornaments which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford, of Fonthill. With an income of more than one hundred thousand pounds per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. Who would have ventured to have styled all this splendor evanescent as the mirage? A sudden depreciation of West India property took place. Some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered

by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven, with the shattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering place; there to moralise on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point the oft-told moral of the vanity of human affairs.

He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner. Thus melted away, like frostwork before the sun, the extravagant productions of a man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered that he had been cheated by the mirage.

Though Beckford's princely lavishness caused him to be talked about all over the world, his true claim to remembrance rests upon his talents as an author, and his genius as displayed in the wild and singular Oriental tale of "Vathek," which is so splendid in description, so true to Eastern costume, and so wild and vivid in imagination, that Lord Byron considered it difficult to credit that it was written by a European, and said, "Even Dr. Johnson's 'Rasselas' must bow before it." Mr. Beckford was the author of numerous other works. He died in the year 1844, aged eighty-four years, leaving two daughters, one of whom is the present Duchess of Hamilton. His wife was Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne.

THE PRIDE OF GENTILITY.—I heard a story of a young lady in the north of the island, who not long ago was married to a respectable farmer. Her husband took her for a wedding trip, and on their return introduced her to her future home, where was a table nicely laid for supper, and two excellent mould candles burning. She had no sooner entered the room than she burst into tears. Her husband, who was a very good fellow, was alarmed at her hysterical sobbing, and begged her to explain herself. At last, after sedatives had been administered to her, she gave vent to her agitated feelings, and pumping up her words at intervals, said, "I didn't think, when I left a comfortable home, and took you for a husband, that I had married into mutton fat." The fact was that the young lady, who probably was the daughter of a convict, was chagrined at finding mould candles, instead of wax or sperm, on the table.—*Diary of a Working Clergyman.*



THE MINERS' CABIN. SEE PAGE 418.

FEMALE NAMES.

MARY, the sweetest of female names, may not inappropriately stand at the head of our list. It is from the Hebrew, and signifies exalted. Its French form is Marie. In all ages, from the time of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to that of Mary, the mother of Washington, the name has literally been exalted. It has been linked with titles and power—with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. Mary has ever been a favorite name with poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is interwoven with some of his sweetest verses. The peasant-poet, Burns, seems to have as much attachment to it as the author of "Childe Harold." It is still the theme of bards and bardlings unnumbered. We might fill a column or two here with songs, sonnets and ballads, in the melody of whose verse the most musical syllables are those which form the charming name of Mary. We need quote nothing, for

The very music of the name has gone
Into our being.

Let the motto, or toast, if you will, be the single line of Bryan Waller Proctor :

Here's health to thee, Mary !

Sarah is almost as common a name as Mary, but it lacks the prestige which its historical and poetical associations throw around the latter. It is also from the Hebrew, and signifies a princess. In poetry it takes the form of Sally, or Sallie, and is found in many a love song and ballad. Sally is sometimes contracted to Sal, which is neither poetical nor euphonious.

Laughing, prattling, sportive Sallie,
Now tell me what shall be
The tint of sky, sunlit or starry,
To which I'll liken thee !
The softest shades of heaven's own blue,
Those lustrous eyes seem melting through.

Susan, another name of Hebrew origin, signifies a lily. In poetry it is usually seen in its contracted form of Sue. It is a pretty name, and is immortalised in Gray's well-known ballad. The signification of the name is very happily introduced in the closing line :

Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand.

Ralph Hoyt, in a very graceful poem entitled, "My Sue," has the following lines :

And how often have I strayed
With the lads along the sea ;
And with many a pretty maid,
Yet, ah ! none of them for me ;
For if she, whom I love best,
In the groups could not be seen,
No contentment in my breast,
No delight upon the green :
But there was a garden nigh,
With its bower just in view,
And still craved my heart and eye,
That sweet lily there—my Sue.

Mabel is probably derived from *ma bella*, signifying my fair, though some suppose that it is contracted from *amabile*, lovely or amiable. It is a good name in either case, and worthy of being perpetrated. Mary Howitt has a ballad commencing :

Arie, my maiden Mabel,

which is the only poem we now recollect in which the name occurs.

Ursula, a name associated in our mind with homeliness of face and goodness of heart concealed under the veil of a nun, is from the Latin, and signifies nothing more amiable than a female bear. Who, knowing this, will give the name to a child ?

Lucy, in its French form, Lucie, signifies bright, and comes from the Latin.

Lucy is a golden girl,

says Bryan Proctor, and many will echo the line. Lucy is a favorite name with every one. Wordsworth has made it one of the

Names wedded into song.

Blanche, one of the sweetest names ever worn by woman, is

from the French, and signifies white or fair. Mary Howitt makes the orange flower its floral type :

Ah, cousin Blanche, let's see
What's the flower resembling thee.
With those dove-like eyes of thine,
And thy fair hair's stiken twine ;
With thy low, broad forehead white
As marble, and as purely bright ;
With thy mouth so calm and sweet,
And thy dainty hands and feet ;
What's the flower most like to thee ?
Blossoms of the orange tree.

Beatrice is another name derived from the Latin. It signifies one who blesses or makes happy. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely, affectionate and amiable woman. Beatrice has been honored above all others by the poets. Dante, Shelley and Shakespeare have, in turn, thrown around it the charm of their numbers, and linked it with thoughts both lovely and tragic.

Caroline is the feminine form of Charles, or rather of its Latin equivalent, Carolus. It comes from the German, and has the signification of brave souled, or courageously patient. It has been worn by women who have proved themselves worthy of the name. It is not in the manly breast alone that valor is found, or needed. There are those, having learned

How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong,

have displayed a courage which shames that of the warrior on the battle-field. Caroline is sometimes abbreviated to Carrie, Callie and Cal.

I know a fair young girl,
With an eye like the sky's own blue,
Or a sweet spring flower when its azure leaves
Are bright with early dew -
Oh, a thing half earth and half divine
Is she—that fair young Caroline.

Of modern poets Tennyson is the most remarkable for his choice of female names. He has poems to Claribel, Adeline, Clara Vere de Vere, Eleanore, Mariana and others of the same dulcet and uncommon sound. He seems to have little taste for the simpler names, possibly because they have already been brated by other poets.

AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—Most of the younger women have a lively turn for light literature. They have not much acquaintance with history or other serious reading, and but a smattering of many scientific things, picked up from casual lectures. They are taught the usual accomplishments of the sex. They are ordinarily but poor musicians, and know little of drawing ; but they dance well, and ride tolerably. There are many defective points which forcibly strike one recently arrived from the refinements of the Old World. Among these, the loudness and harshness of the voice are the most disagreeable, and certain phrases, familiarly used by the best among the ladies of Yankee land, fall on the English ear as inexcusable vulgarisms. No amount of vivacity or *naïveté* can reconcile us to the long drawn out "Oh, yes !" or "Did you ever !" or "Yes, indeed !" or "Do tell !" or "Well, now !" of a New England *belle*, or the sharp "I know it," or "No two ways about that," "and no mistake," &c. ; or the frequent violation of grammar and pronunciation. "It warn't," "Anywheres," "Not as I know of," "Going a housekeeping," "I'm a-coming," "How have you ben ?" "I'll do it right off," and a dozen such expressions, have shocked me "time and again" (to use one of their pet ones) coming from some of the sweetest lips in the United States.—*Grattan*.

THE DUKE'S DINNER.—When the Duke of Wellington was at Paris, as commander of the allied armies, he was invited to dine with Cambaceres, one of the most distinguished statesmen and *gourmets* of the time of Napoleon. In the course of dinner, his host having helped him to some particular *recherché* dish, expressed a hope that he found it agreeable. "Very good," said the duke, who was probably reflecting on Waterloo, "very good, but I really do not care what I eat." "Good God !" exclaimed Cambaceres, as he started back, and dropped his fork, "don't care what you eat ! What did you come here for, then ?"

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

MANY attempts have been made to shoe horses without the continual driving of nails into the hoof, by which great injury is sometimes inflicted upon valuable horses, by nails pricking the quick. In order to diminish this evil, one of our London exchanges states that George Thomas, of that city, has invented a double bottomed shoe, which is constructed and applied as follows:

He takes an ordinary horseshoe, and forms a groove in the part which comes in contact with the ground. This groove is about a quarter or three-eighths of an inch deep, and half an inch or more wide, according to the size of the horse and shoe, and within three-quarters of an inch from one extremity to the same distance from the other. The groove at the ends and toe of the shoe is cut under. A piece of iron of the same width and shape with the groove, only thicker, and slightly curved upwards, is so fitted at the ends and toe that, by the tap of a hammer, it is driven into the groove, and hence into the under cutting. The junction forms a complete dovetail, which prevents the removal of the inner shoe unless by the forcible aid of a chisel.

The common earthworm, though apt to be despised and trodden on, is really a useful creature in its way. Mr. Knapp describes it as the natural manurer of the soil, consuming on the surface the softer part of decayed vegetable matters, and conveying downwards the more woody fibres, which there moulder and fertilize. They perforate the earth in all directions, thus rendering it permeable by air and water, both indispensable to vegetable life. According to Mr. Darwin's mode of expression, they give a kind of under tillage to the land, performing the same below ground that the spade does above for the garden, and the plough for arable soil. It is, in consequence, chiefly of the natural operations of worms that fields which have been overspread with lime, burnt marl, or cinders, become, in process of time, covered by a finely divided soil, fitted for the support of vegetation. This result, though usually attributed by farmers to the "working down" of these materials, is really due to the action of earthworms, as may be seen in the innumerable casts of which the initial soil consists. These are obviously produced by the digestive proceedings of the worms, which take into their intestinal canal a large quantity of the soil in which they feed and burrow, and then reject it in the form of the so-called casts. "In this manner," says Mr. Darwin, "a field manured with marl has been covered, in the course of eight years, with a bed of earth averaging thirteen inches in thickness."

In putting up a lightning rod, care must be observed to have all the joints perfectly connected, for it has frequently happened that the lightning rod has passed from ill jointed rods into buildings. The rod should be clamped to the building with brackets of varnished dry wood or glass insulators, and its lower end should always be carried down into damp soil. Care must be exercised that no masses of metal in the building be situated near the conductor, because if such a mass be greater than that of the rod, the lightning is liable to pass from the latter to the former. The point of the conductor should be carried about four or five feet above the highest chimney, and if it is of iron, it should be half an inch in diameter for a building forty feet high.

A BUNCH OF SPROUTS.—Dr. Mackay is answerable for the following story:—An Englishman who had steamed down the Mississippi with a captain who was not "clever" in the American sense of the word, seeing on his arrival at New Orleans a great assemblage of people at the levee, and hearing a disturbance, asked the captain what was the matter. "Oh, nothing particular," said the captain; "it is only Jones, an editor, who had quarrelled with Smith, another editor, and given him a whole bunch of sprouts." "A 'bunch of sprouts?'" inquired the Englishman. "Yes, a bunch of sprouts," said the captain. "And what is a 'bunch of sprouts?'" inquired John Bull, bewildered. "Don't you know?" rejoined the captain. "I

don't," said John Bull. "Then more fool you," was the reply, on giving which the captain turned upon his heel and walked away. The Englishman, not altogether discouraged, applied to the clerk for information. "Oh! editors are always quarrelling here," he replied, "it is but one editor who has given another a bunch of sprouts." "But what is a bunch of sprouts?" "Don't you know?" "Not I." "Why, what a fool you must be!" The story is that the Englishman has asked the same question ever since that day, no one knows how many years ago, of thousands of people, but never obtained an answer; that the idea has taken entire possession of his mind; and that he is wandering over the United States asking every one he meets, "What is a bunch of sprouts?" Receiving no satisfactory reply, he hurries on from place to place, and from person to person, worn to a skeleton—the mere shadow of a man—a kind of flying Dutchman—a spectre presence—a wandering Jew—asking the old, eternal question, never to be answered on this side of the grave, "What is a bunch of sprouts?" Should this unhappy citizen of our fortunate isles ever read these pages, the spell that is upon him will be broken, and he will learn that a "bunch of sprouts" is a slang expression for the whole discharge of a revolver—barrel after barrel.

A DAMASCUS SCENE.—When I called upon the pacha of Damascus, for whom I had letters of introduction, he asked me how I liked Damascus. "As I would do an ugly woman with a noble heart." He smiled, and said, "Is it not a paradise? But we must not think of an ugly woman in paradise." You have generally to enter a house by a very narrow, low, dark, winding passage. It resembles the entrance to a stable, or a miserable hovel; but when you have reached the end of this passage you find yourself on enchanted ground. Fountains in full play, surrounded by orange and almond trees, fill the air with coolness and fragrance. The court is often shaded by a palm-tree, and splendid flowers of every kind attract the eye and fill the heart with sweet contentment. Sometimes this court is converted into a shady garden, in which may be heard the sound of playing fountains and the song of the nightingale. The fine airy court, paved with mosaic of different colors and roofed by the deep blue sky, is usually open on three sides, and surrounded by lofty vestibules, with pointed arches, the walls of which are adorned with divans. You pass to the right and left of these vestibules into lofty rooms, state apartments, which are adorned with different kinds of marble, with gold and mother-of-pearl. Landscape paintings, in which are usually represented palaces and minarets, without any regard to the laws of perspective, sometimes give variety to the marble; while the walls contain cupboards filled with valuable gold and silver plate, with porcelain and crystal. I passed many hours in a splendid house like this, occupied by the learned Orientalist, Mr. Wetzstein, who has held the office of Prussian consul at Damascus for many years, and is an industrious collector of literary and archaeological treasures.

DERIVATION OF WORDS.—The best authorities agree that the modern word "hoax" is derived from *hocus*. Mr. Smart, the editor of "Walker Remodelled," gives the following account of the origin of a word which some writers have traced to learned roots. The words *quiz*, *to quiz*, *quizzing*, which are only in colloquial use, originated in a joke. Daly, the manager of a Dublin playhouse, wagered that a word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the city in twenty-four hours; and in the course of that time the letters q, u, i, z were chalked or posted on all the walls of Dublin, with an effect that won the wager.

At Palermo, Sicily, the police are paid weekly only one-half of their wages; the other half is kept as a reserved fund, out of which all parties suffering loss by theft, burglary and similar crimes, which it is the duty of the police to prevent, are indemnified. There is a settlement at the end of every six months, and the surplus is divided among the policemen, who are thus made to suffer a loss of wages by every failure to perform their duty. The system, it is said, works admirably.

The greatest discoveries have been made by leaving the beaten tracks, and going into by-paths.

STUDENT DUELS AT HEIDELBERG.

I WENT the other morning (says a foreign correspondent) with as many as sixteen Americans to see some duels. We met at seven A.M. on the bridge which spans the Neckar, and as we saw the members of various societies go over we followed, and soon were at the lane which leads up to a hotel where, in the different rooms, were the respective members of these respectable (?) societies. All was a mystery. No one knew anything of what would occur. The students were running to and fro with swords and wearing apparel, such as fighting gauntlets, long boots, &c. About eight o'clock a signal was given that all was ready, when the swords of each party were placed in a barn near by, where the fighting was to take place. But suddenly a policeman was seen to come in the direction of the house, when all the swords were secreted under the floor of a wood-shed, and from the hotel hurried forth in hot haste the two parties (ready for the fight), accompanied by their seconds and the doctors, in the direction of the woods behind the house. The remaining parties all ordered beer, coffee, soup, cigars, &c., which was to cover the whole affair in case the police should appear. I thought it was a capital scheme of the landlord to get the police there about that time, as we were all hungry, and he made money by the operation. After all had breakfasted the belligerent parties came sneaking back from the hills, and then were led forth by their seconds to said barn, and the duels commenced.

The combatants are well protected from injury, save their heads which are bare. Their right arm is wound with cloth until it is big as a man's thigh, and too heavy to hold: it is supported, when not fighting, by the seconds. The neck is also wound with cloths to the ears to protect the jugulars. The swords are about four feet long, three-fourths of an inch wide, blunt pointed, with a rough edge, being regular fencing swords. If all is ready they begin, and endeavor to cut each other only on the head or face. If the swords are bent or broken, the parties are stopped by the seconds, who examine the wounds, sew them up if necessary, straighten the swords, and the fighting recommences. For fifteen minutes this continues, unless one of the parties gives out, or they declare their revenge satisfied. Now and then an ear or a nose is cut off, and always more or less slashes are given across the scalp, forehead or face. These marks are regarded as honorable distinctions, giving evidence of bravery on the part of the bearer. That morning I saw no less than eight duels. At half past ten all was finished, the cut heads bound up, the parties satisfied, sufficient lager beer drunk, when all returned to Heidelberg. The police knew full well when they saw so many students what had occurred, but, as a German woman said to me, they "put their hands before their eyes when the students go over the river." Seven hundred students could overpower the police in case they were inclined, and hence the duelling is allowed, as many disgusting things are elsewhere. Certainly I have never seen fighting more indicative of cowardice (if endeavors to prevent being hurt would indicate it) than in this manner of duelling with *schldjers* or swords.

USE OF PAPER IN JAPAN.

It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people. Our papier-maché manufacturers, as well as the Continental ones, should go to Yeddo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pigskin, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of licker-varnish and skilful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and we even saw and used excellent waterproof coats made of simple paper, which "did" keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Macintosh.

The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels or dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very

plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shopkeeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate, in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

GOOD ADDRESS.—What is good address? The answer to this inquiry is subject to modifications arising out of the various tastes and opinions of individuals. To a certain extent, good address consists in adapting ourselves to the habits and manners of those with whom we are required to associate, and the business we have to pursue. Excessive politeness would be felt to be as repulsive by one class of persons, as an extreme familiarity by another class. Were a commercial traveller to call upon a tradesman, and, in endeavoring to transact business, affect the manners and tone of a West-end man of fashion, the tradesman would probably be so disgusted that no effort of persuasion would induce him to transact business with a person against whose absurd foppishness he had conceived a deep dislike. On the other hand, were the traveller to assume an undue freedom, and under the guise of bluntness or candor, make abrupt and satirical remarks, he would equally defeat his purpose. Good address, especially in its relation to our prospects in life, consists in a careful observance of the manners and the tastes of others, and in such an adaptation of our own conduct thereto as shall excite favorable impressions, and beget for us the confidence and respect of those with whom we mingle. It should ever be borne in mind, that truthfulness, frankness and modesty are among the chief elements of good address, which is but the manner of exhibiting our principles, opinions and objects to others. Practical men of the present day are too discerning to be long deceived by hypocrisy, and too acute in their judgments not to discover rectitude of principle where it really exists.

WIT TO ORDER.—What spectacle more melancholy than that of a solitary wit on a November day, and with perhaps a headache to boot, trying to pump up clever and sparkling things, saying, as Grove said to Shenstone, "I will—I will be witty," but finding the power inadequate to the will; calling for tricky spirits from the vasty deep, but the spirits preferring in such dull weather to remain where they are! Such was often Thomas Hood's plight, poor fellow; while writing his *Comic Annuals*, his puns came forth paired with pangs of pain in his head, and with drops of blood from his lungs; and many of his witty strokes seemed echoes to the knocks of creditors at the street-door. We heard an affecting story of another London literary man, who, sitting one day in a state of helpless despondency, was accosted by his little child. "Pa, do write; Ma wants halfpennies." All writers, even those who do not write for bread, and who are not under the dire compulsion of being always funny, are subject to inequalities of spirits; their hand is often out, and their power for a season fled; but the intense and complicated evil of the wit's case lies in the antithesis between the mood in which he often is, and the mood in which he must always appear to be.

ROYAL RELIGION.—Gourville went to pay his respects to the Duchess Sophia of Brunswick, whose young daughter he was speculating on as a wife for the Dauphin. When he was first permitted to see the young lady, then in her twelfth year, he said: "This is a fair and beautiful princess, worthy of the highest destiny. May I ask what religion she has been brought up in?" "In none at present," answered Sophia. "When we know what prince will be her husband, she will be instructed in his religion."



THE OLD HALL.

EVELINE; OR, TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

HAVING obtained leave of absence from arduous duties in the great metropolis, I was glad to avail myself of the few fine days which remained of the autumn already drawing to a close. Stuffing a change of dress and some toilette requisites into my carpet-bag, I sallied down to the terminus of the Great Western Railway, and after much elbowing and a little patience I at last succeeded in procuring my ticket. It was the early train, and therefore more crowded than at a later hour. I secured my seat and deposited my small amount of luggage in safety, and then, with a whistle and a shriek of the engine we were "off and away."

It was a lovely morning, one of those pet mornings which occur after a frosty night in the month of October. The sun was shining cheerily over tree and meadow, and made them appear as if they were sprinkled with diamonds, so brilliantly was it reflected by the sparkling dewdrops which still braved its power. The feathered tribes, too, seemed to rejoice in the freshness of the balmy air as they hopped gaily from twig to twig, shaking the crystal drops which lay upon them to the ground. The pretty villages of Ealing, Hanwell, and the more important one of Slough, were soon passed, and also the "famous town of Reading," and having arrived where I purposed to alight, I seized my bag and bade adieu to my fellow travellers.

I now set out in quest of some rural retreat where I might in quietness enjoy the repose of the very beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. It was not long before I chanced upon just such a nook as I wished for. 'Twas a sweet cottage, embowered in roses and honeysuckle. The velvety grass plat in front of the cottage contained beds of roses, fuschias, dahlias and fifty other flowers which, though late in the season, were still in full bloom. Nothing could exceed the neatness and order of the whole place.

I was received at the door by an old dame of the true old school of rusticity, with a snow-white cap and apron, and stuff dress of unexceptionable neatness. She curtsied low when

I approached, and in reply to my inquiry as to whether she could accommodate me with a lodging, she requested me to walk in and judge for myself whether her little place would suit me. The interior of the cottage was only to be equalled in its arrangements by the exterior; it seemed to be the very abode of order and cleanliness, and formed a charming contrast to some of our west-end lodging-houses. The little sitting-room, with its many-colored carpet of new felt and its white muslin window curtains looped up with blue silk ribands; the table polished like a glass, and the chairs with cushions covered with blue and white damask; a bed-room inside, fitted up with an equal regard to comfort, the *tout ensemble* of the place, left nothing to be desired in its peculiar way; and so I did not hesitate to become the master of it, *pro tem*.

I have been thus particular in describing this very pretty spot, because it was the scene of much of the story which I am about to relate; at least it was the ground on which much of it took place, for the cottage itself had been rebuilt within the last three years.

While my hostess was preparing some refreshment for me, I made inquiries of her respecting the places in the neighborhood best worth visiting, either for historical associations or for their scenery, the names of which she readily gave me, adding that her husband would accompany me to some of them as a guide if I desired it, an offer which I accepted.

"Be sure you take the gentleman to see the Hall, John," said the old lady.

"Ay, that I will," replied her husband; "and mayhap the family are gone up to Lunnun, and if so, Mr. Brian, the steward, will let him see the inside of it, with all the old armor, and the banners and the pictures."

"To whom does the Hall belong?" I inquired.

"It belongs, now, sir, to Squire Walton," he replied. "It came into his family with his great grandmother; she was the orphan grandchild of the last of the De Revels, and she married this gentleman's great-grandfather."

As I had dispatched my luncheon, I promised that we should take a walk over and see the Hall, the day being "yet young," and the weather charming.

The Hall was a splendid old pile of building composed of solid masonry, which had grown gray with age, but still bearing itself proudly as it frowned from among the noble trees which surrounded it. I was lost in admiration of its architectural beauties and the commanding site upon which it was placed, when my old guide left me to inquire whether it would be possible to view the interior of the building. He soon returned in company with the steward, an aged man, who respectfully saluted me and invited me to walk in and see the inside of the house. The family, he said, were away from home at present, and during their absence he had directions to show it to any person who might be visiting the neighborhood and desired to see it.

He led us up a handsome flight of stone steps to the entrance hall, hung around with armor of very ancient date and of beautiful make, much of it being inlaid with precious metals; over head were the old banners, which, like the armor, had in all probability been engaged in many a serious fray. Implements of the chase were there, too, and not a few heads of stags and foxes, and a few boars. The old steward seemed to be a walking history of all these things, so precisely was he acquainted with the dates concerning them and their former owners. This was the double-edged sword of the great Sir Somebody, with which he achieved such wonders at such a battle in the time of the Edwards. That was the shield of another hero of the family—and so on. Nor was he wanting in the terrible, for he informed us in a half whisper that whenever the head of the house was about to die some part of the armor always fell from the wall with an awful crash.

He next led us through the picture gallery, from the walls of which frowned some of the noble wearers of the armor we had just seen, while their ladies seemed most anxious to remove any unfavorable impression you might form of their lords, by smiling at you in a manner which must have been rather painful if they were obliged to maintain that expression for any length of time, while their charms were being transmitted to future ages through the medium of canvas and paint.

There was one picture which arrested my attention particularly, not only from the singular beauty of the lady whom it represented, but also from the contrast which the dress and style formed to all the grandees around her. The steward, seeing my admiration, exclaimed—

"Ah! sir, you are not the only visitor who has stood before that picture in preference to any of the others."

"And who is this beautiful picture the likeness of?" I asked.

"That, sir," he replied, "is the beautiful Lady Eveline; she, poor lady, was the great grandmother of the present squire."

"Why poor lady?" said I. "Was she not as well off and as happy as the rest of the family?"

"No, indeed, sir," said the steward; "her story is a sad one; but it is too long to tell you here."

"I should much like to hear it while this beautiful picture is in my memory," said I. "Perhaps you will come down to this good man's cottage in the evening and relate it to me?"

"I shall be happy to do so, sir," he replied. "At what time shall I come?"

"Well, say seven o'clock," said I; "and as it is now growing dusk I shall leave you."

In the evening the old man came, and seated before a cozy fire he related the following tale, which I shall endeavor to render as nearly as possible in his own words:

Sir Huon de Revel was the last of the male branch of a long line of ancestry who had all rendered themselves more or less famous by their deeds in arms, or by their learning. Sir Huon himself was a widower, his beautiful wife having died shortly after giving birth to her first child, a daughter. Nothing could console him for the loss of his wife; so he shut himself up in his Hall, and refused to see any of his former friends. His hounds and horses no longer afforded him any amusement; and indeed, at the rate he was going on, he bid fair to follow her whom he lamented so much to the grave. Time, however, the great physician of all our woes, effected as much for Sir

Huon as he does for us all; that is to say, that although it could not eradicate the memory of the departed lady, still it alleviated in a great measure the violent grief of her lord. By degrees he began to take an interest in the education of his only child, whom he had named Eveline after her mother.

The little Eveline was of a beauty which fully equalled if it did not surpass that of her mother; in fact she was of extraordinary beauty, and they say that her picture in the Hall is not to be compared to her, although, as you know, it is handsome enough. As the child grew up she was provided with governesses and masters in every branch of learning, so that she soon became as clever and as learned as she was lovely. Her father idolised her and nothing could induce him to marry again; for his love for his daughter was so great that he never thought of anything else. Sir Huon, however, had his faults as well as us all, and one of his greatest was his violence of temper, to which was added a pride which surpassed everything, even his love for his child. His temper was so fierce that the servants would tremble when they heard the sound of his foot, much more so when his powerful voice broke upon their ears. In fact, he was by all accounts a terrible man in anger, and the people about the Hall used to hint that it was the cause of his poor lady's death. His pride, too, was sinful, for he seemed to think that every one about him was sent into the world to serve him and to do him homage.

It is true he was the representative of the oldest family in the county; I believe he was even descended from some of the old kings of England by his mother's side, but you know, sir, that was no reason why he should be so overbearing, for our birth is but an accident, and if it had been the will of Providence Sir Huon might have been the son of a poor man, and we are not given birth and influence and wealth to make us proud and sinful, but to be of benefit to our fellow-creatures, to set them a good example and to assist them in their distress; but I must get on with my story, for I suppose you know all these things better than I do, sir.

Well, as I was saying, the Lady Eveline grew up a great beauty, and by all accounts she was just as good as she was handsome. They say that she never heard of any one being in distress without assisting them as far as she was able. Her father was very proud of her, but then it was of her great beauty and her accomplishments that he was proud, and not of her good heart. He was too worldly-minded to care much about that, and he thought more of his daughter being called a beautiful lady than a good or a charitable young lady.

Sir Huon now began to think of who would be a good match for his daughter; and nobody ever came into his head but the highest and richest families of the land; he would not have thought the king's son one bit too high or too grand to be his son-in-law; but there is an old saying that "man proposes, but God disposes;" and so it was with Sir Huon, for his pride was destined to be humbled where he least expected it—that is to say, according to his notions, for in truth and reality he suffered no disgrace whatever.

Among the various masters whom he had engaged for his daughter's education was one who, for his manly beauty, was worthy of being a suitor even for the hand of the Lady Eveline herself, had he been in a position of life to see: for so great a happiness; nor was he unworthy of that honor in point of birth; but misfortune had thrown her sable mantle over him in his youth; and although of an old and noble family, he was now obliged to earn a livelihood in a foreign land, for he was not a native of this country. France was the land which had given him birth; but for political offences, his father and his family had been forced to fly from their native land to avoid an ignominious death. Their property was confiscated, and they found themselves in the space of a few months in the position of outcasts, obliged to earn their subsistence by means of talents and abilities which had been cultivated for far different purposes, and in happier moments. However, the decrees of Providence are inscrutable, and should be submitted to with patience, as they are always for some wise end.

Thus it was that the family of Monsieur de la Motte found themselves suddenly reduced from affluence to indigence. The

young Adolphe was only two years of age at the time that his father was obliged to take refuge in England, and was therefore early inured to those trials which attend on misfortune; at the same time he was not allowed to remain ignorant of the high birth and station to which he had been born, of the title which was his right, and which it might one day be his destiny to grace; but until that day arrived he should be content to sink his title, and to earn his living by his talents as a teacher of his native tongue and of drawing.

A speculating mother would never have been guilty of the imprudence of allowing a young man, so highly gifted both in mind and person as Adolphe, to instruct a daughter for whom she aspired to immediate wealth in her marriage; but Sir Huon was too proud to allow himself even to think of such a thing as his daughter falling in love with any man without his permission, or who did not "bear his blushing honors thick upon him." The idea of her forming an attachment for any person who might be under the necessity of earning his bread was never dreamt of by the proud Sir Huon. But love, as the poet says, "can master all," and so he did the Lady Eveline. At first she trembled as the hour drew nigh when her young drawing-master was to come to give his lesson. By degrees, however, the feeling changed into one of expectation, and her heart would throb when she heard the mellow tones of his voice; nor could she make her cheek belie her feelings, for, in spite of herself, the tell-tale blood would rise unbidden to it; and when he left her she felt a loneliness and a sadness which nothing but his presence could relieve. She would sit and think of what he said; she would treasure the pencils he had used; and in no branch of her studies did she make such progress as in the French language, which he taught her.

It could not be supposed that Adolphe was insensible to the state of her heart, nor to the effect of her great beauty; far from it, he was just as much in love as his pupil, but he strove against it, for he felt that to let it appear would cause his instant separation from the object of his young heart's idolatry; still, he could not keep his dark eye from speaking, nor his hand from trembling, as he sketched her studies for her, nor could he conceal the thrill of delight he would experience when his hand touched hers. But yet he dared not speak, for Eveline was always attended by an aged lady who, I believe, was distantly related to the family. At one time he would think of telling her father who he was, and throwing himself upon his goodness; but then the recollection of Sir Huon's violent and imperious temper would deter him, for he knew that Sir Huon would not value high birth or title without the means of supporting them according to his own notions, so he decided on waiting, in the hope that events might restore him to his fortune and his proper position in life, when he might sue for the Lady Eveline's hand as her equal.

Thus days and weeks crept on, and with them the all-absorbing passion in the hearts of both the young people. At last an opportunity presented itself, and although the young artist had no intention of revealing the state of his heart to the object of his affections, still he was so taken by surprise on the occasion that he was not sufficiently master of his feelings to withhold a declaration of the love which was consuming him.

The old lady whom I have before mentioned fell ill, and her place was supplied by a younger attendant, with whom Eveline was under less restraint, and whom she made a sort of companion, as she was the daughter of a respectable tenant on the estate of Sir Huon. Of this young woman Eveline had already made a confidant of her love for young De la Motte, and she, sympathising with her young lady, thought that she would secure her goodwill by leaving her alone with Adolphe during the time of his visit.

Finding themselves thus unobserved for the first time, their agitation was extreme, for they were both so young and both so much in love. Eveline's heart beat loud and fast, nor could her lover subdue the emotion of his bosom. Their eyes met, and one look was all sufficient to declare the love which they could not find words to express. Adolphe gently took his pupil's hand, and raising it to his lips, he imprinted a kiss of love and respect upon it. Eveline could not deny nor disguise her own feelings, and with downcast looks and blushing cheeks

she allowed her lover to retain her hand, while he spoke his tale of love into her willing ear.

I will not fatigue you, sir, by telling you all the sweet things which they are said to have spoken on that occasion, for after all I suppose it was pretty much the same as any young gentleman and lady would say in their place; but at all events they plighted their troth to each other, and arranged a meeting at the cottage of Eveline's old nurse, which stood on the very ground we are on now, sir, although 'twas a ruin for many a year, and they used to say it was haunted, and I'm sure I wouldn't wonder if it was; at all events people used to be afraid to come past it till after nightfall.

Well, sir, many's the time the lovers met in it after they had first settled on it. The old woman that lived in it—Old Mary, she was called—was very angry at first with her child (as she used to call her young lady) for what she had done, but she saw it was no use, for that wouldn't mend the matter a bit; and then, when she heard that the young man was a real titled gentleman in his own right, only he was "under a cloud," as it were, for the present, why then she came to think less of it, although she always said she was afraid that sorrow would come of it on account of Sir Huon's temper; but she would not betray them for all the world.

Things went on in this way for some time, until at last Adolphe began to press Eveline to marry him privately, and then she would weep as if her heart would break at first, but after a time, what with hearing of the matter and thinking of it, she became more reconciled to it; and she loved Adolphe so very dearly that she could not bear to see him unhappy, and so at last she consented to be married. But how to arrange it without the knowledge of her father or any person at the Hall was a difficulty they had not thought of. However, after much reflection, they decided on the following plan:

Adolphe was intimately acquainted with a young clergyman whom he could prevail upon to marry them if he were not made aware of the real state of the case, namely, that he was doing so without a parent's consent. And so they agreed that Eveline should pass as a relation of her nurse, and, by wearing a thick veil over her head, so conceal her beautiful features that no suspicion might be raised in the mind of the clergyman.

The day was next fixed upon, not a very far distant one, you may be certain, and the lovers parted with renewed vows of mutual love. At length the day arrived on which they were to be married. Eveline was so agitated that it was surprising how she escaped the attention of her father. She made her way with trembling steps to the cottage, where she found Adolphe awaiting her. He endeavored by every means to calm his young bride, and Eveline soon became sufficiently restored to go through the trying ceremony. And thus, sir, they were married in that humble little cottage, and in a manner so unostentatious and so very unlike the splendor with which Sir Huon intended to surround his daughter and heiress upon her bridal day; and no one was anything the wiser of the wedding but the nurse.

And now Eveline felt sorry for having taken so solemn a step without her father's knowledge and consent, for after all he was an indulgent parent, notwithstanding his temper; but then her love for her husband soon overcame her sorrow, and she hoped that after all, perhaps, her father might become reconciled when he learned that her husband was of high birth, although he had no fortune at present.

At the Hall everything went on just the same as usual. Eveline took her lessons in drawing and French, and on the days she did not see Adolphe there they met at the nurse's cottage, and matters went on so for some time. Sir Huon was still thinking of a husband for his daughter, little dreaming that she had one already.

One fine summer's day, a few months after her marriage, Eveline was standing at her window, enjoying the sweetness of the air and the song of the birds, when she saw a party of splendidly-dressed young gentlemen riding up the avenue to the house. At the sight of them her heart grew cold, for something whispered to her mind that there was trouble near her. The horsemen were laughing and chatting gaily to each

other, their steeds were capering and prancing with spirit, and the ornaments upon their bridles and on the dress of their riders were glittering in the sun, their swords—worn more for ornament than use—clinking noisily, while the long plumes in their velvet and embroidered hats were waving in the summer breeze. At last they arrived at the Hall door, and the servants of the Hall and their own attendants assisted them to alight, and took the horses when they entered.

Eveline listened, and her heart beat like as if it would burst when she heard her maid coming to tell her that her father desired her presence in the saloon; but she tried to calm herself, for she knew it would look very strange to be so much alarmed; and so, taking the arm of the old lady, her relative, she went down stairs. Her father met her at the door of the room where the visitors were assembled, and taking her hand he led her up to a young gentleman, who appeared to be of superior rank to the others, from his rich dress and haughty bearing, and introduced her to Lord Aubrey D'Esterre.

Poor Eveline was so terrified that she had barely presence of mind sufficient to make a low courtesy, while Lord Aubrey gracefully saluted her, but with a stare of assurance which but added to her confusion, while it did not impress her very favorably in his behalf.

Lord Aubrey was a young man of a handsome appearance and a showy manner, but he had the air of an unscrupulous libertine on his features, and Eveline shrank from the contact of his presence. She thought of Adolphe, and the comparison between him and the young lord was not favorable to the latter. Her father seeing her timidity, and attributing it to the presence of so many strangers to whom she was unaccustomed, apologised for her, and gave her permission to retire, of which Eveline glully availed herself. She entertained no doubt, however, of the object of Lord Aubrey's visit and her own introduction to him, and she trembled at the position in which she found herself placed. She could not see her husband until the following day, and burning with impatience to tell him all that had occurred, the hours intervening seemed ages to her. She had the satisfaction, however, of seeing Lord Aubrey and his companions take their departure shortly after she had left them.

Great was the grief of Adolphe when he heard of the visit. He had already heard Lord Aubrey spoken of as the husband whom Sir Huon had selected for his daughter, and had accordingly made it his business to ascertain all about that nobleman, in the hope of being able to tell him the position in which Eveline was situated with regard to himself, and to throw himself on the young man's generosity if he could succeed in enlisting his sympathy for her; but from the character which he received of Lord Aubrey, he felt that it would be quite useless to make a confidant of him, or expect sympathy from one of his unprincipled character. He therefore decided upon waiting till the last moment before he would urge Eveline to the only step which lay before them in order to avoid her father's anger—namely, flight!—but now he saw that the hour was come when the courage and affection of his beloved young wife would be put to a severe trial. Gently and lovingly no doubt did he propose his plan to his Eveline, for it was a task which required all the gentleness and love of which he was capable, to ask her to leave her father and her father's house, the home of her childhood, the friends of her youth, all, to resign everything to follow him. Oh! it was a trying moment for them both—for her, with her gentle dove-like disposition, for him with his sensitive and manly heart, who felt that he could not place her in the position which she had resigned for the love she bore him. Bitterly did Adolphe repent him for having ever allowed his love to blind him to the consequences of it. He besought his Eveline to forgive him for it, which she, with all her woman's love, assured him that she would rather be his wife, even were he nothing more than the poor teacher, than share the wealth and present station which Lord Aubrey could endow her with.

That night Sir Huon spoke to Eveline about the marriage which he had in view for her. She listened to all he had to say, and then she ventured timidly to express her dislike to the husband whom he had selected, but she saw the storm gathering upon his brow as he asked her how she could dislike a man

whom she had seen but once, and without giving her time to reply, he commanded her to offer no opposition to his will in the matter, believing that as her heart was not already engaged, she would find no great difficulty in bestowing it upon the Lord Aubrey.

Poor Eveline, like a reed, bent her head in submission to the tempest of her father's imperious anger, and by her silence she appeared to give her assent to the match which he purposed for her, but judge of her horror when her father commanded her to prepare for her marriage within a month. It was cruel of him to do it, sir, because although he had every right to her obedience as her father, still he should not have forced her to marry a man she did not, nor could not like.

Well, sir, time flew on, or at least it seemed to fly to Lady Eveline, who dreaded the coming step she found herself driven to. Lord Aubrey was with her every day, and every day she liked him less, because he began to be too familiar; but as for him, he was fairly in love with her, and he thought the month would never go by until he could call her his own, and he was proud, too, of her great beauty and of the sensation it would make at court, and of the pleasure he should have in presenting her to all his grand friends, and he boasted everywhere that he was going to have the handsomest wife in England, and all his scampish companions envied him his good luck. But Lord Aubrey was destined to feel the truth of the old saying, that "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

The fatal month had nearly expired, and with it Eveline's hopes of being released from the marriage with Lord Aubrey; she therefore made arrangements for her flight with her husband. Poor Eveline! She had but little to arrange, but little fortune to bring to her new home; a few requisite articles of dress and a few trinkets were all she ventured to take with her. Adolphe was to meet her near the house at the appointed hour, which was drawing near; once or twice Eveline had thoughts of telling her secret to the young woman, in whom she had first confided her love for Adolphe; but upon reflection she decided on not doing so.

The hour for retiring to rest had arrived and Eveline embraced her father for the last time, for she felt a something at her heart which told her that it was the last time she could embrace him; and, as she left his presence, the tears flowed from her eyes and she felt half inclined to return and tell him all and implore his forgiveness for herself and Adolphe; but then she remembered how far she had let the preparations for her wedding with Lord Aubrey advance, and at the thought her heart sank and she gave up all hope of being able to gain her father's pardon.

She ascended to her own room and, dismissing her maid, she placed a light in her window as a signal to her husband that she was ready, and kneeling down beside her bed—that bed on which she had so often reposed in happy innocence, and whereon she had also passed sleepless nights of late—she gave way to her tears, and she prayed that Heaven would forgive her for all that she had ever done to give it offence; and then she arose, and taking her little parcel she wrapped herself in a dark mantle, and taking one last long look at all her little pictures and flowers and birds she extinguished the light, and cautiously stepping out on the corridor she crept noiselessly down the stairs. She paused for a minute at her father's door to breathe a short prayer for him, and then, undoing the bolts of the door, she left for ever her father's roof.

Hurrying down the avenue under the shadow of the trees she soon was met by her anxious husband, and, yielding at once to the feeling of safety after the nervous excitement she had undergone, she sank insensible into his arms; but as soon as she had sufficiently recovered they continued their flight, and, only staying to rest for a couple of hours upon the road, were far away from where they started before the morning, and in a place of retirement which Adolphe had provided.

In the morning Eveline's room was found empty, her bed had not been slept in, and everything showed that she had left her home; the door being found open confirmed it, and the intelligence was given to Sir Huon with fear and trembling. Great was his rage when he heard the news; he mounted to his daughter's room to convince himself of what he heard; he ex-

amined her writing-desk in the hope of gaining some clue to her discovery or that of her companions, if she had any; but, nothing could he learn, for Eveline had destroyed all letters or papers which might betray her. Sir Huon became furious, for he felt that she had flown to avoid her marriage with Lord Aubrey, although he was not aware of the real state of the case; and well was it for those about him that he did not learn it all at once.

All the household were summoned to the presence of their master and sternly interrogated respecting their knowledge of his daughter's flight, but they all declared their ignorance of anything concerning it, although there were some who had their suspicions; but Sir Huon's awful rage prevented them from disclosing anything about it. Thus it is, sir, that violence of temper is always sure to defeat the wishes of those who give way to it.

Men on horseback were next sent in every direction in search of the Lady Eveline, but no tidings could be gained. Nobody ever suspected old Mary, the nurse, of having any knowledge of the business, and even if she were questioned, the same cause that sealed the mouths of others prevented her from telling anything. In the meantime (as bad news flies faster than good) Lord Aubrey was made acquainted with the flight of his intended bride, and he was, if possible, in a greater rage than Sir Huon, for he felt that in addition to the loss of the beautiful Eveline he would have to endure the ridicule of his friends under the appearance of false sympathy. He vowed to discover her, let it cost what time or trouble it might, and to be revenged on her companions in flight, and so the country for miles round was in a state of unequalled excitement. Peaceful hamlets were disturbed at all hours of the day and night by parties of horsemen in the employ of either Lord Aubrey or Sir Huon, but still no tidings were gained of the Lady Eveline, and thus a month and two months rolled by in fruitless search, and Sir Huon's anger had given way to grief, for he felt himself bereft of the only tie he had on earth; and he thought of the affection of his daughter for him and felt it the more now that he had lost her, and he missed her sweet voice at evening when he would be sitting all alone, and at last the tears would begin to creep down his cheeks, and he felt sorry for having wished her to marry against her inclination. Then again his old humor would come over him and he would stamp up and down the room in a terrible rage; but that would wear itself out, and he would sit and wish she were home with him again, and call on her name as if she could hear him, and day after day and week after week passed away and Sir Huon's hair grew gray with sorrow, and at last he offered a large reward to any one who would bring him tidings of his lost child.

And now, sir, to return to the Lady Eveline herself. As I said, they made their way during the night she left her home to a place which Adolphe had provided; fearing, however, that they were not yet sufficiently removed from the danger of being discovered, they pursued their journey on horseback until they reached London, and in that great city they felt secure from their pursuers. They heard that Sir Huon and Lord Aubrey had both instituted the strictest search, and they were obliged to use the greatest caution in their movements, seldom going out in the daylight and disguising themselves when they went out in the evening.

You may be sure, sir, that all this had a great effect on poor Lady Eveline, she who had always been used to her liberty and the fresh air of the country, and though she did not complain, for she loved her husband very dearly, still it was evident to him who watched her changing color with the tender eyes of affection that she would not be able to stand it very long. This made Adolphe very sad, for nothing could equal his love for his wife, and at last he began to think that he would either write to her father or go to him and beg his forgiveness for her, at least, if he could not obtain it for himself; and the more he thought on it the stronger his wish to put it in execution grew upon him, and he told Eveline what he was thinking of doing.

At first she opposed him, as she did not wish to expose him to the anger from which she had flown; and so for a time the matter was dropped; but Eveline felt that she would soon become a mother, and the natural anxiety of her situation made

her wish that she could obtain her father's pardon; moreover, rumors had reached them of the change in Sir Huon's manner, of his grief for her loss, and the large reward he had offered for her restoration to him; she therefore consented to her husband's renewed entreaties to allow him to seek Sir Huon's forgiveness.

No words can describe the grief of the husband and wife at parting. Eveline hung upon her husband's neck, and made him promise that, whether he received a favorable reply or not from her father, that he would lose no time in returning to her, while he in turn besought her to take every care of herself for his sake and that of their unborn child; and thus they parted, little dreaming, poor things, of what was before them both; but I must not anticipate, sir.

Adolphe was soon far away upon his journey. In those days, sir, it was a matter of much greater importance than it is now, or even than it was in my young days, to undertake a journey from London to here; and few persons undertook it but those who could afford to have a number of attendants, or rather, I should call them, guards, for the roads were not safe to travel after nightfall, nor even in broad daylight in some localities, on account of the bands of highwaymen, both mounted and on foot, which infested the country; and do you know, sir, there were many queer stories going about those same highwaymen; and I've heard old folks saying, when I was a boy, that many a time the guards would have more reasons than one for not dealing too roughly with the gentlemen of the road, as they were called.

Adolphe, however, met with none of these gentry; I suppose they thought from seeing him alone that he had not much to take from him. He pushed on as fast as he could, thinking all the time of his young wife, and giving himself but little time for repose on his journey. Towards the close of the second day he was nearing the scene which a few months before he had quitted in company with the being whom he loved best on earth, and slackening his bridle rein he allowed his horse to proceed more leisurely, while he gave himself up to reflection. He thought of the varied feelings which agitated his bosom since first he had travelled that road, of the beautiful being who had so captivated his young heart, and of the love which she had blessed him with, of their first meeting at the cottage, their marriage and subsequent flight—all passed before his mind like a dream, and made him almost feel as if it were but one, and that he was going again to give Eveline her lesson in French and drawing.

Coming suddenly to a turn of the road, he found himself, almost before he was aware of it, in the presence of the man whom of all others he most wished to avoid, at least for the present—Lord Aubrey D'Esterre. Both parties reined in their horses as if by one impulse, and Adolphe felt himself returning the glance of defiance with which Lord Aubrey scowled upon him.

"So, sir," said the latter, "we have met at last, and as you have had your turn, it is but fair that I should have mine now."

Adolphe was too proud and too courageous to hesitate for an instant in the line of conduct which his feelings as a gentleman dictated to him, but still for the sake of his wife he would have been glad to have avoided this meeting, for he felt that it could only be terminated by the death of either Lord Aubrey or himself. He knew the character of the man before him too well to suppose that anything short of a mortal combat would satisfy him, and yet, situated as Eveline was, he decided on making an effort, not to avoid the combat, but to postpone it until he could acquaint her father with her abode. It would be worse than madness he knew to disclose it to the profligate lord, who would not hesitate to take every advantage of it, and therefore he endeavored to assume an air of quietness and to subdue the flashing ire of his eye.

"I will not pretend to be ignorant of the cause of your lordship's anger," replied Adolphe; "but surely a more fitting place and time than the present could be found to—"

"No, sir!" shouted the enraged nobleman, who misunderstood the cause of his rival's wish for delay, and attributed it to cowardice on the part of Adolphe, a sentiment to which he

was a stranger. "No, sir; think not that you shall escape the punishment due to your perfidy. What! are you a coward as well as a thief!"

This was too much for Adolphe's high blood, and drawing his sword, he flung himself from his horse, and called to the taunting noble to follow him.

Lord Aubrey's attendant took the horses in charge while his master and Adolphe retired a few paces off the high road to terminate their deadly quarrel.

For a long time the victory seemed doubtful, so skilfully did each combatant use his weapon; but Lord Aubrey was evidently the more practised swordsman of the two; Adolphe too was growing weak. The long journey which he had accomplished, and not having taken any refreshment since the morning, told against him, and he felt that his strength was failing him. He thought of his young wife left desolate and alone, and that one thought drove him to madness. He made some furious passes in the hope of wounding his adversary and terminating for the present this fearful struggle; but his rival had no such feelings to disturb his coolness or shake his nerve, and he saw at one glance the advantage he had gained, and determined to make every use of it. Adolphe was becoming more and more faint, and his head was growing giddy, when Lord Aubrey, seizing his opportunity, put forth all his skill, and in another minute his antagonist lay at his feet, while the green-sward drank his life's blood.

"My wife! my wife!" were the only words he uttered, and before Lord Aubrey could learn where Eveline was, her husband had expired with his life whatever wrong he might have done her.

Poor young fellow! It was a sad fate; but you see, sir, that no good ever comes of deceiving a parent, however harsh they may be. We owe them a duty above all earthly claims.

Lord Aubrey felt sorry when he saw his young rival lying dead before him; he was one who could appreciate the courage with which Adolphe had fought, and when it was too late he regretted his revengeful feelings towards him. He desired his attendants to examine if there was any letter or paper which might lead to a discovery of Eveline. A package of papers and a beautiful miniature of his wife were found on Adolphe's person, and given to Lord Aubrey, who gazed with a shudder on the angelic features of the woman who by his hand had been left desolate and a widow, and for the first time perhaps in his life he felt truly sorry for having caused the death of a fellow-creature.

Lord Aubrey gave money to his servant to conceal the transaction, and to provide a burial for his victim, and hastening from the spot, he proceeded to a place where he could in safety peruse the contents of the package he had received from the body of Adolphe. These papers contained (much to the surprise of Lord Aubrey) a proof of Adolphe's high rank, together with the title and the place where his property lay, and also a statement of the reasons for which he had been forced to fly from his native land, but no clue was amongst them which could lead to Eveline. Under these circumstances Lord Aubrey considered it right to acquaint Sir Huon with what had taken place, and to leave the title deeds in his possession while he himself determined to prosecute his search for Eveline. Mounting his horse again, Lord Aubrey lost no time in making his way to Sir Huon, and with as much delicacy as possible related to him all the particulars.

The old man was much grieved when he heard the tale; he had no doubt that Adolphe had been married to Eveline, although he knew not the particulars, and his anxiety to recover his daughter, now that she was alone, and unprotected, was extreme. He felt angry with Lord Aubrey for having slain Adolphe, but as he knew that much of his success in the search for Eveline would depend upon his assistance he did not venture to offend him by giving way to it, but ordered everything to be put into operation which might facilitate him.

Meanwhile the Lady Eveline was counting the hours of her husband's absence. One day passed in loneliness and watching; the second day she traced in fancy the road over which her dear Adolphe was travelling. Not a tree was forgotten in her mind's imagining, not a cottage on the wayside, the little

well with its tny waterfall and gurgling brook—all were objects which she considered blessed in being near her loved one—and she pictured him entering her nurse's cottage, and she fancied the delight of the woman and envied her the happiness of being near her dear Adolphe.

"And now," she thought, "he is approaching the Hall. Oh! Heaven shield him from my father's anger!" and Eveline covered her face and seemed to listen as if she could hear the voices of her father and her husband. "And now," she thought, "'tis surely, over, my father has either issued his stern fiat against me or else he has forgiven his repentant child. Heaven grant it may be so!"

That night, as Eveline sat in her lonely room, she heard the sighing of the night breeze, and it seemed so sad and wailing to her ear that a chill crept over her; she fancied she heard something tapping at the window, and she rose to look out, but nothing saw she there. The moon looked pale and cold, like a haughty queen, attended closely by a single star; and Eveline gazed upon her, and thought that perhaps her husband was gazing on it at that same moment too; and presently a fleecy cloud flew rapidly across and for a moment dimmed the lustre of the moon and star as it passed them, and Eveline thought that perhaps it was a messenger winging its swift flight from heaven to earth, and while she still gazed an awful darkness closed upon the sky and completely shut out the silvery brightness which but a moment before had given her hope as she looked upon it. And now the wind grew loud and angry, and as it blew in fitful gusts it seemed to rise into a very shriek, like guilty beings hurrying to their doom. And then it would die away again and moan so sadly that Eveline could not rest. She called upon her husband's name and wept his absence; and rising from her sorrow-stricken couch she prayed to Heaven to protect him, but it was too late, for poor Adolphe was already lying cold in his last resting-place.

The next day passed in anxiety, for she felt certain that whatever had taken place, her husband would not remain away from her; and so passed a third day, and a fourth followed, but Adolphe came not; and a week at last expired, but still her husband's presence gladdened not her sight.

"Merciful heavens!" thought Eveline, "what can this betoken? Can any evil have befallen my husband?" Oh! the very thought was madness to her already over-excited mind; and scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she threw on her cloaked, and rushed into the street.

The cool air had the effect of somewhat calming the fever of her mind; and as she walked on she thought over what course she ought to adopt. First she thought of writing to her father; but then, if he had refused to forgive her, it would only reveal her abode. Perhaps in his anger he had caused Adolphe to be imprisoned. Could it be possible? She knew not what to think; and in the present state of her health to be left among strangers was terrible to her young mind. Her next thought was to go herself to her father and ascertain the facts; but neither of these plans did she think it prudent to follow. At length she bethought her of her old nurse, and she wondered that she had not thought of her before; and so she decided upon setting out herself, and going to the old woman's, where at least she would be safe, and where she could learn all that had taken place.

Hastening home, therefore, she packed what money and little articles of value she had, not forgetting her husband's miniature, and bidding adieu to the place where she and Adolphe had passed many a happy hour, she sallied forth in quest of a conveyance to take her on her journey, having first taken the precaution of leaving a letter to acquaint Adolphe of where he would find her if he returned.

Three long and weary days was she upon the road, for of course she could not travel as fast as those who had their own conveyance; and towards the evening of the third day she alighted at an inn about a mile from where she wanted to arrive, and at which she made up her mind to pass the night. She would have given worlds to have made inquiries about Adolphe, but she feared recognition, and so she was obliged to content herself with thinking of her husband. "Perhaps," she thought, "he has lately been in this very inn, perhaps in

this very room ; these halls, these pictures may have met his eyes as they now meet mine. Oh, Adolphe, dear, dear Adolphe, could you but know how near to you Eveline may be ! My father, too, what would he say if he knew his child was here in this roadside inn ?"

With thoughts like these did the Lady Eveline pass away the night, and at the dawn of morning she rose, and concealing her head and features with her cloak, she descended the uneven stairs, and paying for her night's lodging, she hurried out to reach her nurse's cottage before any of the people at the Hall were stirring. As she walked along she recognised the trees and cottages which she had pictured to herself as passed by Adolphe, but now she thought they looked sad and chill, the trees divested of their leaves, the cottages shut up, and showing no signs of life at that early hour ; here too was the little well, but it also seemed unlike what it used to be, and the miniature waterfall was still and choked with weeds. A little robin warbled his morning song, low and sweet, but mournfully, as if lamenting the summer gone. Eveline thought it sounded like a melancholy kind of welcome to her, and she imagined that it might be the very same little songster that used to delight her so much in days gone by for ever, and for whom she used to sprinkle crumbs outside her bedroom window, and tears fell down her cheeks as she listened to the sweet bird ; but even then she had a warning, for while she gazed with upturned eyes upon the bird, a hawk darted from on high, and before she could prevent it she saw the little creature which had welcomed her a moment before with his sweet notes lie bleeding upon the path before her, while its savage enemy, startled at seeing Eveline, flew screaming away. She took up the little victim, hoping to restore it to life, but it was too late, and in her hand it yielded up its dying breath. 'Twas a bad omen, and Eveline felt it so. She sighed as she placed the lifeless bird under a heap of withered leaves, which the eddying wind had lodged beneath the trees.

Pursuing her walk she now came in sight of the cottage. Oh ! how many feelings did that cottage stir up in her heart ! She quickened her pace almost to running, and with breathless anxiety she opened the little wicker-gate—another instant, and she was in the arms of her nurse.

"Miss Eveline ! my child !" she cried. "Oh ! heaven have mercy upon her in this heavy hour !"

"What mean you, nurse ?" asked Eveline. "Speak ! speak ! in heaven's name, what mean you by these words ?"

"Nothing, my child, nothing," said the old nurse ; "calm yourself, dear heart."

"Nurse !" said Eveline, as she gazed wildly into the old woman's eyes as if to read her very thoughts. "Nurse ! deceive me not ; if you know anything of my husband, tell it to me, tell me all, but do not keep me in this fearful suspense. Is he ill ? is he in prison ? has any accident happened to him ? I desire you to tell me."

"Alas ! alas ! my child, he's——"

She had not time to finish the sentence, nor had she need, for Eveline was already unconscious. Tearlessly and vacantly did she stare around the room, her eyes distended as if they would burst from their sockets, her mouth open, her hands pressed upon her heart as if to still the fearful struggle it was making, and then with one wild shriek, one burst of maniac laughter she fell upon the floor, while a crimson stream trickled from her lips, and dyed the boards whereon she lay.

"Dear ! dear ! what shall I do ?" exclaimed the terrified old woman. "My child is killed ! Oh, weary hour ! weary hour ! that ever I should see this sight."

And thus lamenting, she raised the senseless form of Eveline, and placed her on the bed.

Messengers were despatched to the Hall to tell Sir Huon ; but misfortune they say never comes alone, and it happened that Sir Huon had left his home the day before to go to London, where he had heard his daughter was, and now poor Eveline's hour of trial was nearly past. The shock she had received bereft her of her reason, and hastened the birth of her child ; it was too much for her fragile form and gentle spirit, happily insensible to all that passed around her. She murmured her husband's name, and smiled as though she saw him, but at

last the final struggle came, and when her child was born she resigned her spirit into the hands of her Maker. A placid smile stole over her beautiful face ; and even in death she bore the impress of one who was too pure, too good to remain an exile upon earth.

Sir Huon soon learned what had taken place, and lost no time in hastening to the scene of death ; there he saw for the last time the lifeless body of his lovely Eveline. Bitter, bitter tears did the old man shed over his child, and taking her cold hand, he vowed to atone for all his violence of temper, for all the sorrows he had caused her, by wishing to force her to a marriage she disliked, by watching over and cherishing her orphan child. Old Mary, seeing him so changed, confessed her knowledge of the marriage, and besought his forgiveness for not revealing or preventing it. He blamed her not, but gave her directions to provide for the helpless and bereaved infant, and to have the remains of his beloved Eveline conveyed with care and solemnity to the Hall, from whence she should be carried to the family vault. Adolphe's remains were likewise removed and placed there ; and there, side by side, the lovers sleep in peace and forgetfulness of all their sorrows here on earth.

Sir Huon lived to see his grandchild budding into womanhood, and of a beauty nearly equal to her mother, whose story he caused to be written and placed upon the records of the family, from whence I learnt it, as a warning to those who came after him not to give way to an imperious temper, nor to be led into the sin of deceiving a parent.

And now, sir, my tale is ended, and if to-morrow you should wish for any further information about the old armor or the pictures I shall be happy to give it to you ; there are many old legends about them and I know them all.

I wished my old companion "good-night," determining at all events to pay another visit to the picture of the Lady Eveline, and then hastened to my pillow. It was some time before I could "invite sweet sleep," and when at length I succeeded in doing so, I fancied in my dreams that I beheld a youthful couple clad in robes of brightness smiling down upon me, and murmuring farewell !

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

THE inn where my heroine was born and lived was the only one in the neighborhood of the town of Cardale ; it stood about half a mile out of the town, and was a famous place of resort for the young people who wished to have riding, shooting or fishing parties. Looking from the windows of the house, you could fancy, so wild and picturesque was the scenery all round, that you were miles away from any house ; but if you left the building, and climbed the hill directly east of it, you could see the town of Cardale lying below you.

Joseph Langdon, or, as he was generally called, Old Joe Langdon, had owned the inn since the death of his father, who was the former landlord. Here he had brought his wife home ; here his only child, Minnie, was born ; here his wife had died, and here he hoped himself to die. Just at the time my story opens, there was not a happier man alive than Joe. His inn was in flourishing condition, with a new sign swinging from the door, and the old name, Fox and Hounds, blazoned on it in letters an inch long. His pretty daughter had completed the education he had given her in a boarding-school in Cardale, and had returned home to pet her old father to his heart's content ; and Joe, to complete his state of felicity, had just received notice that a party of young ladies and gentlemen from Oldfield Hall were coming down next day to spend the day in riding and fishing, and would stop at his house for both luncheon and dinner.

"Now, Minnie, lass," said her father, "are you sure all is in order for the fishing party ?"

"Yes, father," she replied.

"You see, Minnie, this is a fine company. There is Squire Oldfield's son, Mr. Harry, and his sister, Miss Kate, and there are many more ; and to be sure, there is a lord among them, Lord Herbert Adair, that they say is after Miss Kate."

"Well, father, all is ready; and now come out under the porch, and we can chat together. Who is Lord Adair?"

"Why, he's a great lord, Minnie, young and handsome, and very rich; and they say his mother and Squire Oldfield's lady were very intimate when they were young, and they wanted Lord Herbert to marry Miss Kate. The young folks haven't seen one another yet, but his lordship is to come down here to-morrow, to meet them; and as they are both so young and handsome, why of course they will fall in love the first thing. Now Minnie, sing to me while I smoke."

Minnie stood up in the porch of the little inn, leaning against one of the pillars, began to sing. A prima donna might have envied that young girl's voice—it was clear and most melodious; and every note she warbled was true and full. She made a very pretty picture, this little Minnie, as she stood there singing to her old father. The last rays of the sinking sun fell upon her rich chestnut hair, her round white shoulders and arms, and threw out the colors of her pretty gay dress, which was short enough to give a glimpse of a most dainty little foot, cased in a neat black boot. The long green branches and bright flowers of a red rose twined round the pillar against which she leaned, and the whole effect was very charming. There were two people who thought so; one was Joe himself, as he lazily watched and listened; the other was a horseman, who had stopped his steed near the inn, and, unperceived by the group in the porch, was waiting a pause in the song to speak to the landlord. The rider was a young, handsome man, and evidently had an eye for beauty.

"Now, Minnie, sing one of the songs you learned at the school," said her father.

"Whew!" said the rider, in an under tone, as Minnie sang the first words of the *cavaliers* from "La Sonnambula," "now for some screaming!"

No such thing, Sir Critic. As the last note died upon the air the young man struck his hands together, crying "Brava! I beg your pardon," he added, seeing the surprise his appearance occasioned; "I have been here some time, but I could not make up my mind to interrupt such heavenly sounds."

The landlord was up, bowing, and Minnie had vanished before this speech was half finished. Giving his horse to the ostler, and ordering a private room, pen, ink and paper, the traveller entered the inn. After supper was served and eaten, he drew his chair up to the table and wrote the following letter:

"Dear George—Here I am at the Fox and Hounds, as I told you I should be when I left you. I arrived here about an hour ago, and disturbed at her song the most lovely—but never mind that now. Come down as soon as you can. The party from the squire's will be here to-morrow, and then I shall present Lord Adair's regrets for his absence, and introduce to their notice,
Yours truly,
HERBERT GRANT.

"To Hon. Geo. Savage."

The next morning, quite early, the fishing party came down to the Fox and Hounds. Mr. Grant presented his letters of introduction to the squire, and was politely requested to join the party.

"It must be nice to be rich and powerful," thought Minnie, as she saw the deference with which Mr. Grant assisted Kate Oldfield from her saddle to the ground, and marked the low bow with which he gave her his arm. "He called me Mianio this morning, just as if I were a servant," was her next thought. "How handsome he is, and what a pleasant voice he had! Minnie is a pretty name as he says it."

"Minnie! Minnie! where are you?"

"Coming, father!" And the young girl hastened down stairs to assist her father in waiting upon his guests. As she was passing along she met Miss Oldfield, who had torn her habit, and was on her way up-stairs to repair the mischief.

"Here, my girl," she said, rather haughtily, as Minnie passed her, "come with me and mend this rent."

Minnie followed the handsome brunette, who was evidently in a bad humor. She was still seated on the low stool beside her, at work upon the habit, when Harry Oldfield, Miss Kate's brother, joined them.

"Come, Kate, they are all waiting for you."

"Let them wait," returned Kate.

"I tell you what it is, Kate," said the young man, "I would not let them see how cross I was about Lord Adair's absence, if I were you. He has sent a very handsome substitute, and if his excuse is true, why I am sure it is a good one."

"Important business! Fudge! As if his agent could not transact his business. He will meet a cool reception when he does come."

"Caution, Kate. You may lose him altogether. Do be agreeable to his substitute, so that he may carry back a favorable report."

"If he comes here as a spy, he had better return," said Kate. "Doubtless he will be well paid for his news."

Why did Minnie's cheek flush and her fingers tremble? Surely the girl's sneering, cold tone was nothing to her.

The party started off on horseback in fine spirits. In about two hours they returned slowly and sadly as a funeral train. Minnie hastened to the door. Upon a rude litter, carried by four of the party, lay, apparently dead, the traveller who had the night before come to the inn.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"Lent his own 'orse to another man," said the hostler, "and the borrowed one struck the upper bar of the first gate, and threw him over. The 'orse was killed, miss."

They carried him to the best room, sent for a surgeon, and Minnie lingered near the door while young Oldfield and another of the party tried to restore him to life. She hastened for any restorative they demanded, and at last, when the surgeon arrived, crept into the room to hear his verdict.

When George Savage arrived the next day, his friend was in a raving delirium. For days he hovered between life and death, and in all that time not one of the gay fishing-party again came to the poor artist. Minnie was his nurse. Her old aunt, who was very much interested in the poor young man, directed her and George Savage in their treatment of the invalid; and when the young man was again out of danger, and his friend had returned to London, Minnie and her aunt were left to take care of the stranger.

Young Grant, in his convalescence, made a study of Minnie. He was charmed with her gentle, tender care of him, and amazed at the fine cultivated mind the simple country maiden possessed. When his friend Savage sent him any new books from town, and Minnie read them aloud to him, he was delighted with the depth of information her remarks displayed. In short, Mr. Herbert Grant was in love.

One morning Minnie was reading to him in her rich melodious voice from Miss Landon's Poems:

It is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, joy giving world—
A blank without thee. Nevermore to me
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now,
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee;
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;
My flowers, I only gather them for thee;
The book drops listless down, I cannot read,
Unless it is to thee.

"Pshaw!" said Minnie, trying to laugh. "Has not your friend sent you something more interesting than this?"

"Minnie," said Herbert, looking full into her large dark eyes, "I think it is beautiful."

What a brilliant color the innkeeper's daughter did possess!

"Minnie, my own Minnie, I love you," said Herbert.

A week or two later there was a very pathetic parting in the little room which Mr. Grant occupied.

"Good-night and good-bye, Minnie," said Herbert. "I shall be off before you are up to-morrow. I will write in a day or two, and soon return to claim you, Minnie."

The next morning Minnie was up very early. Had she not to get her father's breakfast before he started to market? But after her father had left why did she not return to the house, instead of standing and talking to the hostler, as he fed and watered Mr. Grant's horse? It was a beautiful horse, and Minnie evidently thought so; else why did she stand stroking

its mane, and patting it so fondly? Mr. Grant was looking out of his window, and there was a pleased smile on his face when he noticed her. He came down a few moments afterwards, booted and spurred, and though still pale and rather weak, in high spirits.

Minnie had a secret for her father's ear that night, and the old man said, "Well, lass, if he'll prove he's a respectable man and can support you, why he's a liberal kind of fellow, I think, and I suppose I must let you go." And Minnie, seated beside him, nestled close into his arms and sang her sweetest songs.

In an elegant apartment in London, young Herbert Grant is pacing rapidly up and down; an elderly lady, seated on a sofa, is talking to him.

"Dear Herbert," she is saying, "I wish you would listen to reason. What will Kate say?"

"Kate! a cold-hearted girl, who saw me brought, dying, apparently, to a house within half a mile of her, and never sent to know if I survived my fall! I was a fellow creature at least!"

"But, my dear—"

"Mother," said Herbert, taking her hand, and seating himself beside her, "you do not know Minnie. She is no coarse, uneducated rustic. Any lady might be proud of her beauty and talents—and, mother, I firmly believe, if it had not been for her kind nursing, I should have died."

"You did not send for me," said his mother.

"No; until I was conscious, they did not know where to send," he replied. "George came down by a former invitation, and I feared to tell you, lest, in spite of your feeble health, you would insist upon coming to me. Mother, you will consent to call Minnie daughter?"

It took more than one such coaxing to win her; but Herbert was her all in all, and finally she consented.

"My wife, my wife!" whispered a young man in a carriage driving through London streets one evening, and he drew his companion close to his heart. "Here we are, darling; and now my poor tired bird can rest."

They had been on the continent, and were coming home.

"Welcome, my daughter," said an elderly lady, pressing the traveller to her heart, "welcome home!"

"Would your lordship like any refreshment?" said a servant, coming in.

"Lady Adair," said Herbert gaily, "shall I order refreshment?"

"Lady Adair!" said Minnie.

"Why, Herbert," cried his mother, "have you never told her before?"

"Never. Yes, refreshment immediately," said Herbert, dismissing the man. "Why, Minnie, you look as terrified as if I had said I was a highwayman."

Minnie crept up close to him. "Lord Adair or Mr. Grant," she whispered, "you are my Herbert still."

THE ART OF NOVEL-WRITING.

A FOREIGN reviewer thus "opens up" on the above subject:

The art of the novelist consists in telling the story and representing the characters; but besides these, there are other powerful though extraneous sources of attraction often possessed by novels, which are due to the literary talent and culture of the writer. There is, for example, the power of description, both of scenery and of character. Many novels depend almost entirely on this for their effect. It is a lower kind of power, and consequently much more frequent than what we have styled the art of the novelist; yet it may be very puissant in the hands of a fine writer, gifted with a real sense of the picturesque. Being very easy, it has of late become the resource of weak writers; and the prominent position it has usurped has tended in two ways to produce weariness—first, by encouraging incompetent writers to do what is easily done; and, secondly, by seducing writers from the higher and better method of dramatic exposition.

Another source of attraction is the general vigor of mind exhibited by the author, in his comments on the incidents and characters of his story; these comments, when proceeding from a fine insight or a large experience, give additional charm to the story, and make the delightful novel a delightful book. It is almost superfluous to add, that this also has its obverse: the comments too often painfully exhibit a general weakness of mind. Dr. Johnson refused to take tea with some one because, as he said, "Sir, there is no vigor in his talk." This is the complaint which must be urged against the majority of novelists: they put too much water in their ink. And even when the talk is good, we must remember that it is, after all, only one of the side-dishes of the feast.

All the literary and philosophic culture which an author can bring to bear upon his work will tend to give that work a higher value, but it will not really make it a better novel. To suppose that culture can replace invention, or literature do instead of character, is as erroneous as to suppose that archaeological learning and scenical splendor can raise poor acting to the level of fine acting. Yet this is the common mistake of literary men. They are apt to believe that mere writing will weigh in the scale against artistic presentation; that comment will do duty for dramatic revelation; that analysing motives with philosophic skill will answer all the purpose of creation. But whoever looks closely into this matter will see what literature—that is, the writing of thinking and accomplished men—is excessively cheap, compared with the smallest amount of invention or creation; and it is cheap because more easy of production, and less potent in effect. This is apparently by no means the opinion of some recent critics, who evidently consider their own writing of more merit than humor and invention, and who are annoyed at the notion of "mere serialists," without "solid acquirements," being regarded all over Europe as our most distinguished authors. Yet it may be suggested that writing such as that of the critics in question can be purchased in abundance, whereas humor and invention are among the rarest of products. If it is a painful reflection that genius should be esteemed more highly than solid acquirements, it should be remembered that learning is only the diffused form of what was once invention. "Solid acquirement" is the genius of wits, which has become the wisdom of reviewers.

PROSAIC VIEW OF AN EASTERN HAREM.—Travellers (says Mr. Wade, in "Women, Past and Present"), like novelists, are apt to seize only, as most interesting to readers, the imaginative or most fascinating aspects of foreign life, omitting to notice all that is ordinary or commonplace. Harems, especially those on a large scale, are often not merely a receptacle for favorite slaves, wives or concubines; they partly resemble the mansion of a feudal lord, and shelter a numerous body of retainers, relatives and dependants. The widowed mother of the master, unless she be dead, or living with some other of her sons, is *prima donna* of the establishment, which is also the home of aunts and sisters, and sometimes of more aged relatives. In addition are numerous handmaidens; for an oriental lady, like an European, has numerous "helps" or attendant sylphs at her toilet, or while reclining on the "gay kiosk." Besides are the natural fruits of polygamy, a numerous progeny; but though many are born, few survive. The large families of the Egyptian princes show this. The late Achmet Pacha had two hundred and eighty children, and only six survived; the celebrated Mahomet Pacha had eighty-seven children, and only ten were alive at his death. The present sovereign of Turkey, Abdul Mejid must have a numerous offspring; he had, if I am not mistaken, fifty-six young ones before his accession. An Englishman considers his domestic liabilities sufficiently onerous with one wife and half a dozen little pledges; but how much more serious those of Eastern Benedicts! How different their respective domiciles! The Ottoman husband may indeed find the delights the poet feigns—the lemon-grove, crystal fountain and reclining sultana; but therewith he may encounter the "loud commands of his mother, the advice of his grandmothers, the complaints of his unmarried sisters, the frolics of all his children, and the lively clatter of wives."



THE FAIR MENDICANT.

SORROW STILL—AND SIN.

Y W. M. PRAED.

I know that it must be,
Yea ! thou art changed—all worshipped as thou art—
Mourned as thou shalt be ! (Sickness of the heart
Hath done its work on thee !

Thy dim eyes tell a tale,
A piteous tale, of vigils ; and the trace
Of bitter tears is on thy beauteous face,
Beauteous, and yet so pale !

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Changed love ! but not alone !
I am not what they think me ; though my cheek
Wear but its last year's furrow, though I speak
Thus in my natural tone.

The temple of my youth
Was strong in moral purpose : once I felt
The glory of philosophy, and knelt
In the pure shrine of truth

I went into the storm,
And mocked the billows of the tossing sea ;
I said to Fate, "What wilt thou do to me ?
I have not harmed a worm !"

Vainly the heart is steeled
In Wisdom's armor; let her burn her books!
I look upon them as the soldier looks
Upon his cloven shield.

Virtue and Virtue's rest,
How have they perished! Through my onward course
Repentance dogs my footsteps! black Remorse
Is my familiar guest!

The glory and the glow
Of the world's liveliness, have passed away;
And Fate hath little to inflict, to-day,
And nothing to bestow!

Is not the damning line
Of guilt and grief engraven on me now?
And the fierce passion which hath scathed thy brow,
Hath it not blasted mine?

No matter! I will turn
To the straight path of duty; I have wrought,
At last, my wayward spirit to be taught
What it hath yet to learn.

Labor shall be my lot;
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise;
And Fate shall twine for me, in after days,
A wreath I covet not.

And if I cannot make,
Dearest! thy hope my hope, thy trust my trust,
Yet will I study to be good, and just,
And blameless, for thy sake.

Thou may'st have comfort yet!
Whate'er the source from which those waters glide,
Thou hast found healing mercy in their tide;
Be happy and forget!

Forget me—and farewell!
But say not that in me new hopes and fears,
Or absence or the lapse of gradual years,
Will break thy memory's spell!

Fidelibly, within,
All I have lost is written; and the theme
Which Silence whispers to my thoughts and dreams
Is sorrow still—and sin!

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

At a time when the House of Hapsburg occupies so much of the attention of the world, we have thought it advisable to give a short sketch of the founder of a family whose rule has been so oppressive to Germany, and which has just received so heavy a blow in the loss of its most fertile province, Lombardy.

For above a century and a half the Hohenstauffen family had occupied the throne of the German empire, and during that period it progressed steadily in civilization, although what was then termed civilization would now be pronounced barbarism. The world is slow to accept the truth that everything is comparative, and that the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century will be pronounced the age of savages in another century. During the reign of the House of Hohenstauffen the empire had lost much of its authority, which had passed to the Holy See; the imperial revenues had diminished; a college of nobles or princes had been called into existence, and became a wholesome check upon the power of the emperor; and at this time the municipalities assumed another and higher character. At first each city consisted of three distinct classes: the nobles, who defended the walls and drew their revenues from the working population; the burgesses, who transacted all the business, and partly maintained the nobility from the proceeds of an industry and intelligence which the latter despised; the third class were the serfs, who worked for both. It thus appears that in all ages the masses have to work for the few, their only consolation being that now and then one of their own degraded race becomes so essential to their tyrants as to share the spoil, by becoming an instrument of oppression.

As time elapsed constant intercourse led to familiarity, and paved the way for a breaking down of these invidious distinctions; a gradual assimilation commenced, until marriages between the offspring of poor nobles and wealthy burgesses were felt to be no longer disgraceful, on account of their immense convenience. The number of imperial cities were

increased, and their emancipation from feudal authority rapidly consummated. This naturally led to confederations—the first was the Alliance of the Rhine; next, the Hanseatic League. This famous confederation consisted of eighty of the most considerable towns in Germany, and was established to protect its members against the ravages of the pirates, who infested the Baltic in vast numbers. This alliance, however, ended, as most powerful leagues do, in establishing a monopoly, and tyrannising commercially over the rest of Europe. Chief factories were founded in London, Bruges, Bergen and Novogorod, and the chief direction of the league was entrusted to managers resident in Lubeck, Cologne, Dantzic and Brunswick. In the course of a few years this league accumulated so much wealth that it equipped armies as well as fleets, and compelled the kings of Europe to respect the rights of commerce. It was at this time, about 1250 A.D., that the extinction of the House of Hohenstauffen left the throne of Germany vacant. An interregnum of twenty years to this succeeded, and disorders arose in consequence. A general want was felt for a new emperor, and the principal candidates were Count Ottocar of Bohemia, Otho of Bohemia and Alfonso of Castile. The suffrage, however, fell on Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, a prince of inferior dignity and possessed of but small territories. His early history, however, is remarkable as displaying the policy and the courage of the man who was to unite the discordant elements of the Germanic confederation, and organize from confusion and anarchy a splendid magnificent imperial power.

His paternal dominions, originally hostile to each other (the type of the greater states in whose pacification he was afterwards to display such uncommon powers), he brought into harmony at an early period. His ambitious and restless spirit thus urged him to fresh exertions. He made war on his neighbors on the slightest pretext, and by conquest or treaty generally succeeded in gaining possession of their territories. Nor did he disdain the less honorable occupation of a freebooter—an occupation so common among the German princes. We can hardly conceive of a state in which the profession of a robber could be embraced by the nobility, yet it will be necessary to form this idea if we would form a right estimate of the times in which the greatest events of the middle ages were transacted.

A noble weary of following his sovereign to the wars, and who sought upon his own domains an independence and lawlessness that could not be found even in the licence of a court, generally fixed his seat near a great road, or oftener by the junction of four highways. Here he called about him a numerous retinue of knights and freedmen attached to him by ties of blood or mercenary obligations, ready on the instant to obey his commands, and thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means of fulfilling them. A strongly fortified castle enabled him to bid defiance to the threats of royalty or the attacks of his aggrieved neighbors. No one who passed by his stronghold was free from his depredations. Companies of merchants; bands of pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land or to the shrine of some sainted hermit; monks leisurely conveying to the monastery the fat produce of superstitious proprietors were pounced upon without scruple, and compelled to yield up whatever the rapacity of the noble might demand. Often these transfers were not made without sanguinary conflicts. It was not an uncommon thing for traders to maintain troops of soldiers for their especial defence, and these latter sometimes proved more than a match for the confident and reckless followers of the noble freebooter. Often, too, the holy fathers displayed a skill in the use of the weapons marvellous to those who had not imagined that monks did anything more than fast and pray in the cloister, or occasionally venture out on a begging visit to the neighboring farmers. Frequent crosses by the wayside attested the result of these engagements, and the exhortations to the pious traveller to supplicate mercy for the souls of those who had fallen, suggested mournful reflections as to the fate of the dead.

Nor were the ravages of these noble robbers confined to the highways. If merchants and pilgrims failed, the distance was not great to some other den of marauders, and the spoil not

less plentiful than in the former case, though the victory might not be so easily gained. And one source of revenue always remained if the highways were deserted, and the castles of the neighboring nobles unassailable, or level with the ground. The wealth of the monasteries seemed inexhaustible. In truth, the worthy anchorites of the mediæval age ever showed a much better knowledge of the human heart, and of the avenues to the pocket, than did the grasping and untaught noble. The former flattered and cajoled, and went away with a whole skin and plentifully filled bags; the latter threatened, fought and bought whatever he obtained only at the price of severe conflict and sometimes of life itself. In times of scarcity therefore his gains were small and hardly earned, while the monk revelled in ease and abundance. Aggression on the monastery became inevitable. The monks at first attempted to buy a precarious safety by giving; afterwards by taking up arms and covering their battlements with bristling pikes. But even their weapons and their strong walls did not avail them. The rapacious freebooter was not accustomed to allow scruples of religion to interfere with his demands or those of his followers. The sacred retreats of piety were indiscriminately pillaged, and often converted into heaps of smoking ruins. But more often they were robbed judiciously. Each visitation left the trembling recluse in hopes that the attacks of the marauder had ceased, and each attack proved but the precursor to a dozen more. As the prudent husbandman who leaves a portion of honey in the hive, and carefully refrains from molesting its inhabitants, finds in it a perpetual source of income, so the skilful noble who plundered the monastery occasionally and in part, and protected it from the ravages of others, drew from it a constant and lasting revenue. And often, too, in declining years he compelled the fearful monks at the point of the sword to canonize him as their benefactor and patron saint.

Before he was called to the throne Rudolph was but a little in advance of the marauding nobility we have described. He was less of a bandit, but more of a conqueror. He abandoned the occupation of robbing the packages of merchants and the wall-bags of travellers for the more profitable trade of seizing estates. Neither the bonds of relationship nor the sanctities of religion stood in his way toward the increase of power and territory. He was at one time excommunicated for burning a monastery. He ravaged the lands of a wealthy uncle, and ultimately succeeded by inheritance to what he had virtually obtained by conquest. He routed numerous banditti whose only crime appeared to him that they were weaker than himself. But among these more unworthy exploits he often appeared in the character of a true hero. His lenience to those whom he had subdued was remarkable. His generosity is recorded in a multitude of legends, more in number than generally falls to the lot of the great men of a past age. Still, notwithstanding his courage, his ambition and his generous traits, he would in all probability have remained a prince of the second order, count only of Hapsburg and the domains inherited from his uncle, had not an unlooked-for circumstance introduced him to the notice of the powerful Archbishop of Mentz. This prelate on his way to Rome passed by his territories, and applied to him for an escort as a protection against the banditti who infested the country as far as the Italian frontier.

Rudolph cheerfully equipped a large force, which accompanied the archbishop to the Eternal City, and returned with him in safety to his home, a signal service which the prelate assured him he should not soon forget and in the end more than repaid.

Just at this time Gregory X., harassed by the continual complaints of the German princes, and fearful lest the confusion of the empire should result in anarchy and the complete estrangement of the imperial power from Rome, announced to the Confederate States that if they delayed longer to choose a sovereign, he would be obliged to provide one for them. The Elector of Mentz was the first to convoke the diet; and the archbishop, with the remembrance of the favor he had so recently received fresh in his mind, set himself earnestly to work to procure the nomination of Rudolph. The claims of Alphonso and Otho were summarily disposed of; but the contest

between the partisans of Rudolph and Ottocar was not so easily terminated.

The election, although tumultuous and stormy, presented no parallel to that which took place immediately subsequent to the fall of the House of Saxony, when deputations from every Germanic nation arrived in the vast plains of the Rhine between Mentz and Worms; when whole tribes, clad in uncouth attire and chaunting the rude songs of their native forests, emerged from the remotest districts of the empire and poured down upon the cultivated fields of the west; when dukes and princes, and nobles and freemen, mingling promiscuously together, asserted their respective claims to a hearing, and proclaimed themselves ready to support their candidates by trial of arms; and when the popular tumult was stilled only after many days of the most strenuous exertions on the part of the dignitaries of the empire.

Policy had taken the place of lawlessness and impulse, and the body of the people were content to stay at home, satisfied that their individual electors could make a better choice than themselves.

The Archbishop of Mentz, remarkable alike for his influence and political sagacity, lost no time in furthering the cause of his favorite Rudolph among the electors. To those who instanced the comparatively humble birth of his candidate and demanded a prince of higher rank, greater power and more extensive dominions, he represented that their desires would be better satisfied by a wise, able and courageous ruler, such as Rudolph had shown himself to be, than by one whose birth and riches were his only recommendations; and so well did he argue these arguments, that he gained over his brethren of the church without further hesitation on their part. It seemed a more difficult task, however, to obtain the votes of the secular electors, most of whom were strongly inclined to the side of Ottocar, King of Bohemia.

But what in a majority of cases men would look upon as anything but advantageous here resulted directly in favor of the Count of Hapsburg. He had six unmarried daughters, and several of the electors were bachelors. If chosen emperor he would be enabled to dower his daughters with rich fiefs, of which the above mentioned electors stood in great need. The archbishop, without scruple, promised their choice among Rudolph's daughters to the electors of Bavaria, Saxony and Brandenburg; and the election of Rudolph was secured. The news was carried to him while besieging Basle, the bishop of which had murdered some member of his family. So chagrined was the bishop at the success of his enemy, that he is said to have exclaimed: "*Sede fortiter Domine Deus, alias Rudolphus locum occupabit tenem!*"

The elevation of the fortunate count was instantly and universally hailed with joy by the citizens, who hastened to swear allegiance to their new sovereign. He lost no time in proceeding to Aix la Chapelle, where in 1273, he was crowned King of the Romans by his friend and patron, the faithful Archbishop of Mentz. But the throne upon which Rudolph now sat was beset by dangers. The public roads were infested by bands of robbers—upon the old principle of "thieves are the best thief catchers," the founder of the Imperial Hapsburgs, himself so great a marauder, became a lover of order. In Thuringia alone, he destroyed in less than a year sixty of those robber dens called baronial castles, and on one day had ninety-nine freebooters hanged in Erfurth.

Having thus tamed the exuberance of these robber bands, Rudolph turned his attention to the Pope of Rome, with whom his predecessors had a long outstanding dispute on the subject of jurisdiction; with his usual vigor he settled this long pending difficulty, and by some judicious concessions made the spiritual head of Catholicism his firm ally. This was a very fortunate event, for the ink of the treaty was hardly dry when his old rival Ottocar of Bohemia raised the standard of revolt against him, and declared himself emperor. Several battles ensued, generally to the advantage of the Rudolph. The death of Ottocar put an end to the war, and his son marrying a daughter of Rudolph made his late enemy one of his firmest allies. Released from external troubles, the emperor turned his whole attention to the amelioration of his subjects; he equalised and reduced

the taxes, and by his firmness and love of justice became so popular that the petty princes of Germany, then as now too numerous for the welfare or unity of a great country, convoked a diet, and invested Rudolph's eldest son, Albert, with the government of Austria, Styria and Carinthia. His second son, Rudolph, received that of Suabia, and thus the destinies of the House of Hapsburg became those of the empire.

He soon after this event showed his wisdom by refusing to second Pope Innocent's call for another crusade against the Saracens, but busied himself in extending reforms in his own countries—an example we commend to all those pious Jellowbys, male and female, who neglect the starving and ignorant poor of their own cities to wage a crusade against the mental and moral darkness of Booraboola, Timbuctoo and the Feejee Islands. In this useful course he spent the eighteen years of his reign; when, feeling his death approaching, he convoked a diet at Frankfort, and demanded that his son Albert should be made King of the Romans. Much to his surprise and chagrin, they declined to accede to his request. Dismissing the assembly, he resolved to pay a visit to the tomb of his wife, a journey he was never destined to accomplish; for, on his way from Strasbourg to Spire, where the empress was buried, he was seized with a mortal disease at Gernersheim, and died in 1291, aged seventy-three, after an illness of three days. His body was carried to Spire, and deposited by the side of his wife.

In many respects Rudolph of Hapsburg was the Alfred the Great of Germany, without his learning. He was farsighted, shrewd and courageous—an able general, a clear-brained statesman, and a man of great moderation in all things. So far from crushing his enemies, his great effort after defeating them was to bind them to his interest, and few men in that rough age ever succeeded so well in this design. Nevertheless, he was rather politic than magnanimous, prudent than generous; and when it is remembered that his early life was that of a robber chief, too much praise cannot be awarded to him for the masterly manner in which he conducted the government of the heterogeneous materials with which he laid the foundation of the Austrian Empire.

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

TWELFTH NIGHT.

"Mr dear fellow, you really must assist me; hang it, man, you must not sacrifice the future happiness of your friend to a mere punctilio."

"But an elopement, Frank?"

"Is now our only resource; since old Muggins's unfortunate elevation, he has become so fly-blown with pride and self-importance, that he is determined to bestow the hand of my own sweet little Lucy on no one under the rank of a nobleman, a prince, a grandee, or some such presumptuous absurdity."

"But really, Frank—"

He cut short my remonstrance abruptly, almost angrily. "I tell you, my dear fellow, there's no 'but' in the case. We were schoolfellows together, students together, we have been in fifty scrapes and fifty pleasures together; and will you desert me at such a point as this? It is not for myself alone I plead; heaven knows the disappointment would be bitter enough, but I could endure that. But to see my poor Lucy fretting and pining, with failing hope, and the harsh words—and I fear treatment too—of her parents, is too much. I cannot bear that; it drives me almost mad. Come, throw the rules of puritanical ceremoniousness overboard for once, and be natural. Your sister is with us heart and hand; and it is you who are able to make two loving ones happy or to crush their hopes for ever, to save a fond affectionate girl from a thralldom that is slowly destroying her, or to rivet her fetters tighter and break her heart."

The quick working of his handsome features stamped the genuineness of his emotion; and, carried away by his eloquence

and the thronging memories of our long friendship, I at last reluctantly gave my consent to aid his enterprise; and with a disagreeable feeling in my bosom, that the part I was about to play was not one of perfect rectitude, I walked slowly homewards.

Now I am not going to defend elopements. In all cases they are but an underhand way of doing what ought to be done before the world, and in the broad daylight; and in the majority of cases they are no more than the reckless plunge of unchecked passion into a future, in which a brief gleam of happiness is dearly purchased at the price of a subsequent lifetime of misery; but still, if ever there was an exceptional case, it was that of my friend. He had long been intimate with the Muggins family, and some three years previous to the time of which I write, had discovered in the person of the fair Lucy all the charms that he in his most sanguine dreams had hoped to possess in a wife. His addresses had been encouraged, nay, even courted by old Muggins, a retired grocer, and an alderman of the city of London, and the marriage had only been postponed on account of the youth of the fair fiancée, and partly to allow Frank Clifton's position to become consolidated; but delays are proverbially dangerous, and during one of the three years of probation, Alderman Muggins had been raised somewhat prematurely to the highest honor of a citizen's ambition. He had been made lord mayor, and during his tenure of office had of course been brought into connection with some of those higher dignitaries of the land whose position is more stable.

He had feasted at his table the noble, the learned and the distinguished; he had achieved a temporary right of admission to the acquaintance of some of the most exclusive of our aristocracy; he had been flattered by the premier of England himself, had shaken hands with the occupier of the woolstack, been on speaking terms with the leader of the opposition; and forgetting that the courtesies of these potential gentlemen were directed to the office, and not to the man, and that, his year of power expired, he would sink back again into plain Mr. Muggins, ex-grocer, he became impressed with the most ridiculously inflated notions as to his own majesty and importance, and abruptly dismissing poor Frank, he indulged in delicious day-dreams of seeing his daughter a countess, a duchess, a goodness-knows-what, and perhaps even through her influence receiving the honor-giving accolade himself. But Lucy was not ambitious, she loved Frank with all the earnestness of young, fresh, unwarped affection, and instead of entering into her father's vaulting projects, dimmed her bright eyes and sullied her fair cheek with many bitter tears at the separation, and with many more at the harshness with which her very natural reluctance to become subservient to Mr. Muggins's ambition was reproved by her parents, whose natural feelings were completely led astray by the ignis fatuus they were following. So, I repeat, elopements are under any circumstances justifiable, this was one of the exceptional cases.

"Where is Lucy?" asked Alderman Muggins, on the following morning, taking his seat at the breakfast-table with as much magisterial gravity as if he were about to try the coffee and cream for some heinous offence. "Call her down directly! The girl is incorrigible, to carry her irreverence of the important office which I have the honor to hold, to such an extent as to dare to keep me waiting for my breakfast! Me! whose time is of such importance to my country and queen. Well," he shouted, as the servant rushed back into the room, "is this all the respect you show to the alderman of the ward of St. Stuf-turtle, to burst into my apartment without first having obtained my gracious permission? What's the meaning of such conduct?"

"Oh, sir, oh! I beg your pardon, sir," apologised the servant, pantingly; "but Miss Lucy's gone, sir, and there was this note on her table, sir. She's cut, sir!"

Mr. Muggins snatched the note out of her hand. It was very brief: "Father, forgive me! I shall return the bride of Frank Clifton!"

"Forgive you!" thundered the outraged father. "Never! I'll summon you to the Mansion House! I'll send you to Bridewell! I'll condemn you to hard labor! I'll—"

"Had you not better find her first?" interposed Mrs. Muggins, meekly.

"Of course. John, send me a division of police. Order me the fire-brigade. Call all the detectives of London here. Summon Sir Richard Mayne. What are you loitering for?"

"Where am I to go, sir?" inquired the amazed footman.

I am very much afraid that Alderman Muggins suggested a personage not to be named to ears polite; and the man, thus thrown upon his own good sense, immediately posted off to the nearest police office.

"Here will be a pretty convulsion in the fashionable circles!" soliloquised the irate Muggins. "Here will be a pretty little bit of scandal for the saloons of St. James's! Here will be a nice story for the queen's drawing-room to-morrow! It will drive the French ambassador frantic; and, as for poor Lord Convolvulus, he will certainly commit suicide! He said, at my last dinner, that Lucy was the belle of the room. Oh, Lucy! Lucy! see what prospects of future greatness you have shut yourself out from!"

"Excuse me," said a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man, who at that moment was ushered into the room. "My name is Snapem. Sergeant Snapem, of the detective force. I hear you require my services."

"I do, Mr. Snapem. My daughter has eloped, Snapem!"

"Well?"

"Well! It isn't well, sir. You seem to take the thing very coolly! Do you forget, sir, that I am alderman of the ward of Stufturtle? That I have occupied the civic chair? and that I am, therefore, entitled to some respect, sir—some reverence?"

The detective grinned. "You want her back?"

"Of course I do," snapped Mr. Muggins.

"Then have the kindness to order your carriage to the door, and send all the servants up to me."

The alderman looked petrified. He! the flattered of nobles, to be thus commanded by a policeman! Stupendous! But circumstances govern cases, and both requests were obeyed.

Sergeant Snapem obtained all the information he could from the domestics by a few adroit inquiries; and then turning to Mr. Muggins, said, quietly; "Now, if you please, we will go."

"We go!" stammered the alderman, horror-struck. "Why, you haven't the impudence to propose that we should go anywhere together?"

"I am afraid I must tax your condescension so far," laughed the officer. "As I have not the pleasure of knowing Miss Lucy Muggins personally, I shall require you to identify her."

"The pleasure of knowing Miss Lucy Muggins personally!" This was too much! Mr. Muggins was speechless, powerless with amazement; and in that state permitted himself to be led to the carriage, and seated by the side of the irreverent Snapem.

Their first visit was to the night policeman; and, from his well-trained powers of observance, they acquired the information, that a couple, answering the description of the fugitives, had taken a cab at the corner of the street in which Mr. Muggins's house stood; that the cab-driver was a certain "Bill Stokes," who lived at the other end of town, and who, being a night driver, was now sure to be found fast asleep in bed.

"Capital," said Mr. Snapem, as he hurried Muggins back into the carriage. "Come along, sir; we shall catch them yet."

"Where are we going to now?" asked the alderman resignedly.

"Hunt up the cabman, and find which station he took them to; then off to the railway, first train, or special one, if necessary, after them; postchaise for cross country, and run them to earth in some out-of-the-way village. That's their destination, depend upon it."

The alderman groaned, but said nothing; and the remainder of the journey was performed in silence.

"Can't get any further," said the driver, stopping suddenly; "there's no thoroughfare for carriages."

"Never mind, we must walk. Come along, sir; and make haste, please—moments are precious."

So spoke the energetic Snapem as he opened the door, pulled Mr. Muggins out, and, seizing him under the arm, much as if

he had been a pickpocket, started off down the dirty, narrow footway.

Now, the alderman was very short and very fat, and, moreover, somewhat puffy and short winded: and hence he would have had some difficulty to keep up with the active steps of his companion even on plain ground, but the causeway along which they passed was a tolerably steep hill, and paved with large round boulder stones, over which the fat little alderman plunged and floundered like a ship in a storm.

"Mr. Snapem," he ejaculated spasmodically—"Mr. Snapem—ugh! ugh!—I protest against this—ugh! ugh! ugh! It's not consistent with the dignity—ugh! of a member of the Court of Ald—ugh! ugh!—to be dragged along at such a pace as—ugh! ugh—this, through cut-throat lanes and up filthy—ugh! ugh! ugh!—alleys; held by a policeman—ugh! as if I were a crim—ugh! ugh! I protest against it! I prot—ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!"

"Very sorry, Mr. Muggins," said his companion, "but you see it can't be helped. And—here we are; at least I think this is the house. Come along."

"What, up that dark, filthy staircase? Ugh! I am ald—ugh! ugh!"

The detective cut short his sentence by tightening his grasp on his arm, and with the other hand groping his way up the dark stairs.

"We're all right," he muttered; "I hear him."

"What do you hear?" asked Mr. Muggins querulously.

"Why, his snoring; listen."

Mr. Muggins was conscious of a peculiar grunting sound that had gradually been getting more distinct as they ascended, and now broke upon his ear in its full melodiousness, as Snapem opened the door of the room in which the nasal vocalist lay.

"Well," soliloquised the astonished alderman, "there he is, I suppose; but I never knew that that singular sound was—ugh!—one of the distinctive peculiarities of night cabmen! Never! Ugh!"

In the meanwhile, Sergeant Snapem was engaged in rousing the musical one from his balmy slumbers; and, the feat having been accomplished, Bill Stokes sat up in bed, and stared vacantly at the intruders.

"You took up a lady and gentleman at the corner of—street this morning?" said the officer curtly.

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't," replied Mr. Stokes, defiantly; "it ain't no business o' yours."

The detective eyed him sharply for a moment, and then, turning up the cuff of his coat, disclosed to his view—a button, a common white metal button, which, by some singular fascination or spell, instantly rendered the man intensely obsequious.

"Yes, sir; I did take 'em up, sir; no offence, I hopes, sir."

"Describe the lady."

"Well, sir, she were middlin' tall, and rather nice-lookin', I thinks, ony she'd got a wail on."

"Her dress?" asked the detective.

"Well, sir, she'd got a handful o' lace, with a flower stuck on one side on it, on her head."

"What do you mean?" asked the alderman.

"She meant un for a bonnet, sir; and then she'd got a thing like a whitey-brown blanket tied round her neck."

"That's Lucy's burnous," ejaculated Mr. Muggins.

"A burn hoo, is it? and her dress was a lilacy stuff, with a stripe of gray down each side, as if she'd ha' run short of material, and helped it out with a bit o' old bed tick."

"That's Lucy!" exclaimed the excited father. "And now describe the—the scamp that was with her."

"He were tall, with a light moustache, and dressed in black."

"Any luggage?" asked the officer, who was busy taking down in his pocket-book all the particulars.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Stokes; "a black box, covered all over with a 'ruption o' brass nails, like a blackey with the small-pox. I took 'em to the Great Northern Railway, and the gent giv me half-a-crown to drive fast, 'cos he wanted to catch the half after six train."

"That will do, my man," said Mr. Snapem; "and now take

my advice, and keep clear of that crib in K—street—you know, or it won't be very good for you."

And with a knowing wink, the speaker turned out of the room, leaving Mr. Stokes looking perfectly thunderstruck, and muttering ejaculations of astonishment in an undertone.

The news thus obtained infused fresh spirits into Mr. Muggins, and he dashed out of the room with an activity equal to that of his companion; but, alas! Mr. Muggins had not calculated on the difference in the impetus of a light body and a heavy one, and consequently found himself at the foot of the stairs, after a descent more expeditious than pleasant—viz., by slipping flat on to his back at the first step, and so "bumping" all the way down.

"Hallo!" said the sergeant; "hurt yourself? No bones broken, I hope—they're pretty well protected;" and, without giving the wretched Muggins a moment's opportunity to remonstrate, he pounced upon him, dragged him away, tumbled him into a carriage, entered after him, and they were again flying along the streets at a rate that brought them to the Great Northern Railway terminus at King's Cross, before the outraged alderman could recover breath enough to denounce the irreverent and disrespectful insolence of his companion.

"Capital time," said the latter, as quietly as if nothing had happened, "in a quarter of an hour the express starts. Ah, by-the-bye, I may as well telegraph on before hand," and leaving the carriage, he walked into an adjoining office, and in a few minutes his wishes were flying through the obedient wires with lightning rapidity.

"They have been seen," he remarked to Mr. Muggins, when he rejoined him, "started by the half past six train, and alighted at Sudbrook at a quarter to ten. What ticket shall I get for you—first or second?"

"Neither, fellow," screamed the unfortunate alderman, "I have endured these indignities long enough—ugh! ugh! Can it be conceived that I—ugh!—alderman of the ward of Stuff-turtle, have been dragged about by a detective policeman, forced to risk my important life in cut-throat alleys—ugh!—to enter disgusting dwellings, to fall down rickety stairs—ugh! ugh! Is this a dignified position for a lord mayor?—ugh! ugh!—to be crouching down—ugh!—black and blue from head to foot—ugh! ugh!—shaken almost to pieces, tired very nearly to death, and not breath enough left to spell my own name—ugh!—and all for the good pleasure of a detective policeman! Go, you are on their track—ugh!—you have their descriptions, which tally—ugh!—exactly, box and all; go! and repair the injury which your want of veneration has done me—ugh!—by restoring me my daughter."

And having delivered this magisterial injunction, the battered Muggins shut the door of the vehicle, and gave the word "home."

Mr. Snapem relieved his feelings by a whistle, and then, turning into the express train, was whirled down to Sudbrook at a pace that would have not a little astonished his great-grandfather, who had been accustomed to regard a coach that performed the same journey in a day and a half, "weather permitting," as a perfect miracle of fast travelling, almost profane in its rapidity.

At Sudbrook the detective found his shrewd conjecture realised. The fugitives had taken a postchaise and started immediately for a village about ten miles distant; and the indefatigable Snapem, pouncing upon the first vehicle in his way, directly started in hot pursuit, only arriving at his destination to be again disappointed, his quarry having once more "levanted" before his arrival. Through half a dozen turns and doubles did the acute sergeant track them, until at length, just as the shades of evening were rendering the distant horizon dreamy and indistinct, he drove up to the door of the "hostelry" of a remote hamlet, and to his infinite satisfaction learned that the runaways were then recruiting their frames by a comfortable tea in the inn's only private room.

Mr. Snapem lost no time in ceremony, but walking straight to the room indicated, opened the door and entered.

"What means this intrusion?" said the gentleman, springing to his feet.

The intruder vouchsafed no reply, but, drawing out his notebook, coolly surveyed the lady and gentleman before him.

"What do you mean by this conduct?" thundered the enraged gentleman.

"Come, come, sir," said the detective, coolly, "no nonsense. You have led me a pretty dance, it's true, but here I am at last; so the game's up, you know."

The lady rose and threw herself into the arms of her companion, ejaculating tremulously, "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Snapem, "that I shall want you to return with me to your father, without delay, and not imperil your reputation any further by these romantic escapades."

"This insolence is insufferable!" exclaimed the gentleman; "who are you that thus presumes to address a lady in such terms?"

"Sergeant Snapem of the detective force. You, sir, are Mr. Frank Clifton, and this lady is Miss Lucy Muggins, whom I am empowered by her father to bring back to the home from which you induced her to flee."

For a moment the gentleman addressed looked staggered, but recovering himself, he replied haughtily, "Then, Mr. Snapem, you are wrong. My name is Charles Dalton, and this is Clara Dalton, my sister; so, sir, the sooner you leave the room the better."

Mr. Snapem laughed incredulously. "Of course, you are not Mr. Clifton? oh, no. Nor is your luggage contained in a black box, peculiarly marked with brass nails; but whether this young lady is Miss Muggins or not, I shall take upon myself the responsibility of taking her home to her father immediately."

The poor girl sank sobbing into the arms of her companion, who exclaimed, "Do what you will then, Mr. Snapem, but remember that you do it under my most earnest protest. And now, sir, I am sure, you will not insist upon this young lady returning with you to-night. Remember she has been travelling without rest all day, and is now worn out and fatigued. No harm can possibly accrue from letting her rest to-night, and returning (under protest, mind) to-morrow morning."

The detective stretched his own wearied limbs and looked keenly in the face of the speaker: "If you will give me your word that you are not going to attempt to evade me, I will."

The required promise was given, and the agitated girl retired to her room. As soon as matters were thus settled, the prisoner (for so we must regard Mr. Snapem's companion) threw off all his previous hauteur, and inviting the detective to join him in a bottle of wine, they managed to pass a very agreeable evening, one that we are sorry to say somewhat infringed upon the small hours, ere they retired to rest.

The journey to London next day was a rapid one, and noon had scarcely chimed from the neighboring steeple when the trio were ushered into the presence of Alderman Muggins, who, in order to give the reception a proper tinge of solemnity, had converted his library into an extempore court of justice.

"Now, young woman," magisterialised Mr. Muggins, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

No answer; but she hung upon her companion's arm, quivering with emotion.

"Madam," thundered the ex-lord mayor (ex-grocer), "I sit here upon the stool of justice, as Brutus sat when he tried his son Agamemnon, for the murder of Titus Andronicus, here to forget the father in the dispenser of the laws of my offended country."

Thus affectingly addressed, the young lady could retain her self-possession no longer, but throwing up her veil, indulged in a passionate burst of laughter.

"Why, who the deuce is this?" ejaculated Mr. Muggins, forgetting his dignity in his astonishment.

"Your daughter," said Mr. Snapem, savagely.

"Nothing of the kind, Mr. Detective; I never saw her before in my life."

"Who are you, then?" asked Mr. Snapem, ruefully, addressing himself to me.

"As I told you before, sir," I replied, for I may throw off my disguise now, "I am Charles Dalton, and this lady is my sister Clara. And now, Mr. Muggins, unless we come to an arrange-

ment, I shall bring an action against you, and lay the damages at five hundred pounds, for this most outrageous infraction of my liberty."

But we did come to an agreement, by which Frank and Lucy were forgiven as the price of my foregoing the terrible action; and over a bottle of Muggins's execrable port we determined to let bygones be bygones, and washed down all unkindness in a draught of the vilest stuff that ever paid duty to her most gracious majesty.

The explanation is obvious: Clara had taken Lucy's dress and memorable black box, whilst I, by a little alteration in attire and a false moustache, converted myself into an ugly likeness of Frank, and thus *we* eloped, and whilst the pursuit was being actively urged after us, and thus thrown completely off the scent, the real couple were quietly married at a little chapel within five hundred yards of Mr. Muggins's door.

LADIES' SWIMMING SCHOOL IN PARIS.

It is difficult to imagine a more novel or prettier scene than Quarnier's Swimming School for Ladies presents on a warm afternoon. Neither at concert, race nor ball in Paris have I beheld so many beautiful faces as at this school; one reason, perhaps, being that many girls from ten to fifteen are visitors to the bath who are excluded by their age from sharing in public amusements.

The young ladies of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, the daughters of the wealthy "financiers," the families attached to the emperor, all meet here with the same intention—namely, to swim; and all who are able gambol, race and laugh in the water, forgetful of party or social distinctions. The costume is generally of some dark material, gaily trimmed with red or blue worsted binding, which does not lose its color. The upper part of the dress resembles a boy's blouse, the lower a pair of trousers; it is all in one, and a tunic is sewn to the waist and falls to the knee. Some of the girls go in without any kind of head-dress beyond their own fine hair, neatly plaited; others wear nets of gay colors, or a slight-netted scarlet or blue scarf, gracefully arranged.

A basin of about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty feet long, and about twenty-five or thirty feet broad, surrounded by a broad platform, enclosed by the dressing-rooms, and screened alike from the sun and public observation by an awning stretched over all. The machine is so arranged that the powerful current of the Seine rushes through it; it is, in fact, a large cage sunk to the required depth.

That part of the basin which is from four to five feet deep is crossed by a bridge, and the smaller portion thus indicated is used by those who wish to bathe only, or who are not sufficiently good swimmers to exercise, as yet, in the larger one. But the large basin is the centre of attraction. At the end where the water is deepest flights of steps lead down for those who like to swim smoothly and quietly off; but far the greater number prefer leaping in either from the platform or from the little fanciful construction—half arch, half temple—raised at the end of it, and which gives a descent any height you please—between ten and thirty feet—to the surface of the water.

Fearless, gay and graceful, they plunge beneath the flood to re-appear almost instantly, gliding down the stream without any apparent effort. Floating, swimming on the back, &c., vary the amusements, which more than a hundred ladies may sometimes be seen sharing together, their evolutions being watched and stimulated by as many lookers on—their mothers and female friends, who are seated around. Little did I think, when I inscribed myself on M. Quarnier's list, that I should be hung on a hook at the end of a line and then thrown into the water, with directions to imitate a frog to the best of my ability; it was even so.

O dear, how helpless you feel! how you wish you had never thought of learning to swim! But you are ashamed to say so. You know you cannot be drowned; the man adjusts his line so nicely to the level of the water you feel quite sure of that. So he counts "one, two, three," and you perform froggy awkwardly enough: putting out your hands when you ought to keep them in, stretching your hands forward when they ought

to be close to your body, kicking in anything but measured cadence, and getting a good mouthful notwithstanding you, silly creature, stiffen your neck and try to keep your head up by that means. Thus ends the first lesson.

After two or three lessons more you swim off from the steps at the end, where the water is deepest, the man on the platform preceding you with a pole as you attempt to make your way down the large basin. This large basin is constantly watched, either by Quarnier himself or the swimming-master; these are the only individuals of the male sex ever present. Madame Quarnier is, as may be expected, a perfect swimmer, and takes an active interest in all the proceedings.

NECESSITY OF MORAL COURAGE.—A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

HABIT.—Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

COGNAC is a district in France, in which the grapes grow that are supposed to produce the finest brandy, and hence almost every species of brandy is complimented with the appellation of Cognac, to establish its character. Brandy, in the proper sense, is the spirituous liquor obtained by the distillation of certain wines. When first distilled it is colorless, but acquires a pale yellow, and sometimes an amber tint, from the wood of the cask in which it is kept. All dark brandies are colored for the purpose, and the substance usually employed for coloring is burnt sugar. Otard, Dupuy, Hennessy, &c., are presumed to be the names of the manufacturers of the best French brandy. Brandies from Rochelle and Bordeaux are considered next in quality to those from Cognac, while those of Spain, Portugal and Italy are quite inferior.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination united with decision of character.

WHEN the curious or impertinent would pick the lock of the heart, put the key of reserve in the inside.

THE NEW ENGLISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

As was the case with the great fire of London in —, so may the British consider that the burning of their old Houses of Parliament, in 1834, was rather a blessing than a calamity, for as London rose, like a phoenix from its ashes, more beautiful than before, so the new Houses of Parliament have risen not only more beautiful than before, but the grandest pile of archi-

The rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, or "the Palace at Westminster," is the most important architectural work that has been undertaken in England since the re-edification of St. Paul's Cathedral. So colossal a pile of building has not been erected in London since that period; nor so magnificent a specimen of Gothic architecture in England since the construction of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. And, it may be added, that in arrangement, detail, warming and ventilation combined, so perfect a structure was never before planned, as far as can be judged from the recorded art of past ages, or the experience of our own time.

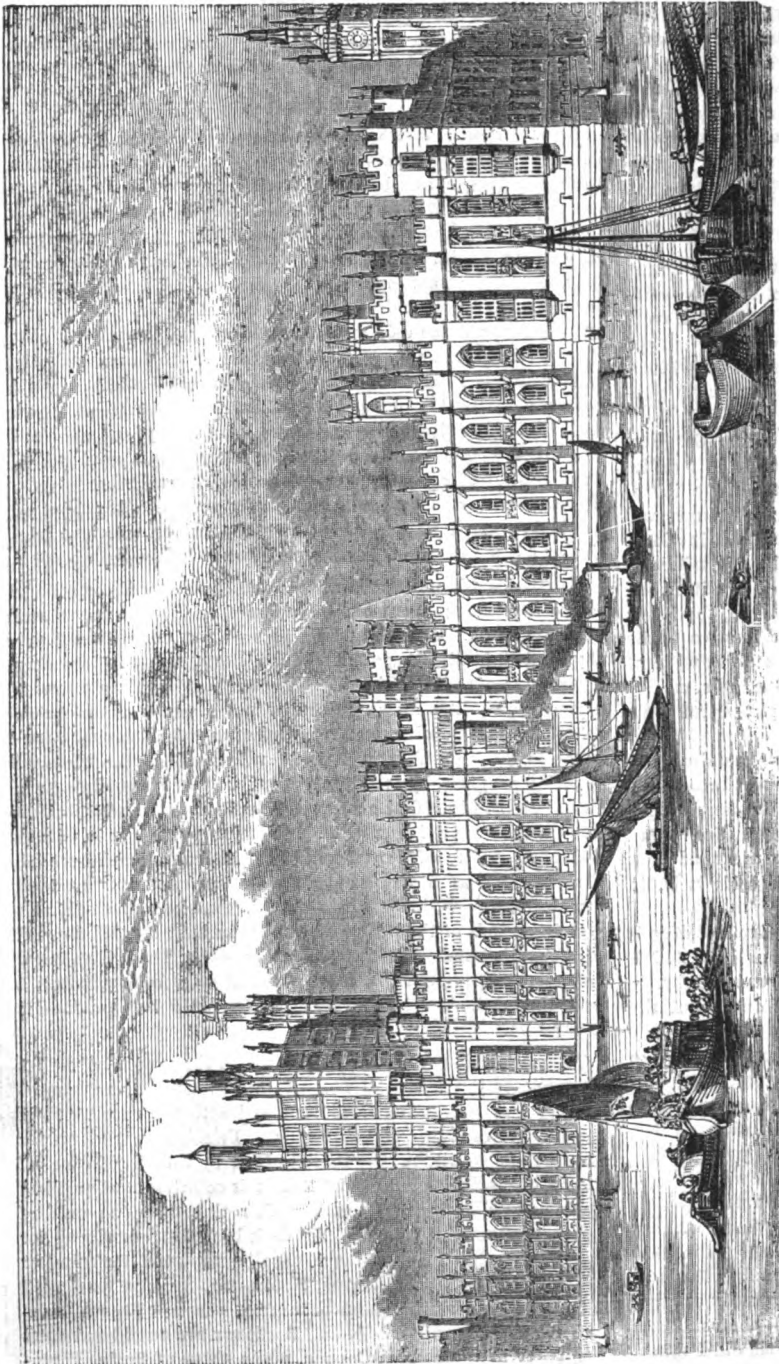
THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The exterior of the House of Lords presents no enriched architectural features; but its massive walls are well proportioned, and please the eye by their solid appearance. As seen from the House Court, the exterior shows a low and boldly embattled portion, resting on an arcade of flattened arches, with windows of square form, traceried, and having moulded weather tables; a string-course, with paterae, runs along above the windows. This portion serves as the corridor of the house, and projects many feet from the side of the main building. Above this, the six finely-proportioned and traceried windows of the house are seen, and between each a plain massive buttress. The windows have weather tables; and a string-course, with paterae, decorates the walls above the windows. Lofty battlements crown the whole.

The interior of the House of Lords is, without doubt, the finest specimen of Gothic civil architecture in Europe; its proportions, arrangement and decoration being perfect, and worthy of the great nation at whose cost it has been erected. Entering from the peers' lobby, the effect of the house is magnificent in the extreme; the length and loftiness of the apartment, its finely-proportioned windows, with the gilded and canopied niches between them; the royal throne, glowing with gold and colors; the richly-carved paneling which lines the walls, with its gilded and emblazoned cove, and the balcony, of brass, of light and elegant design, rising from the canopy; the roof, most elaborately painted, its massy beams and sculptured ornaments and pendants richly gilded; all unite in forming a scene of royal magnificence as brilliant as it is unequalled.

The House of Lords is ninety feet in length, forty-five in breadth, and of the same height. In plan, the house is divided into three parts; the northern and southern are each considerably smaller than the centre, which constitutes the body or floor of the house,

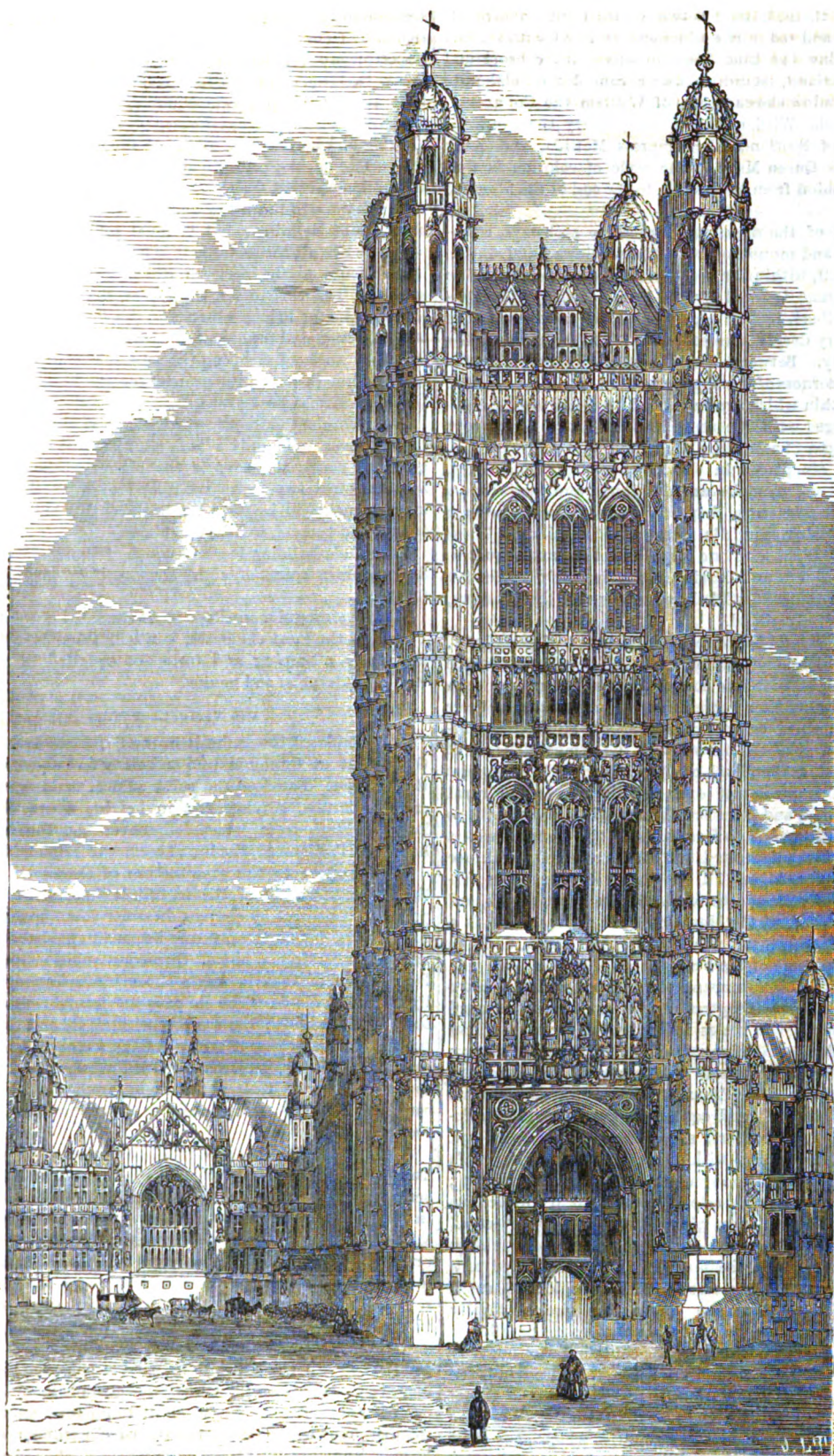
wherein are the woolsack, clerks' tables, &c., and on either side the seats for the peers, in rows. The southern end is the part of the house in which the throne is placed, and is also for the accommodation of distinguished foreigners and others; whilst the northern has the bar for its boundary, and is for the service of the House of Commons, when summoned to the upper house, to attend her majesty or the royal commissioners; and where, also, counsel stand during judicial investigations. The house is lighted by twelve lofty windows, six on each side, each divided by mullions and transoms into eight



ture of which London can boast. The old house, libraries, &c., were destroyed October the 16th, 1834, and no sooner had temporary accommodation been found for the members of the two houses, than the question of the new building was mooted.

In less than four months ninety-seven sets of designs, comprising not less than fourteen hundred drawings, were presented, and in the year 1836 the plans of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Barry, were selected, and in January, 1839, the excavation for the river wall was commenced.

THE NEW ENGLISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



THE NEW ENGLISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—THE VICTORIA TOWER.

lights, the upper rows subdivided, and all filled with quatrefoil tracery. The splay of the jamb of the windows is ornamented by painting, the words "Vivat Regina" being many times repeated round them, having between each word a quatrefoil, alternately blue and red. The windows are filled with stained glass, representing the kings and queens—both consort and regnant—of England, standing under canopies of elaborate design. One window shows figures of William the Conqueror, his Queen Matilda, William the Second, Henry the First, his Queen Matilda of Scotland, the Empress Matilda, and King Stephen and his Queen Maud. The style of coloring is that which was in fashion from the middle to the end of the fifteenth century.

At both ends of the apartment are three archways, corresponding in size and mouldings with the windows; and on the surface of the wall, within the arches, frescoes are painted. The arch over the throne is filled by Mr. Dyce's fresco, "The Baptism of St. Ethelbert." The archways at the northern end of the house are very deeply recessed, thus affording space for the strangers' gallery. Between the windows, the arches at the ends and in the corners of the house are niches, richly canopied; the pedestals within which are supported by demi-angels holding shields, charged with the armorial bearings of the barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, and whose effigies, in all eighteen, are placed in the niches. The demi-angels, pillars, pedestals and canopies are all gilded, and the interiors of the niches are elegantly diapered. Above the niches are corbels, whence spring spandrels to support the ceiling. These spandrels are each filled with one large and two small quatrefoils, deeply moulded, and having roses in their respective centres. Similar quatrefoils fill the spandrels over the windows, and all are elaborately gilded.

The ceiling is flat, and is divided—by tie-beams of great bulk, on each face of which is sculptured "Dieu et Mon Droit," twice repeated—into eighteen large compartments; these are each again divided, by smaller beams, into four, having in their centres lozenge-formed compartments, deeply moulded. Different devices and symbols, carved with the utmost delicacy of touch, fill the lozenges, and all of them are gilded. Amongst the devices, and immediately over the throne, is the royal monogram, crowned, and interlaced by a cord, the convolutions of which are so arranged as to form loops at the corners; whilst similarly crowned and decorated, the monograms of the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert fill the lozenges over their respective seats. The cognizances of the White Hart, of Richard the Second; the Sun, of the House of York; the Crown, in a bush, of Henry the Seventh; the Falcon, the Dragon, and the Greyhound, are in some of the lozenges; whilst the Lion passant of England, the Lion rampant of Scotland, and the Harp of Ireland, fill others. Sceptres and orbs, emblems of regal power, with crowns; the scales indicative of justice; mitres and croziers, symbols of religion; and blunted swords of mercy; add their hieroglyphic interest: while crowns and coronets, and the ostrich plume of the Prince of Wales, form enrichments more readily understood, and equally appropriate. These devices are encircled by borders, some of roses, others of oak leaves; but the greater part with foliated circles, having cords twining round them, and the symbols in admirable intricacy; and all of them are most elaborate in workmanship; indeed, so minute in detail, that an opera-glass is required to detect all their beauties. In the vacant corners between the lozenges and the mouldings of the beams, the ceiling is painted of a deep blue, and surrounded by a red border on which are small hollow quatrefoils. Within the borders are circles, royally crowned; and from them proceed sprays of roses, parallel to the sides of the lozenges. The circles contain various devices and shields; amongst the former are the rose of England, the pomegranate of Castile, the portcullis of Beaufort, the lily of France, and the lion of England; and in the latter are the fanciful armorial bearings of those counties which ages since composed the Saxon Heptarchy. Where the lozenges are filled with the mitre, the circles are gules and charged with a cross; and issuing from the circles are rays, instead of sprigs of roses. At the intersections of the tie-beams are massive pendants, moulded, and carved to represent crowns; the lesser pendants,

or coronals, similarly carved, are at the centre of each tie-beam; whilst richly carved bosses are placed at the junctions of the smaller ones. The under surfaces of the pendants are sculptured to represent roses. The whole are gilded and enriched by color. The ceiling is, as may be inferred from this imperfect description, most striking in its appearance; the massy tie-beams, apparently of solid gold, so richly bedight as they are with that precious metal, and the minute carving which fills up the lozenge-formed compartments, aided by the glowing and harmonious colors of the devices, painted on the flat surface of the ceiling—all produce an absolutely imposing and gorgeous effect.

Our limits will not allow of an extended description of this magnificent building; but it must suffice to say, that in all parts, and in all the details, it is finished with a corresponding magnificence to the portions which we have more fully described. The throne for the use of the Queen, with slightly lower chairs for Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, is particularly fine, and ornamented with tracery and foliage worthy the best work of Grinling Gibbons. The brass gates of the lobby, through which the peers enter the house, are also worthy of particular notice.

The House of Commons, which confined space also obliges us to pass over with only a general description, is of the same gorgeous construction as is the higher house, but was not finished until two years later, and even at the present day much remains to be done before the entire building, with its towers and turrets, will be completed.

The whole building is constructed of limestone and granite, and covers a space of eight acres, with a magnificent water front.

It is quadrangular in shape; but the side known as the River Terrace is the most elaborate, but still there is a harmony in the whole, a keeping and taste not equalled in any modern work of enterprise and genius.

THE VICTORIA TOWER.

This magnificent tower, built in the florid gothic style, rises to the height of three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Thames. Based on the solid edifice, seventy feet square, are the turrets, seventy feet in height, above which rises a lofty flagstaff, from which, whenever the Queen visits the houses of Parliament, the broad banner of England is displayed.

With respect to the architecture of the tower, which from the immense weight of the materials the architect was compelled to construct by degrees, in order that one part might be consolidated before the pressure became immoderate—there are various conflicting opinions. Some have objected to Sir Charles Barry's design that it wants the effect and emphasis of deep lights and shadows. The shape is too formal; the angles are too sharply defined; the surface, with all its ornamentation, is too flat, for this class of critics. Others reply that, whereas in smaller structures, projecting masses, a graduated pile as if of tower on tower, with fretwork in high relief, might be necessary, this edifice is too imposing to stand in need of such architectural artifices.

A glance at the engraving which we give of the Victoria Tower will convey more clearly to the reader than any description can possibly do, an idea of the skill of the architect in picturesque combinations of some of the most beautiful details of the architectural and sculptural decorations of the later or perpendicular style. The highly enriched panels of the main tower are admirably relieved by the blanks of the turrets, in their turn surmounted by crocketed caps, with richly-gilt vanes. Then, too, how are the central canopied niches and their statues set off by their flanking panels; and the badges beneath the third story windows aid the effect of the more important heraldic richness displayed below. The statues, or rather statuettes by the way, are beautifully executed: they number crowned sovereigns, mitred churchmen and saintly women, and are clever impersonations of historical character.

In these buildings we see another instance of the power, the wealth and the enterprise of England—an old architecture recast, and old things become new.

Before these new edifices have become old centuries will

have rolled over the world, nations will have passed away, and new powers and new dynasties will have arisen.

London will become blacker and older, but the new palace will, centuries hence, stand erect in its grandeur, gilded by thousands of suns, silvered by centuries of moons.

Many men, whose fame is noised abroad throughout the world, die, and leave the preservation and memory of their name to other hands; but Sir Charles Barry has constructed a monument which shall at once be the nation's glory, and hand down his name to succeeding generations.

FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournfully: "Though my life is in its prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;
Through my scorch'd woodlands the leaves are turning brown;
It is the hot midsummer, when the hay is down."

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair—
Hair that droop'd like birch-boughs—all in her simple gown;
And it was rich midsummer, when the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west:
Red-eyed, the sun out-glared, like knight from leaguer'd town,
That eve, in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying, "God shield her till we meet in Paradise;"
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy and crown;
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

THE DEATHBED BETROTHAL.

"O mother, mother! is this our long-promised meeting? Is this the joy I have dreamed of, day and night, for the last year? Is it for this that I have prayed once more to hold you to my heart—to hear your fond blessing—to meet your loving look? Oh, to find you thus—sick, dying! It is too, too much; mother, I cannot bear it." And with a wild burst of anguish, the broken-hearted son flung himself beside the sick woman's couch, while the hot tears bathed her transparent fingers, now so fondly clasping his.

"Edward!" she said; but he could only press the feeble fingers in reply. "Edward, my son," she continued, "I know how hard this is, but it must be borne. I have long dreaded this hour for you; yet to have hinted at my state before would have destroyed your pleasure, while doing you no benefit. I have long been reconciled to die—long known that it was inevitable; and though my heart would cling to earth for love of you, I murmur not at the destiny which separates us. I have known little of joy, and much of suffering, in my chequered life, and but for you, would gladly lay the burden down. When I am gone, let it comfort you, my son, that never by word or deed have you given me one moment's pain; that your love and obedience have amply repaid me for the bitter trials I have passed through in earlier days. And now, Edward, there is one request more I have to make to you—one more promise to exact, and I shall die happy, knowing that by your last obedience you have secured your earthly happiness. Edward, will you grant your mother's dying request?"

He knelt beside her, and still holding the faded hand in his, promised to obey her wishes in all things.

It was strange to see that strong, resolute man, whom people called stern and reserved, thus changed into almost boyish weakness; but few knew what an idolising love Edward Livingstone had cherished for his mother—that mother who in his sight was perfection, whose wishes he had never crossed, whose opinions he held infallible—that mother, to save whose life now he would willingly have yielded up his own. He felt now that she must die, and the last opportunity of affording her a pleasure was eagerly seized at.

"Anything you wish, mother, dearest!" he replied, "only

speak it; I'll do anything to give you happiness, even to the destroying of all my earthly hopes."

There was a change in the countenance of the dying woman. Did she hesitate? Did she feel that it might be, even as he said, to the destruction of earthly hopes, and that she had no right to bind him by a promise? None can tell; but if such were her thoughts, there also came the conviction, the assurance and certainty, that her judgment had not erred.

"Not for the destroying of your peace," said his mother, "but the insuring of your happiness, do I ask this of you, knowing that by so doing I leave one who will more than supply my place to you—who will be your friend, your companion, your trusty counsellor, your loving wife; rejoicing with you in gladness, and sharing your sorrows, all and far more to you than other mortal can, will Ellen ever be. For the past two years since her father died she has been to me even as a daughter, next only to yourself in my love, and I have sometimes thought even more anxiously loved, from her utter loneliness and clinging attachment to myself. I have watched her closely, and have found her in all things as faultless as human nature can be; and in leaving you together, I have as anxious a care for her happiness as yours."

Edward Livingstone made no reply to his mother's address, save that when overcome with the exertion of speaking she leaned back faint and breathless on the pillow, he bent down and kissed the cheek and pressed the feeble hand, on which the coldness of death was even now stealing; and she faintly smiled, and laid her hand upon his head in blessing, while murmured words of thankfulness were on her lips. He saw the look, and heard the whispered thanksgiving; and not for worlds would he have had her know the cold chill of despair which had crept into his heart at her words.

There was a pause, and no sound was heard in the chamber save the heavy breathing of that stricken man as he knelt and wiped the chill damp from his mother's face; then the dying woman spoke again, and at her bidding the son called an attendant.

"Bring Miss Ellen," said he.

The woman went away and quickly returned, followed by a fair, pale girl, whose swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks gave evidence of sorrow scarce less than Edward's.

"Let in the sunshine, Martha," said Mrs. Livingstone; and the drawn curtains flooded the chamber with light, "Ellen!" she said.

The young girl bent down and kissed the pale brow, while with convulsive energy the sick woman clasped her in her arms; then taking her hand, and motioning for Edward to approach, she joined their hands together, and taking off a ring from her own finger, placed it on Ellen's.

Thus they stood—those two who on earth had never met before, thus strangely betrothed for life! And the glorious sunshine came pouring through the open casement, and shone on them in brightness, whose hearts were heavy with sorrow, and on the pale clay before them, which should know no more of sadness and sorrow; for while they thought she rested, her spirit had gone forth!

Edward raised his companion in his arms, and bore her from the room; for worn out with watching and excitement, she had fainted; and as he stooped over her, and strove to call back life and sense, he was involuntarily touched by the sweet, sad expression of the lovely face before him. He held her hands in his—those small hands so soft and white, and now so cold—and called her by her name: but when she did not move, and still lay there, looking like some fair marble image, he grew alarmed, and made redoubled efforts to restore her. Slowly, at last, she opened her eyes; but with returning sense came the remembrance of her sorrow.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she moaned bitterly; "why did you not take me with you?"

Edward bent down and kissed her cheek. "Do not grieve," he whispered; "I will be your friend now."

His own voice choked, and he went hastily from her presence; but comfort remained with sweet Ellen, and wearied and worn out with grief, she soon slumbered.

This attention and gentle kindness in her betrothed, while

under his own heavy affliction, was most unexpected to Ellen ; and she felt a happy sense of security and shelter stealing over her. Poor unconscious Ellen ! enjoy your bright anticipations while you may. You do not yet know that your new friend has two natures—the cold, calm impassiveness with which he walks abroad and mingles with his fellow men, and which he has learned ; and the deep tenderness, the warmth of kindness which is his natural inheritance, yet which early experience has taught him well to conceal. You little dream while his kiss yet thrills on your cheek, that weeks and months will elapse ere you again behold Edward Livingstone in this endearing mood. Taught by his mother to believe him the very soul of gentleness, you are ill prepared to tremble at his frown, to shrink abashed from his look of keen cool criticism. But I will not anticipate ; enjoy your dreams while you may, poor, gentle-hearted orphan.

For three days Edward left not the abode of the dead ; on the third I came—I, his only cousin, the nearest relative he now had in the world—and we gave the precious dust to its kindred earth.

I, who had long known Ellen's attachment to Mrs. Livingstone, was not surprised that she should be too ill to follow her friend to her last home ; but I thought it strange that Edward never once should ask about her. And all that long evening, while I divided my attentions between them, her name never passed his lips. Of course at that time I knew nothing of the deathbed betrothal ; nevertheless, I thought it strange that he should be so forgetful of his mother's young friend.

Late in the night, I stole again into Ellen's room and found her sleeping. The night lamp shone on some glittering object in her hand, which as I gently took away, she made an effort to retain. It was a handsome double locket, with Mrs. Livingstone's likeness on one side ; on the reverse, a miniature copy of a magnificent portrait of Edward, which his mother thought an excellent likeness. I now noticed for the first time a ring on Ellen's finger. I knew the ring from its color ; and having long been aware that it was my aunt's first wish to unite her son to this fair girl, I began to have some dim idea of the truth.

Ellen was too ill to come to table next morning, and Edward and I were taking our breakfast in silence when the post came in. There were three letters for me and one for him. I laid mine down, while I finished my coffee. The warmth of my three dear little correspondents no time could cool ; but my breakfast would not improve by waiting, so I took up my cup and looked at my companion. He was holding, with trembling eagerness, a letter no gentleman had ever penned—a little, delicate, perfumed affair, such as has made many a strong man's heart throb to touch, and ache to peruse. That it had some such effect on Edward, it needed no great penetration to detect. The color came and went in his face, his lip quivered with emotion, his hand trembled, and at last I thought I saw the tears start. I looked away then, finished my coffee, and read my own letters ; then looking at him again, I saw that a great change had passed over his face. The mouth was firm set, the brows knitted, and the eyes showed determination and other feelings which I sought in vain to read. I must confess to some little feeling of awe at the change, for I had not believed my handsome cousin capable of such feelings as I then instinctively read in his countenance. That some strong passions were at work, I could not but believe ; what they were, or why he was so agitated, I knew I should some time be told, for next to his mother, I had all his life been Edward's confidential friend and correspondent.

He passed the day in business with his lawyer, and we did not meet until tea time, and then he came into the room in an undetermined way and stood looking out of the window in silence, until Ellen's maid entered and said if I would wait five minutes, she would come down to tea. As the girl went out, he turned round quickly.

"I think I shall go to town this evening, cousin ; I have some business which must be attended to, and the sooner the better."

He had a cold, hard look which forbade all questioning, and I thought he looked fearfully pale.

"I am sorry you are going, for it is lonely here now for Ellen and me," I said.

But at that instant her hand touched the door, and merely saying, "I will explain all to-morrow," he left the room.

Ellen and I spent the evening alone, but I saw by the anxious look she cast at the door each time a servant entered, how disappointed the poor girl felt ; and after we retired, she told me of their strange betrothal, and how his mother had made her give a solemn promise to be Edward's wife.

"He does not love me," she said, "that I know ; and I fear sometimes he may love another. If so, he will surely hate me."

I thought of the letter and Edward's agitation, and said nothing ; but it was not difficult to see that if Ellen did not love her betrothed, she had learned to think all too highly of him for her own happiness.

"I love her, cousin, as I never loved any one save my mother," said Edward. "She is my ideal of all that is enchanting in woman, and in giving her up, I am surrendering all that makes life worth keeping. Oh, the struggle has been a bitter one ! But I have conquered, at last, and now it only remains for me to marry, and thus fulfil my promise."

"But, Edward, you have not told me yet where you met Miss Vane," I said. "Of course it was abroad ?"

"No, not exactly," he replied ; "we came home from India together, and she, as well as myself, being exempt from sea-sickness, we spent long hours together on the deck—and even in the roughest weather we had, she loved to face the storm. Her father gave her entirely to my care at such times, and I had opportunities of studying her disposition, and also judging of her talents for conversation, such as are never found in occasional visits to a lady at her own house."

"And excellent opportunities to carry on a flirtation, also, which no doubt the lady was not slow to take advantage of," I observed, mentally.

"Long before we arrived," he continued, "I knew that I loved her, and had many reasons for believing that I was not indifferent to her, but resolved to see my mother before I learned anything definite. I came home, found her, my idolised mother, dying, and within an hour after my arrival, had made a promise which for ever seals my wretchedness. Last night I saw Sophia for the last time, learned enough to convince me that she is as wretched as myself, and bade her farewell. Now you have the whole history, cousin, and I shall never speak of the past again to any living being. Perhaps I should not have done so now, but that in the future you may understand my conduct ; what others may think concerns me not. At the end of three months I shall marry Miss Emerson, who will then have obtained what she doubtless influenced my mother to get for her—both wealth and position. My love she can never have—but that she will not mind ; and as far as I can gratify her love for luxury and taste for society (and I presume these are her chief foibles), before the world I shall be a pattern husband."

It was in vain I tried to convince him of his error—to make him understand how far above such actions, such culpable treachery, was my favorite Ellen ; and I even went so far as to hint at her tender feelings for himself—but that was a subject in which, for her sake, I had to be very guarded. I might have spared myself the trouble of talking.

"I fully understand your kind intentions, cousin," said Edward, "but I have well thought on this matter, and the whole scheme is too plain to deceive me. As to Miss Emerson entertaining any other than very selfish feelings towards me, it is simply ridiculous, we never having met until a week ago."

Finding my efforts useless, I desisted ; but my heart ached for gentle, loving Ellen, in whom I felt he was winning such a treasure, and against whom he had formed so cruel a prejudice.

Of Miss Vane, I must confess I judged harshly. I knew that it was the same fault I blamed in him, unfounded prejudice ; nevertheless, I could not but think that his position and wealth had been her aim, while their meeting on board ship (the best place in the world for a flirtation) had given her all the op-

portunity she wanted to fascinate him. On board ship a beautiful woman looks still more beautiful from the contrast with surroundings. Then there are opportunities of showing all manner of little kindnesses and attentions; to these you may add sentimental talks by moonlight, or still more dangerous promenades when the weather is an excuse for attentions on the part of the gentleman for which no manner of excuse at all could be found on land, and altogether, for the best place to carry on a successful flirtation commend me to a ship.

I need scarcely say that I breathed no hint to Ellen of my conversation with Edward; not for worlds would I have had her know his feelings, as I trusted to time and her own goodness to convince him of his error.

He soon after left us, to attend to some property in Ireland, purposing then to travel for a few months. Ellen and I remained alone with the servants in our old home; but we heard that previous to his departure, Edward had given orders to have his mother's town residence thoroughly repaired and furnished—all to be done and in readiness by his return. This dwelling had not been used by the family for several years, Mrs. Livingstone having preferred to reside at the Hall, which had been part of her dower, to her husband's more elegant mansion in town. Probably she disliked it from its having been the scene of her greatest sorrows, Mr. Livingstone having for many years before his death yielded to the temptations of the wine-cup, and at last become a willing slave to it.

My home had been with them from the time of Edward's birth, at which period I became a widow. Mrs. Livingstone insisted on my sharing her home; and as I had no female relations except herself (we were the children of two sisters), I gladly accepted her offer, and the little Edward became to me the dearest object on earth. I had some distant connections in Wales, where, as time passed on, little families grew up, and where Aunt Mary was always a welcome guest. It was from one of these visits that the unexpected tidings of my cousin's death summoned me back, where, by Edward's request, I decided to remain permanently and superintend his household.

Of Ellen, it is as well here to give a more particular history. Her father had been the favorite physician of Mrs. Livingstone, and his child had early seen trouble, though shielded as far as possible by her father's love and care. Having lost her mother, and found no kind friend to take her place, the child had suffered much from the ill-treatment of domestics; and when, at her father's death, she came to live with us, her lively gratitude to her benefactress was one of the great causes of Mrs. Livingstone's attachment to her. I knew that her father had left her very well off; but it was a subject never mentioned to her, my cousin preferring to treat her as her own child. Consequently, her property was left to accumulate; and being principally in real estate, and in the care of a capable, honest man, Ellen, had it been known, would probably have been a mark for many a fortune-hunter. Edward knew nothing of this; he had simply understood that she had been left to his mother's care, and naturally supposed she was poor—an idea strengthened by finding in his mother's well-kept accounts the various items of her protégée's expenses.

Thus it happened that when the wedding-day approached, and Ellen's lawyer came to know if her property was to be settled on herself, Edward cut him short in his explanations by saying that he had no time to attend to it then, but that it was all to be settled on her, and also at the same time naming a liberal sum for her yearly expenses, which he desired the lawyer to have properly done in legal form.

In all matters relating to their marriage he was scrupulously particular about her consent and opinion, and at all times when they met ceremoniously polite; but his face now always wore its cold, hard look, and never by one word or action did he allow her to think that his share in these preparations was performed from any other motive than duty.

The day appointed came at last, about six months after Mrs. Livingstone's death, a change Ellen had wished from the first arrangement. The morning looked gloomy enough, with every symptom of a heavy storm; but as the day advanced, the clouds cleared, and after the ceremony the sun shone brightly as any bride could wish, as they drove from church.

The wedding was quite private, neither having any relatives and but few friends. Ellen looked fair and pale as a lily, in her snowy robes and veil, the faint blush on her cheek rendering her perfectly beautiful. When the ring was to be put on, Edward first removed the one she wore. I saw one tear fall as he replaced his mother's ring upon the fair girl's finger above the plain circlet which had made her his. It was the only one I saw her shed that day.

Two months after I joined them in town. Ellen's new home was magnificent, unrivalled. All that wealth and taste could do had been done; and her little feet trod on velvet and tapestry, her head rested on a downy couch beneath silken hangings, costly mirrors reflected her slender form, and all was in lavish profusion. The most costly articles of attire around her were brought for her to choose from; well-trained domestics awaited her lightest order. If she wished to walk, her husband was always ready and willing to accompany her; if she preferred to ride, the carriage was that moment ordered to the door. And her carriage was itself an object of envy to half their acquaintances. All that wealth could do was done; and yet the shadow daily deepened on her fair face, and each succeeding week saw her grow paler and more frail. Had she loved gaiety and splendor the poor child might have been happy; but it was not her nature, and she faded like a delicate flower exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun.

It was touching to see how unweariedly she strove to win her husband's affection, and her patient love deserved a better return than it met from Edward's stubborn heart. I left them once, in hopes that when thrown entirely in each other's society, they might learn new lessons; but the experiment failed, as all others had done. Edward wrote for me at the end of a week, and though I resisted this appeal, I could not refuse, a few weeks after, to comply with Ellen's pressing entreaty to return to her. Edward was unchanged; calm, reserved and polite as ever, he treated Ellen precisely as he would have done a guest in his house, and his manner compelled every one else to be equally reserved.

On New Year's day Ellen completed her nineteenth year. The night before her husband brought home a valuable suite of pearls. We were invited to a large party on the second of the month, and he desired her to wear them then. This cold kindness completely overcame her, and she left the room in tears. For a few minutes he walked moodily up and down the floor, then came and stood before me.

"Can you explain Mrs. Livingstone's strange conduct, cousin? I have done everything for her that money can do, and now she is not happy. Do you suppose she wanted some other articles of jewellery? If she did, she shall have them. Anything at all that she will ask for, she shall have; and all I ask in return is, that she will be happy. Of all things in the world, I hate to see a woman in tears. I promised my mother to make her happy, and I will do so if I can."

"Then you need give her no more jewels, Edward, for they are only valuable in her sight as your gifts. Bestow a few more smiles upon her, stay at home, and read or talk to her, instead of going so much to your club; give her more of the love for which she is pining, and less of the splendor which sickens her; and believe me, you will soon see her look happy."

Edward heard me through, then said, in an impatient tone, "Pshaw, cousin, that has always been your mistake! You judge Ellen's disposition by your own. It is probably something she wants, and is too proud to ask for, that makes her fret. But I don't wish to be annoyed so any more."

Mrs. Trevor's "at home," was a magnificent affair. The lady herself was unrivalled in taste and splendor, and her parties had always been the admiration of the circle she called her own.

I thought Edward introduced his wife with more than usual satisfaction, and that the lady appeared rather surprised at the beauty and grace of the fair Mrs. Livingstone. Certainly no woman in the room could compare with her, the dress of pale blue satin suiting admirably her delicate complexion and light brown hair, while pearls were the only ornaments which ever became her. I wore dark lavender and black lace, the gayest

dress I had put on for five-and-twenty years; but it was Edward's wish, and I loved to gratify him.

After promenading for a short time, Edward left us together in one of the deep, heavily curtained windows, and as the rooms filled, the scene became very interesting. Here, undisturbed and unseen, we could watch the rest, and enjoyed it until a party came and seated themselves directly before us, and where we could not avoid hearing all they said. They had scarcely got themselves seated, when a buzz at the other end of the room announced a new arrival, and escorted by several gentlemen, and followed by a large party of ladies, we saw a beautiful girl advancing towards us. From the heavy braids of her dark hair to the belt which clasped her slender waist, she was glittering with jewels; they sparkled from her neck, and circled her head in a glittering diadem. She wore a rich purple satin, and with the heavy folds sweeping the ground, might well have been mistaken for some royal queen.

"Who is it?" one of the ladies before us asked her neighbor.

"Why, don't you see? It is Sophia Vane."

I started involuntarily, and Ellen looked at me, but I could not remove my eyes from the proud beauty on whom all eyes were now turned.

"I hear she is going to be married," said the first speaker.

"Yes, to old Mr. Lincoln, very much to his nephew's annoyance; for he would certainly have been his heir. It is also quite a surprise to Miss Vane's friends, for you know since that affair of Edward Livingstone's she has flirted dreadfully, and they really thought she never would marry."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I never did understand rightly about that affair."

"You didn't? Well you see they came home from Calcutta together, and of course Sophia would not lose such an opportunity; so at last Mr. Livingstone was over head and ears in love; and as soon as he landed, went off to see his mother, to get her consent, it appears. He only got there the day she died, and she made him promise to marry a girl she had picked up somewhere, a doctor's daughter, or something like that, I believe. A homely little rustic I have heard them say she was, and that's the reason she does not go out more. I have never met her yet. It is too bad for Mr. Livingstone, such a splendid fellow as he is, to be tied to such a wife; not but what I think he had a lucky escape from Sophia, for she is a dreadful flirt; but then he liked her, and you know love is blind."

Our gossiping neighbors went away, and I hardly dared to look at Ellen. She was very pale, and apparently lost in thought; but at last she said quickly, "Let us go and walk with the rest; I am tired of sitting here."

As we passed out we met Mrs. Trevor, leaning on the arm of a most distinguished-looking man. She introduced him as her brother, Mr. Norton. He bowed low to Ellen, and after conversing for a few minutes, asked her to dance. To my surprise she instantly consented and they went away. I soon after followed, and by a strange coincidence saw that they were standing opposite to Edward, and his partner was Miss Vane. Ellen danced gracefully, and never more so than on this occasion, while I could see that she was holding an animated conversation with her partner.

Miss Vane glanced critically at the stranger, and Edward looked restless and unhappy. When the dance was finished, Mr. Norton and his partner were joined by Mr. Trevor and a few other of the elder gentlemen, all distinguished, educated, and well-known men. The peculiar education Ellen had received from her father, and the solid studies she had all her life pursued, enabled her now to join in the conversation of her new companions with far more spirit than she had just before mingled in the dance. They were charmed. Here was a well-read lady, without the least tinge of blueism, with new and brilliant ideas on most subjects, and an intimate acquaintance with authors the very names of which are unknown to most fashionable ladies. Perhaps not the least of Ellen's charms was her implicitly; she did not like the society of young men—they were all dull in comparison to Edward; but old men brought back the memory of her father, and with them she was always a favorite. When Edward came to lead his wife away, the oldest man of the group came forward, and shaking him

heartily by the hand, congratulated him on the matrimonial prize he had drawn, adding, "I shall take the privilege of an old friend, and come frequently to see you, if only for the selfish gratification of a conversation with your wife."

Such words from such a man were no mere praise, for his indifference to the ladies was as well known as his fame was wide spread. Ellen and I spoke of the conversation we had overheard but once, when she asked me if I had known of Edward's love for Miss Vane before. She sighed heavily when I answered in the affirmative, and the subject was dropped.

The winter passed quickly, for we lived much in society, and as Ellen now made a point of always accepting invitations, her husband could no longer accuse her of staying at home to annoy him. She felt that Miss Vane was artfully weaving spells around Edward, even now while he vainly struggled to free himself from the fascinating influence, and it was her place to be at his side. The season was over at last, but our return to the country was delayed by Edward being taken suddenly ill. Ellen nursed him through his short but painful sickness, and when he recovered Miss Vane was married, and had gone on her wedding tour.

We went back to the Hall, Ellen rejoicing to be once more among the birds and flowers, Edward more gloomy and reserved than ever. Poor Edward, I pitied him now; he had scorned Ellen's love in the day when it might have been his, and now when he had learned her worth, learned how highly others esteemed her, he also discovered that his love was not necessary to her happiness. Believing that it was too late now to repair his error, and too proud to make any change in his behavior, or let her know his feelings, he suffered in silence torments of remorse.

It was a sad misunderstanding, for had she dreamed of the change in his feelings all would have been well; but believing that he loved Miss Vane, and that her own fate was inevitable, she strove still to do her duty, or cheerfully accept the bounteous gifts Heaven had lavished on her, to render her husband's home as pleasant to him as possible, and patiently submit to what she could not avert.

Early in the summer business called Edward away from home, and he proposed taking a voyage to India ere he returned, to settle the affairs of a deceased friend. I had hoped that this separation might break down the barriers to happiness these two proud young people had raised for themselves, but again I was mistaken. They parted as usual, with a simple hand clasp, and when I asked Ellen, as she sobbed and wept on her couch, why she had so dissembled her grief before her husband, she said she had done so dreading his cold reproval, wishing at least to part in peace. All things had been done to insure our comfort during his absence. Ellen's own apartments beautifully furnished, the gardens improved by slopes and Italian terraces, and the green-house well stocked with choice exotics.

The summer was very warm, and I saw that Ellen suffered from the excessive heat; having no longer a motive for appearing cheerful she sank into a dangerous state of sadness, and all my efforts to rouse her were vain. Our daily walks were gradually shortened into a stroll in the gardens, then to a visit to the green-house, and at last she could go no further than to the open window of her boudoir. Here under the shadow of the curtains, reclining on her favorite couch, she spent her days, hourly growing more feeble, and as I feared rapidly falling into a decline. In his three months' absence, Edward had sent us but three letters, one only of the number being to Ellen. It was in the usual reserved style in which he always addressed her, commencing simply "Mrs. Livingstone," but she had shed many tears over those few lines, and I noticed failed more rapidly afterwards.

We received a letter from town one day, one of those gossiping, scandal-bearing epistles which some women love so well to indite. It contained the intelligence that Mrs. Lincoln had eloped with a dashing foreigner, having also carried off with her an immense sum of money. The poor old man, her husband, through grief and vexation had died next day. I must confess to feeling some anxiety to know what Edward would

think of his paragon now. Ellen said little, but she truly pitied the guilty woman.

As the autumn approached, I began to grow seriously alarmed at the state of Ellen's health; her appetite was gone, her face and hands, always fair, became transparently white, and her eyes looked larger than ever, and more beautifully blue and bright. She could no longer move without assistance, and as I daily placed her on her sofa, I prayed that Edward might return ere it was too late.

It was time now that he should come, and I had resolved to write at all hazards, and tell him of the change in his wife's health, when I received an unexpected letter from him. He had returned, and was finishing up the business which had occupied him all the summer; and he gave many minute details, but that was the least interesting part of his letter. He had met Mrs. Lincoln and her companion in guilt, and been the first to inform them of Mr. Lincoln's death, and had been most thoroughly shocked and disgusted by Sophia's unfeeling ridicule of the old man, who had only loved and trusted her too well, as also by the manner in which she rejected all his entreaties that she and her companion should immediately be married.

"Most heartily do I thank Heaven for preserving me from the fate to which I should doubtlessly have rushed on," he wrote; "most grateful am I for the gift of my innocent, pure-minded wife, my beautiful Ellen. And now, if I am spared to see home once more, I shall devote the remainder of my life to teaching Ellen to love me—she must, she shall love me—I have no more pride, no thought, no hope save the one constant longing to hold her to my heart, and hear the loved words from her own lips. I have spent five wretched months striving to conquer what I thought a pitiful weakness; but as well might I try to stem the river's current as quell the all powerful sensations which have now assumed their rightful possession in my soul. I cannot write to Ellen. Only at her feet can I ask pardon for my cruel injustice. Write to me immediately—I shall be obliged to remain here long enough to get your answer."

I dared not refuse to give Ellen her husband's letter, yet dread of its effect; but my worst fears were short of anticipating the consequences. After reading it she sat silent for a time; then a frightful convulsion passed over her, and she fell forward on the sofa. When I raised her the red blood was flowing from her lips, and fell warm on my hands. She had ruptured a blood-vessel. What I wrote to Edward I do not know; it must have been something dreadful.

Nine o'clock, and a cold stormy autumn night, the wind roaring round the house, and the rain dashing against the windows in sudden gusts. Without, all was noise, and storm, and darkness; within, peace and warmth and stillest silence. I sat in Ellen's chamber and watched; the firelight making fantastic shadows in the room, sometimes flickering over the pale face, lying in such deathlike repose on the snowy pillows, and sometimes on the sleeping infant in my arms, Ellen's new born babe. It was an hour of deep anxiety, for the mother's life seemed ebbing fast.

"She might revive, but the chances were against her," said the physician, and he looked too grave for me to doubt his real opinion, even had my own convictions not been the same.

"Oh, that her husband would come, that he might see her alive once more!" I had said again and again; and at last, as if in answer to my prayer, came the sound of his horse's feet above even the roar of the storm. I laid the sleeping infant in its little bed, and went forth to meet him.

"Mary, is she still alive?" was his first inquiry.

I pressed his hand in silence, it was no time to tell him my fears then. In a few minutes he was beside her, gazing with an aching heart on the ravages a few short months had made. She still slept, a deathlike slumber, all unconscious of whose tears were falling on her pillow. I drew aside the curtains of the infant's cradle, and whispered Edward to come. He started with surprise at sight of the tiny occupant.

"Mary, what is this?" he asked.

"Ellen's child and yours," I answered, and placed his little daughter in his arms.

Poor Edward, he might well say his pride was gone; never was man more thoroughly repentant for the past. Through the long hours of the night we watched beside the sleeper, occasionally drawing near to make sure that she really breathed.

At sunrise, while he still sat near her, she suddenly opened her eyes, and called his name. I went softly out of the room, and when I returned an hour after, Ellen had again fallen asleep, her hand fast clasped in her husband's, the babe held lovingly to her bosom. Edward's face was radiant with joy.

"She says she will not leave me," he whispered. "That my love has given her new strength."

His words proved prophetic. Day by day she improved under our careful nursing, until after weary weeks she was permitted once more to leave her chamber for her own cheerful sitting-room. It was a joyful day, when, borne in Edward's arms, she changed the dreary sameness of the sick room for her favorite sofa in the bay window.

A pretty picture they made, sitting there under the rose-colored drapery. I think I see them even now. Ellen in her dressing robe, whose crimson hue imparted a faint flush to her delicate cheek; her slippered feet resting on a soft ottoman; in her hand, still too weak for much service to its owner, is held a tiny bouquet, Edward's morning gift from the green-house. He sits beside her, and with many merry jokes to hide a deeper feeling, binds golden threads around the two rings, now all too large for Ellen's poor thin finger. The still little babe is in its cradle, between the lace curtain of which Edward frequently looks down to assure himself it has not vanished away, this precious miniature copy of his young wife. It was beautiful to see him in his new character of father, displaying a world of tenderness and feeling which even I who had known him all his life had never believed he possessed. I think that that day's pure joy more than repaid them for the sufferings of the past year. Ellen tried to recollect how old the child was, and commenced counting, then suddenly stopped.

"Why, Edward, this is our wedding-day," she said.

Truly was she right, and in another sense—it was indeed their wedding-day—the day on which they were united.

A WARNING TO POETS.—In a paper read before the Historical Society, in London, Dr. Guy recently examined the question as to the duration of the lives of literary persons. He gave the names of eight Roman poets; and, striking a mean between the ages of Tibullus and Martial, he proved that their average duration of life was only forty-eight and a half years. Martial was the longest lived among Roman poets, while Tibullus is said to have died at twenty-four. Persius died at thirty, and Juvenal at eighty-one; taking them, we should get an average of fifty five years. Dr. Guy's list of English poets presented as sad a proof of the nearness of poetry to death. The attainment of celebrity is always, however, an exceptional condition; requiring often much labor, stamina and sobriety. Some die young from sheer poverty of constitution; others kill themselves by intemperance, or impatience with the long struggle with the world. It must be admitted that industry is more wholesome than idleness, and a regular life than an erratic one.

GREAT EVENTS FROM SLENDER CAUSES.—The following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. Thomas Belsham, dated Hackney, August 17th, 1805, which contains an account of a visit which he had just paid to the Duke of Grafton: "Admiral Crosby told me one circumstance which was curious. When he was commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, during the late war, at the time that we were in possession of Corsica, and when Sir Gilbert Elliott was governor-general of the island, General Paoli introduced Bonaparte, then a young man, to the governor and to the admiral, as a friend of his who would be glad to be employed in the service of England; but these wise men, not having Lavater's skill in physiognomy, rejected the proposal, which obliged Bonaparte to offer his services to the French, and this was the rise of Bonaparte's fortunes. I had often heard that Bonaparte had offered his services to the English and been rejected, but I hardly gave credit to it till I learned it from Admiral Crosby himself."



A REMINISCENCE OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN.—FROM A PICTURE BY SHATTUCK, IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

BY W. S. LANDOR.

"I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
'These may she never share!'
Que'er is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, who'er you be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!"

THE CABMAN'S STORY.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

We had reached the bridge, where there are statues, as you know. There were none then. We met a woman sobbing so loud, we could hear it notwithstanding the din of the cabriolet. "Stop," said my master: ere I could turn my head he was on the ground. It was pitch dark; I could see neither the ground nor the sky. The woman went before, my master followed; suddenly she stopped about the middle of the bridge, leaped upon it, and then I heard a plunge. My master sprang up after her; he followed, he could swim like a fish.

I said to myself, if I remain in the cabriolet, I can do no good; on the other hand, I cannot swim a stroke; if I throw myself over, there will be two to draw out instead of one. I said to that old horse who had then four years less on his back, and two measures of oats more in his belly, "Stand still, Coco." You would have thought he understood me: he stood so still.

I ran on, I reached the river side; there was a little boat; I leapt into it, it was fastened by a rope. I pulled and pulled; I felt for my knife, I had forgotten it. And all the time I heard my master diving like a cormorant.

I pulled so hard at last, that crack!—the rope gave way, and I found myself sprawling on my back in the boat. I said to myself, this is no time to be counting the stars; I got up in a hurry.

With the fall the boat had been launched into the stream; I sought for the oars; I could find but one. I tried to row with it; I spun round like a teetotum. I said, "I may as well go whistle; all's over."

I shall never forget that moment, sir, all my life; you would have thought the river was running ink, it looked so black. Now and then only some little wave rose, and cast its spray into the boat; then for a moment would be seen the white robe of the female, or the head of my master, as he rose to the surface to breathe. Once only they came to the surface together. I heard M. Eugene cry, "I see her now." In two strokes he was at the place where her dress had been floating the moment before. Suddenly, I saw his legs in the air; he disappeared; I was not ten steps off, floating down the river with the current, clasping my oar in my hands, and crying. "My God, why can I not swim!"

He appeared again in a moment. This time he held her by the hair; she was senseless; it was time, and for my master too. His breast heaved; he had just strength enough left to

raise himself out of the water, while she lay motionless as lead; he turned his head to see which bank was the nearest; his eyes rested on me. "Here," cried he, "Cantillon!" I leant on the brink of the boat; I stretched the oar to him; three feet more would have done it. "Here," cried he; I swore, I could not help it! "Cantillon." A wave passed over him. I remained with my mouth open, my eyes fixed on the spot. He re-appeared; a mountain seemed to be taken from my breast; I stretched the oar out again; he had come a little nearer. "Courage, master, courage!" I cried. He could not answer me. "Let her drop," I cried; "save yourself." "No, no," cried he. The water rushed into his mouth. Every hair on my head was in a cold sweat. I stood stretching over the boat holding out the oar; everything seemed to be turning about me. The bridge, the Hotel des Gardes, the Tuileries, all danced before us, and yet my eyes never quitted that head, which kept sinking and sinking; those eyes, now on a level with the water, still gazed on me, and seemed twice their usual size; now, only his hair remained above; it sank like the rest; his arm only, with the fingers convulsively bent, rose above the water. I made a last effort; I stretched the oar out—Aha! ha!—I thrust it into his hand.

[Cantillon paused, and wiped his forehead. I drew breath, and he proceeded.]

You may well say that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red-hot iron. He clutched the oar till his nails indented themselves in the wood. I leant the oar on the boat side and raised him out of the water. I trembled so at the idea of losing this devil of an oar, that I lay upon it as I drew it cautiously in. M. Eugene lay with his head back like one in a faint; I still pulled, he came nearer and nearer; at last I stretched my arm out; I caught him by the wrist—huzza, I was sure of my man; I held him like a vice. Eight days afterwards he had the marks of it still on his arms.

He had never let go the female. I drew them both into the boat; they lay in the bottom. I called on my master: I tried to strike him on the palms of his hands, but he held them fast, as if he had been cracking nuts. I could have ate my heart out with vexation.

I caught hold of my oar again and tried to gain the bank. I am no great boatman with two oars, and with one I might as well have flown. If I tried to go to one side I was sure to go to the other. The current in the meantime swept us down. When I saw that we were fairly on the road to Havre, I said, "Faith, this is no time for false modesty; I must call for help;" so I screamed like a peacock.

The men in the little station for the reception of the drowned heard me; they were with us in a moment. They fixed my boat to theirs, and in five minutes after my master and the young woman were both in a layer of salt, like a pair of pickled herrings.

They asked me if I was drowned too? I said "No; but that it made no difference; they might give me a glass of brandy, and I would be all right in a moment;" for my legs were tottering beneath me all the time.

My master first opened his eyes; he threw himself upon my neck. I sobbed, I laughed, I wept. My God, what fools folks do make of themselves sometimes!

M. Eugene turned round; he saw the young girl, to whom they were administering some applications. "A thousand francs," said he, "shall be your reward if you save her. And you, Cantillon, my noble fellow, my friend, my savior, quick, bring hither the cabriolet."

"Ah, true," cried I, "and Coco!" You need not ask if I plied my legs well. I came to the spot where I had left him. No cabriolet or horse was to be found; next day they were found for us, however, by the police. Some amateur had taken them home with him.

I returned and told him. "Quick, then—a fiacre!"

"And the young girl?"

"She has sprained her foot," said he.

I brought the fiacre. She had come completely to herself, but she could not yet speak. We lifted her in.

"Coachman, quick, to the Rue de Bac, No. 81."

[The unhappy victim of perfidy is restored to her father, and

Eugene vainly attempts to soften her seducer, Alfred. The father, who has been left in an adjoining room, waiting the result of their conference, rushes out on the seducer and nearly strangles him in his agony.]

M. Alfred rose, pale, his eyes fixed, his teeth clenched; he did not even look at Mademoiselle Marie, who had fainted. He stepped up to my master, who waited for him with his arms folded. "Eugene," said he, "I did not know that your apartment was a place for cut-throats. Next time, I shall enter it with a loaded pistol in each hand. You understand me?"

"It is in this way I expect you," said my master; "if you came in any other I should request you to be gone."

"Captain," said M. Alfred, as he went out, "you will not forget that I have a debt to settle with you too."

"Which shall be paid this instant," said the captain; "for I will not leave you."

"Be it so."

"Day begins to dawn," said Captain Dumont; "so provide yourself with arms."

"I have both swords and pistols," said my master.

"Put them in the carriage."

"In the Bois de Boulogne, an hour hence, at the Porte Maillot," said M. Alfred.

"In an hour," replied my master and the captain, at the same moment. "Go, provide your seconds." He went out.

The captain bent over his daughter's bed. M. Eugene proposed to call assistance. "Nay; not so," replied the father; "it is better she should not know it. Marie, dear child, adieu. If I am killed, M. Eugene, you will avenge me; will you not? You will not abandon the orphan."

"I swear it," said my master, embracing him.

"Cantillon! a fiacre."

"Shall I go with you, sir?"

"You may."

The captain again embraced his daughter. He called in the nurse. "Take care of her, now," said he. "If she asks for me, say I shall return. Come, my young friend, let us go."

They went into M. Eugene's room. When I returned with the fiacre, they were waiting me below. The captain had the pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugene the swords under his cloak.

"I have no friend but you; no relative but my daughter; you and she to follow my coffin, and it is enough."

A cabriolet followed us a few steps behind: M. Alfred stepped out of it, with two seconds.

One of them approached us. "What are the captain's weapons?"

"Pistols."

"Remain in the cabriolet, and hold the swords," said my master; and they went deeper into the wood.

Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when I heard two pistol shots. I started, just as if I had not been expecting it. It was all over with some one; for ten minutes more elapsed without any repetition of the sound.

I had thrown myself back in the carriage, not daring to look out. Suddenly the door opened. "Cantillon, the swords!" said my master.

I gave them to him. He extended his hand to take them. I saw on his finger the captain's ring.

"And the father of mademoiselle?" said I.

"Dead!"

"The swords, then?"

"Are for me."

"In the name of heaven, allow me to follow you?"

"As you will."

I leapt out: my heart was as small as a grain of mustard seed: I trembled in every limb. My master entered the wood, and I followed him.

We had not gone ten steps, when I perceived M. Alfred standing and smiling in the midst of his seconds.

"Take care," cried my master, drawing me to one side. I stepped back; I had almost trod upon the body of the captain.

M. Eugene cast one glance on the body; then, advancing towards the group, he threw down the swords, and said, "See, gentlemen, whether they be of the same length."

"Cannot matters be delayed till to-morrow?" said one of the seconds.

"Impossible!"

"Be easy, my friends," said Alfred, "I am not tired; I want nothing but a glass of water."

"Cantillon! go fetch a glass of water for M. Alfred," said my master.

"I would almost as soon have been hanged; but my master beckoned to me again; and there was no help for it. I went to a restaurant's who was near—I was back in a moment. I handed him the glass, and said to myself, 'May every drop be poison!' He took it, and his hand did not tremble; only as he gave it me back, I saw that he had ground it with his teeth till he had cracked the edge.

I threw the glass over my head, and saw that during my absence my master had got ready. He had kept on only his pantalons and shirt, the sleeves of which were tucked up. I drew near.

"Have you any orders for me?" I said.

"No," replied he. "I have neither father nor mother. If I die (and he wrote a few words on paper), you will deliver this paper to Marie."

He gave one other look at the body of the captain and advanced towards his adversary, saying:

"Come, gentlemen."

"You have no seconds," said M. Alfred.

"One of yours will do."

"Ernest, step over to the gentleman's side."

And one of the seconds came over to my master's side; the other took the swords, placed the combatants opposite to each other at the distance of four steps, placed the hilts in their hands, crossed the blades and drew back.

At that moment each made a step forward. The blades were locked at the guard.

"Draw back," said my master.

"I am not accustomed to break off," said M. Alfred.

"'Tis well!"

M. Eugene drew back and placed himself again on guard.

Ten frightful minutes followed: the blades flew round each other like snakes at play. M. Alfred alone made thrusts. My master followed his sword with his eyes and parried as calmly as if he had been in the fencing-room. I was in an agony of rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there I could have strangled him.

Still the fight went on. M. Alfred smiled grimly; my master was calm and cool.

"Ah!" said M. Alfred.

His sword had touched my master on the arm, and the blood flowed.

"It is nothing," he said: "proceed."

I perspired with anxiety.

The seconds approached; M. Eugene motioned to them to withdraw. His adversary profited by the occasion; he made a feint. My master was too late with his *parry en second*, and the blood flowed from his thigh. I sat down on the grass—I could not stand.

M. Eugene, however, remained calm as ever; only when his lips parted I could perceive how his teeth were clenched. The moisture flowed from his opponent's brow; he was growing weaker.

My master made a step forward; M. Alfred broke off.

"I thought you never did so," said my master.

M. Alfred made a feint; M. Eugene parried it with a force that made his adversary's weapon fly as if he had been saluting; his breast was exposed—my master's sword disappeared in it up to the hilt.

M. Alfred spread his arms out—dropped his sword. He stood erect only because he was supported by the blade which transpierced him.

M. Eugene drew out his sword, and he fell.

"Have I conducted myself," said my master, "like a man of honor?"

The seconds made a sign in the affirmative.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF GREENHOUSE PLANTS.

In the management of greenhouse plants there are several very essential points first to be attended to—first, cleanliness, that is, not only freedom from dirt, but from decayed leaves, sticks, cuttings, decayed flowers, &c. To secure all this will require constant watchfulness; sweeping, washing and cleaning. Dryness must also be secured, and the dropping about of water must be avoided; shelves after washing must be wiped dry; surplus water, after watering plants, will always be found running about some parts, but damp in a greenhouse is exceedingly injurious, and particularly in a confined one, so that every means should be taken to remove whatever conduces to it. If the weather prove damp for a long time together, which it frequently does, the house must be suitably warmed, and the top lights opened to let out the damp vapors. In the winter months, plants should not be watered until they are really in need of it; a good and simple rule being to examine all the plants, and such as are dry must have water enough to wet the soil all through, while those that are not dry must be left alone altogether. Never give a little water, as it ruins a plant to give only water enough to saturate part of the way down the ball; it will injure even the most healthy plant to moisten a few of its top roots, leaving the bottom ones dry and parched, while it is also equally fatal to saturate a plant with water before it has derived the relief which a plant feels as the soil becomes less cold and wet. Experience has pretty well proved, that a plant derives more nourishment as the water lessens in quantity than it does when the soil is fully charged, and that the moisture it withdraws from the compost, as it decreases in quantity, is more fully charged with the particular qualities of the soil required to nourish the plant, than when the soil is surcharged, no matter how complete the drainage may be. It is also to be borne in mind, that plants always derive benefit from an occasional stirring of the soil on the surface, because watering runs the soil together, and, so far as the texture of it will admit, runs it solid; on this account, whenever the soil appears close on the surface, the top half inch should be stirred, care being always taken, however, that none of the fibres be disturbed in so doing.

THE ERICA.

This most elegant and extensive family of plants forms one of the most delightful features in any collection. Of the hundreds of varieties of which the family is composed, some twelve or twenty may be selected of striking character and hardy constitution, some of which will be in bloom every month. It is advisable to obtain small plants, such as can be easily trained in the manner desired—those that can be stopped, and excited to bushy growth. Such plants only should be selected as are furnished with foliage to the very bottom, and are of good color and condition. They can then be grown up to just what is desired; and, besides, one of the best features of this tribe of plants is, that they bloom while small, and are as perfect and handsome at five or six inches height as they are when at their largest size.

The soil into which these plants may most suitably be placed is that which is composed almost entirely of peat earth of the best quality—not more than a fifth part should be loam, one-fifth part dung, and three-fifths peat; this should be well mixed, and all rubbed through a coarse sieve, which will have the effect of clearing the compost of all coarse lumps of turf and all large stones. Place the plants into pots of suitable size, and locate them in a part of the greenhouse nearest the glass, and where air can be directly admitted to them. The time for future changing should be when their bloom has declined, and they are about to grow; cut them back where they have grown too much for the rest of the plant, shorten all long shoots, and prepare them so that the succeeding year's growth shall make them of a handsome form. Good drainage is very essential, and care must be taken to water them as often as they require it by soaking the whole ball, and then letting them, alone till they are nearly dry again; if, however, they once become, through neglect, thoroughly dry, they will be

greatly injured, if not destroyed. Every pot should be examined before watering. The plants strike from cuttings, and ought to be stopped early if intended for bushy plants. Many, however, are of such beautiful habit, that they may be left to themselves.

CULTIVATION OF CAMELLIAS.

The camellia, when placed in unconfined earth, whether in a conservatory, greenhouse or hotbed, grows rapidly, and in a few years becomes very much extended, and blooms easily and abundantly; but if attention is not paid to having a proper drainage to allow the water to pass off from the roots, or if it is entirely deprived of contact with the open air, especially in summer, the earth in which it is planted becomes deteriorated, the roots decay, the plant is stripped of its leaves, and it dies.

To avoid such a result as the above it is necessary, before transplanting the camellia into unconfined earth, to prepare the soil in which it is to stand in such a manner that the water shall not remain stagnant around its roots, which can easily be done by first placing at the bottom of the space where it is intended to set out the plant some gravel, and over that a few inches of sand; and it is also advisable to put over the sand the roots and vegetable substances which have been separated from the peat soil, when preparing it for filling the pots. The camellia being thus set out, great care should be exercised to afford it a free circulation of air in summer, and especially a humid atmosphere; for this purpose the sashes should be left open every pleasant night, to enable the plant to enjoy the refreshing dews at that season; and it will also be found quite beneficial to the plants to renew the earth which surrounds their roots every three or four years.

Placed in unconfined earth, without protection, the camellia is not capable of well resisting a temperature lower than from thirty-eight to forty-one, and it is, therefore, not a good plan, as a general thing, to expose it to a greater degree of cold. If the winter should be mild, it may doubtless be preserved, vegetate well during the summer, and offer a beautiful appearance in the autumn, but the frequent variations of the atmosphere at that period would cause the buds to fall off. In warm climates, in a northern exposure, where it can be screened from the sun, and in a soil that is congenial, the camellia becomes a magnificent tree, presenting in its bloom an enchanting aspect.

It is not generally known that there are but few exotic plants which usually bear pruning so well as the camellia, and by performing this operation with skill and at the proper time, it assumes the form which it may be desired to give it and blossoms most abundantly. The periods for pruning are either the spring, immediately after florescence, or in the summer, after the second growth—that is, about the middle of August. If the pruning is performed in the spring, it is necessary, immediately after that delicate operation, to carefully re-pot the shrub, and place it in a greenhouse where there is a considerable elevation of temperature, to induce it to throw out its new branches vigorously and in season to get well ripened before the cold weather commences. If the plants are pruned in August, it becomes requisite to sacrifice the existing buds, and thus a year is lost before the blossoms can be enjoyed.

DOUBLE FLOWERS.

Double flowers are beautiful ornaments for the border and the parterre. To the uninitiated it may seem almost incredible that the double moss-rose should be a legitimate descendant from the briar, or bachelor's buttons from the common buttercup; yet so they are. Double flowers, as they are popularly called, are more correctly discriminated as the full flower, the multiplicate flower and the proliferous flower. The full flower is a flower with its petals augmented in number by the total transformation into them of its stamens and its pistils; one-petalled flowers rarely undergo this change, but it is very common in those having many petals, as the carnation, ranunculus, rose and poppy. Radiated flowers, such as the sunflower, dahlia and others, become full by the multiplication of the florets of their rays to the exclusion of the florets of their disk; on the contrary, various species of the daisy, &c., become full by the multiplication of the florets of the disk. A proliferous flower has another flower or a shoot produced from it, as in the variety

of the daisy popularly known as the hen-and-chickens ; it occurs also more rarely in the ranunculus, pink, marigold, &c., and a leafy shoot often appears in the bosom of the anemone and rose.

A due supply of moisture—but rather less than the plant most delights in when the production of seed is the desired object—a superabundant supply of decomposing substance to its roots, and an exposure to the greatest possible degree of sunlight, are the means successfully employed to promote that excessive development of the petals which characterise double flowers. By these means a greater quantity of sap is supplied to the flower than the natural extent of the petal can elaborate. In double flowers the corolla is much more durable than in single ones of the same species, as anemones and poppies ; because, in such double flowers, the natural function not being performed, the vital principle of their corolla is not so soon exhausted. Advantage may be taken of this to prolong the duration of flowers by cutting away the pistils or stamens, whichever are least conspicuous, with a sharp pair of pointed scissors.

HYACINTHS IN POTS.

To succeed in the cultivation of hyacinths in pots, give them enough space to grow in without starving their roots ; and the easiest way to do this is to use pots of an extra deep shape. By this simple arrangement the roots have sufficient nourishment, while the pots take up no more space than ordinary ones. An inch or two of well-decayed manure may be put at the bottom of the pots to promote the richness of colors and perfume of the flowers. Three or four bulbs may be planted in the same pot ; but the latter should be sufficiently large, and of the requisite depth—twice the diameter of the top being a good proportion. After the bloom is over, put those which are fine varieties and worth preserving in some warm and light place—the top shelf of a hothouse, greenhouse or vinery, close to the glass, is the most preferable ; they will require no more care nor watering, and, after the leaves wither, they may be sorted, and lie by until the planting season returns. If these points are attended to hyacinths will suffer but little from forcing, and will flower again the next year. Another plan is to grow three bulbs in each pot—upright pots, at least six inches clear inside. After planting, put them in a frame properly drained at the bottom, and slightly protected at the sides, and cover with tan at least four inches ; in this state they remain until the flower-stem heaves up the tan. Every pot, as this occurs, is to be taken to the greenhouse, and put at the back of the stage and shaded by a mat, until the stem and leaves become greenish, when they are to be gradually brought to more light and air. In this state examine each spike of flowers, and cut out any decaying blossoms.

AN ENGLISH "WATER CURE."

I HAVE been three weeks at Great Malvern, under treatment at Dr. Wilson's Water Cure Establishment.

I was induced to make trial of this mode of treatment, partly by the glowing account of its effects contained in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's pamphlet, and partly by nothing more than mere curiosity to find out if there was anything in the system, and if so, what. For some years past a vague purpose of making this experiment has been in my thoughts ; and in the weary hours of nervous exhaustion which I have passed during the last few months, it had come to be a haunting presence ; so I determined to lay the ghost and get rid of it—a process, you may say, not unlike that of getting rid of an importunate lover by marrying him.

It would be unprofitable to give any detailed account of my experience in the wash-tub. Suffice it to say that the ministering angel, alias the bath attendant, came to me three times a day. Early in the morning, I was half-packed : that is, enveloped in a wet sheet, and left in its folds about forty minutes, and then encased and introduced to a common cold bath in an ordinary bathing-tub. At noon I was exposed to a process which may be described as a combination of a horizontal and perpendicular shower-bath ; being placed in the midst of a system of iron pipes, which curved round one like the ribs of a

human skeleton, and from a hundred minute orifices ejaculated little tiny streams of crystal, while a small cataract was tumbled down upon the head. This was very exhilarating ; and I have often wished for it since. Then in the afternoon I had a sitting bath, and was afterwards enfolded in the embrace of a wet sheet. All these applications were accompanied by brisk rubbings with rough towels. In the intervals I was desired to take long walks, and to drink three or four tumblers of water ; and being by birth and breeding obedient to law, I generally conformed to the prescription.

Everybody in Malvern begins the day with a walk to St. Anne's Well, which is reached by steep ascent, which takes some fifteen minutes of brisk up-hill toiling to accomplish—the old, the lazy, and the fat and scant of breath being assisted by donkeys. A pleasant sight always greeted you at the well. A band of music was playing upon the small open space just before the little building into which the waters of the streams are carried ; and crowds of living figures animated the scene—the blooming faces of English maidens and English children being in unison with the freshness of the morning. Every one on arriving drank a glass of the water, which flowed through a pipe, and ran off through an opening in a marble shell. The water is very good : not only the best I have drunk in England, but as at present advised, the only good water I have found here. The water in London is detestable ; when you drink it, you are reminded of a weak solution of Epsom salts, and when you wash in it, of the sand in which the Arabs, when in the desert, are allowed to perform their ablutions. Why the English are a nation of beer drinkers, is perfectly intelligible to any one who comes to England. How my soul has panted here for the ice waters of home ! and how my ear has languished for the musical rattle of the melting crystal against the sides of the pitcher—a sound sweeter in a hot day than harp or dulcimer.—*George S. Hilliard.*

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ALPS.

A LETTER from Interlaken contains the following :—On Monday evening, 29th August, this little town was in the greatest state of excitement ; the news having reached it that there were three gentlemen lost on the Harder Mountain, a spot which had already been the scene of many fatal catastrophes. It would appear that the Prince Leon Deolet-Kildeco (a Russian), Mr. Donald Spence, and Mr. Lancelot Spence (two Englishmen), had set out in the evening, about half-past five o'clock, with the intention of merely taking a short walk on the mountain, but that when they had ascended for about half an hour, they left the path and struck out one for themselves which seemed to lead more directly to the summit. On reaching, however, an awkward-looking precipice, the Russian prince and Mr. Lancelot Spence determined to cross it, with the view of descending to Interlaken in a quicker manner : once on the other side of the precipice, they found that all descent was impracticable, while at the same time they were unable to retrace their steps. Nothing then was left them but to ascend, for in ascension was their only hope of safety, while Mr. Donald Spence, who had not crossed the precipice, was able to hurry back to the town for assistance.

This he succeeded in obtaining, and in about two or three hours he managed to overtake his brother and the prince, who having by that time given up all hope of getting out of the difficulty unaided, had lit their cigars, and made up their minds to have a night of it. It was then perfectly dark, thunder and lightning raging, and a perfect deluge of rain falling, so that the predicament was anything but pleasant. A party of guides, with lanterns, dispatched from the town, discovered them, however, so that they did not stay for the whole night on their comfortless perch. On arriving at the entrance of the town, nearly at midnight, a great crowd awaited their coming with greetings of the most enthusiastic kind—all hope having been given up of the safety of the prince and of Mr. Lancelot Spence. The entrance into Interlaken was a perfect triumph ; the road was lined ; all the windows at the various hotels were filled.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

The present month has been an eventful one. The Italian question has presented every day a more hopeful phase, thanks to the wisdom of the Italian people. The manifesto issued in the *Moniteur*, and evidently inspired by Louis Napoleon, puts the matter in a very clear light. The Emperor of France claims that he has done for the Italians all that it is advisable, since something must and ought to be left to themselves, to test their capacity for self government. In the meantime the Tuscans, Modenese and Parmesans have utterly repudiated their old rulers, and expressed a desire to be annexed to Piedmont. Victor Emanuel replies that this must depend upon the consent of the great powers. There is every probability of a European congress, as the conference at Zurich seems to be abortive.

The Syracuse Convention ended as laid down in the Wise-auctioneer letter, by the choosing of double delegations to Charleston. It is not improbable that Mr. Wise may fall to the ground between his Hard and Soft Shells. There was much ruffianism displayed at the convention, each party throwing the blame on the other. They were both equally in fault. It has been an unfortunate feature for some years that too much stress is laid on muscle and too little on mind. We hope the brutal assault on the editor of the *Daily News* will arouse the public to a proper sense of the strides made by the shoulder-hitting politicians.

The successful trip of the Great Eastern has been hailed with as much enthusiasm in America as in England, and great preparations have been made by the people of Portland to receive her in a becoming manner. There seems to be every probability of her visiting New York after her arrival in Portland. The accident which occurred to her in her trial trip, by which several lives were lost, had the effect of testing her stability, since all agree that the explosion would have shattered any other vessel. As it was, it did not even stop the engines. The repairs, however, of the interior decorations will delay her departure till the 20th of October. We may, therefore, expect her here about the 1st of November. The death of the unfortunate engineers, and the sudden decease of her world-renowned architect, Brunel, affix a melancholy interest to her first voyage. Mr. Brunel, however, lived to know that the cherished object of his life was a decided triumph.

The public attention has been called to the dispute between General Harney, the commander of the United States troops, and the British governor of Columbia, Douglas, about the possession of the island of San Juan. To avoid the possibility of a collision between the two impetuous officials, Mr. Buchanan has despatched Lieutenant-General Scott to the scene of action. It is gratifying to notice that the British admiral refused to obey the instructions of the governor, declaring his intention to await instructions from the home government. In the interim the island is occupied by our troops, although a strong English fleet is anchored in the neighborhood. It is satisfactory to know that the American and British officers on the spot are on the most friendly terms.

The nomination of General E. R. V. Wright for the Democratic candidate for governor for New Jersey has given the friends of that gentleman sincere pleasure, since on two several occasions he waived his undoubted right to that honor in favor of younger and less deserving men. The contest will undoubtedly be a severe one, since Peter Clark, the American nominee, has withdrawn, in order to concentrate the support of both the Republican and American parties upon Mr. Olden. This gentleman, however, labors under the disadvantage of having, while in the New Jersey legislature, endeavored to force a bill through both houses abolishing the homestead privilege, which secures to the unfortunate debtor his household chattels, to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. General Wright, on the contrary, has always stood between the poor man and his oppressor. This act alone of Mr. Olden ought to defeat him.

Our notoriety-loving citizens have been much disappointed by the refusal of Charles Dickens to revisit America. We think he is wise in coming to this decision, since the events of the last two years have materially damaged his reputation. He would, nevertheless, have met with the generous reception due to the great reforming author of the age.

The frightful state of affairs in Utah is exciting the indignation of the people. It seems incredible that Mr. Buchanan can allow Brigham Young and his brutal crew of elders and Danites to rob and murder with impunity, and under the very eyes of the United States troops. If the federal force is not large enough to compel obedience to the laws, let more be sent. The best plan would be to extirpate an evil, which, like slavery, threatens to become of most alarming dimensions.

The past month has likewise seen the strange spectacle of a riot within three miles of New York, by which the public traffic on a great railroad was actually stopped for several days. It was occasioned by the failure of Mr. Seymour, the contractor for the Bergen tunnel, to pay the laborers on that harassing and dangerous work. The military were called out, and several arrests were made. Owing to the indifference of the contractor to the necessities of the poor laborers the public sympathy was entirely in their favor, by which means they escaped the punishment their violence undoubtedly deserved. The men have since returned to their work, on the understanding that they were to be paid in the course of a few days.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

MUSIC—ART—LITERATURE, ETC.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—We have had quite a gala time in a musical way during the last few weeks. Max Maretzek, with the whole strength of his Havana company, has occupied the Academy of

Music for several weeks, and considering the unusual inclemency of the weather—it rained and did all kind of things two nights out of three—the success which attended the performances was something remarkable. The city was crowded with strangers, who thronged to the opera every night, to the exclusion of many of the organized habitués, making the auditorium look more Spanish than American.

There was a wide range of operas given, all of which were ably represented by Mesdames Gassier, Cortesi and Strakosch; Messieurs Brignoli, Steffani, Arnoldi, Amodio, Gassier, Junca, &c. It will be perceived that the company was very strong—that it contained some of the most popular singers, and our readers can judge from that fact of the character of the performances.

The great success of the season was indubitably the matinees. At these entertainments, commencing at one o'clock, the crowd was really immense. Early in the forenoon every Saturday crowds of elegantly dressed ladies might be seen loitering round the doors of the Academy of Music in Irving place. Every five minutes would add to their number, and by the time the doors were opened the way was almost impassable. Then came the rush, the squeeze, the push; skirts lost their fair proportions, hoops were doubled up in shapes never contemplated by their makers, and scenes of confusion almost equalling the convention at Syracuse transpired in every part of the opera-house. The style in which some ladies can "work their way" under some circumstances is curious to speculate upon. The great object is, of course, to achieve a seat, and only when every vacancy is filled can order be said to prevail.

The popularity of this class of entertainment is as great as it has been suddenly, and we believe the result is only to be accounted for by the fact that the seats are all free. Every one has an equal chance—"the early lady catches the seat," and the desire to achieve the best is a little additional excitement which has its attraction. The same system would work well on the regular opera nights with this addition, that by paying the dollar in advance seats could be secured without extra charge. A good attendance at such a price should be remunerative, and would be where the opera is carefully and economically managed.

The regular operatic season commenced the middle of last month. The new singers secured by M. Strakosch in Europe for the Academy of Music are said to be young, talented and beautiful—a combination which must prove irresistible. The sopranos are Signorini Speranza and Crescimo. The contralto is Mlle. Cruvelli, sister of the great Cruvelli. The tenors are Beancardi, Stigelli and Testa; while the baritone is the handsome Ferri. If these new singers prove equal to their advance reputation, they will assuredly make a brilliant hit for themselves and the management.

All the pleasant remembrances of years gone by were revived most pleasantly by the return to this country of Madame Anna Bishop (now Madame Anna Bishop Schultz), who has married a true-born American, and returns to us once again to delight us with her superb and varied talents, her charm and grace of person, and that elegance of deportment and amenity of manner which are the tests of the true lady.

She has appeared several times at concerts in which she was the sole attraction, and was received with the most genial enthusiasm—an enthusiasm made up of the pleasant memories of the past and the genuine delight experienced in listening to her exquisite singing in the present. Several years have passed since she last sang here; she has travelled since then through California, Australia, South America and England. Yet she returns to us looking younger than when she left, with a voice richer and purer in quality, and seemingly in the very maturity of her powers.

Madame Anna Bishop is about to visit Canada, the West, and eventually the South, professionally, and we bespeak for her from our readers a cordial welcome, assuring them that they will thank us for commending her to their notice, when they listen to the dulcet notes of one of the sweetest warblers that ever visited our shores.

ART EXHIBITIONS.—New York is now rich in art exhibitions, and no stranger visiting the city should neglect to see one and all of them. At the National Academy of Design will be found some admirable specimens of the works of the great living French and English artists. Of course all the specimens are not equally great, but there are many which will well repay a visit, which will invite study and yield unqualified delight.

The International Art Exhibition, corner of Fourth street and Broadway, contains also some superb specimens of the German and French schools. It is intended to make this gallery a permanent institution, and as the present pictures are disposed of to supply their places with the finest productions from the studios of the most eminent artists.

The Dusseldorf Gallery still maintains its attractions for the public; and the great picture-dealing stores have a constant supply of the finest American and foreign works of art.

Waugh's Panorama of Italy, at Hope Chapel, is well worth seeing. It is the result of several years' residence in that sunny land. All the scenes are painted from sketches taken on the various spots by Mr. Waugh himself. They are truthful and beautiful, and next to visiting that classical and lovely country, we know nothing that brings its beauties so vividly to the mind as the panorama in question. He has caught the poetical spirit of the scenery and transferred it to canvas by the touch of his magic brush. The panorama abounds in striking effects, which are so beautiful and so life-like, that mere description must fail in the endeavor to do them justice. They must, in truth, be seen to be understood or appreciated, therefore we say to our readers, look and judge for yourselves. The running lecture which accompanies the movement of the panorama is most interesting; it is wisely brief and concise, but it recalls much that we have known and forgotten, and much that is new and desirable to know.

It is in truth a most pleasant place to visit, and we commend all

who have a taste for the beautiful to visit Waugh's Panorama of Italy, and they will be well repaid.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—There is beginning to be considerable activity in the literary world. The publishers are quite busy, and have produced many valuable and interesting works in history, travel, poetry and fiction. We notice some of those which are most worthy of consideration.

From the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society, we have received *The Life of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells*, by George L. Duyckinck, a work both interesting and instructive, as illustrating that period in English history when the Established Church of England was in imminent danger from the bigoted arts of James II. He was one of the seven bishops who signed the celebrated protest, and who stood firm to its faith and its rights despite the anger of the king, the terrors of the Tower and the notorious corruption of the judges. Bishop Ken was a great and good man, meek and charitable to all, but fearless as a lion in defence of the right. He was also a learned man and a brilliant and powerful preacher, and in the pulpit he was God's servant and feared no man's displeasure, not even the king's. The life is carefully compiled from reliable authorities, and is gracefully and elegantly written.

We have also received from the same source *The History of the Reformation in Sweden*, by L. A. Anjou, Counsellor of the King of Sweden, translated from the Swedish, by Henry M. Mason, D. D. This work comprises a well defined history of the Swedish church to the year 1520, up to which period it was Roman Catholic, and from that period through all its struggles towards and its final achievement of reformation and separation from the papal authority. The history of this struggle towards light, so stormy and so important in its eventual achievement, is very interesting, more especially to those who have sympathy with the Protestant Episcopal faith. To those we warmly commend this work.

Christian Union and the Protestant Episcopal Church in its relations to Church Unity, by William H. Lewis, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, &c. &c., we have also received from the same establishment. This small work is designed as a book which a churchman may put into the hands of those who are ignorant of or prejudicial against his faith, or which he may give to any of that large and increasing class who are thoughtfully inquiring respecting his church. It is a work written in a pure spirit, with much earnestness and eloquence, and in accordance with a resolution adopted by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, inviting friendly conference with Christians of other denominations, with a view to promoting a better feeling in the various communities. It is a work calculated to affect much good.

As a specimen of genuine unaffected biography, we cordially commend to our readers a book which G. G. EVANS, of Philadelphia, has just published, namely, *The Life of Colonel David Crockett*, written by himself. Such an announcement cannot fail to elicit general attention and curiosity, for David Crockett is a sort of wild, adventurous, mythical person, of whose marvellous exploits every one has heard, and about whom every one would be glad to know all that can be known. This book, said to be written by himself, bears the impress of his hand in every line, at least, so it seems to us, and entirely kills a Munchausen account, adorned with Crockett's name, and said to be a faithful record of his life, but which he, the original and real Simon Pure, indignantly denies. The present work comprises his early life—hunting adventures—services under General Jackson in the Creek war—electioneering speeches—career in Congress—triumphal tour in the Northern States and services in the Texan war. To which is added an account, by the editor, of Colonel Crockett's glorious death at the Alamo, while fighting in defence of Texan independence.

The book is a remarkable one in every way. It is the veritable record of a singularly adventurous life at a time when such men as Crockett were shining marks for general admiration. There are, doubtless, at the present day, many men of the same type, but the race is fast dying out, yielding to the inevitable march of civilization. Still, the lessons and the moral of such men's lives are well worth remembering and profiting thereby. We have read the book with great interest—an interest which we feel assured will be shared by tens of thousands of our citizens.

The colonel, after giving his reasons for being his own biographer and pitching into the critics, says:

"But I don't know of any thing in my book to be criticised on by honorable men. Is it on my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar? I hadn't time to learn it and make no pretension to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book? I never wrote one before, and never read very many, and of course know but mighty little about that. Will it be on the authorship of the book? This I claim, and I'll hang on to it like a wax plaster. The whole book is my own, and every sentiment and sentence in it."

The rough and ready man speaks out there, and we advise our readers to purchase the book and judge for themselves. We hope that they will all find the same amount of amusement in it that we have found.

The recent war in Italy has been a fruitful subject for our literary men. We noticed several works upon this subject in our last month's summary, since which time several other interesting works relating to the war and Louis Napoleon have been issued.

J. G. WELLS, of New York, has just published an *Illustrated History of the War in Italy*, by J. E. Tuel, author of *An Historical Analysis of the Eastern War, a Review of the Diplomatic Policy of the Mexican War, &c., &c.* We should judge this book to be one of the best published on this interesting subject. The writer has made himself thoroughly familiar with every interesting feature of the war, and has presented its history in a graphic and brilliant style. The work is elaborately illustrated with accurate maps and engravings, and its general getting-up is highly creditable to the publisher.

Having ourselves devoted much attention to the illustrations and history of the war just closed, we can cordially commend this work of J. E. Tuel's to the public. The statistical matter contained in it will be found at all times of the greatest service for reference, and would in itself make it indispensable for libraries.

SHELDON & Co. have republished Mr. C. Edward Lester's *Napoleon Dynasty*, in which the history of the Bonaparte family is brought down to the present time. Recent events in Europe have made the appearance of Mr. Lester's work at this time extremely appropriate. The culmination of the fame and prosperity of the Napoleonic race he now regards as attained in its present representative. The conclusion and political consequences of the late war in Italy are treated in the author's well-known and vigorous style. A vignette of the Empress Eugenie, taken from Winterhalter's celebrated picture, is added to the former list of portraits. The description of Eugenie's influence upon her husband's career is so warm a recognition of her high qualities as a woman, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

"Eugenie had been the good angel of the hero of Solferino, as Josephine was of the hero of Marengo. Amidst the storms of Empire, which even unsteadied the nerves of Napoleon (which seemed to be made of steel), and afterwards when he had every temptation to hurl back on the thrones of Europe the insults which her despots had given him, when he felt that in taking the reins of government in France he was going into a cage of hyenas, when all Europe was an ocean waiting in blackness and silence for the storm that was to lash it into fury; at this moment Eugenie shot across the path of his ambition, and love said 'Peace, be still!'"

The book is very handsomely got up by its publishers, and is eminently readable and attractive.

We have received two more books on the war. One is published by ROBERT M. DE WITT, and profusely illustrated with engravings of the most striking scenes of the war, and a most admirable map, drawn expressly by a distinguished Prussian officer. This is, certainly, considering the price, the most complete history that has appeared, and is all that can be wished, since it commences with the first developments of the Italian Question in the Congress of Paris in 1856, and concludes with the peace of Villafranca. It also contains the official accounts of the Austrian, French and Sardinian governments, as well as the graphic letters of the London Times special correspondent. The other is published by Mr. SCHOMBERG, and is embellished with two maps of the highest interest.

Among the poetical works recently issued from the press, we must make special mention of a very pleasant volume published by H. DEXTER & Co., 113 Nassau street, entitled *Rhymes of Twenty Years*, by Henry Morford. Did the contents of this neat and tasteful little volume merit disapproval from the critic, the modest and unpretending title and dedication would disarm him. But, in fact, we have seen very many volumes of "poems" with far fewer claims to the title, whether we regard the composition of the pieces or the sentiments which have dictated them. The volume appears to us to be a sort of poetic note-book, in which the thoughts, feelings and incidents of home life and home affections have been registered. There is not the shadow of an attempt at sensation writing, or straining after effect; nor do we find in its pages those eccentricities of rhythm and manner which make so many of the verses of the day appear less like poetry than prose run mad. But always there is pure and elevated feelings, expressed in chaste, simple, pleasing language; and whenever the writer speaks of children, we find especially a glow of fire and tenderness which will make his book acceptable to every parent in the land. Whether grieving over the lost, or rejoicing in the living, there is the same true poet's heart. We think every one who has seen with pain the nascent feeling of jealousy in some infant heart, excited by the caresses lavished on a still younger olive branch, will find a responsive chord in his own heart touched by the lines entitled

• NOTHING TO ME!

"I'm nothing to you!" said my brown-eyed beauty,
As up I lifted her baby sister
(Filling a parent's pleasantest duty),
Parted her golden ringlets, and kissed her!
"I'm nothing to you!" and the red lips pouted,
And the eyes were brimming with troubled waters:
Heaven! what a pain that my love was doubted!
That love so wed to my baby daughters!

"Nothing to me!" Could the little treasure
Have known how deeply my heart was throbbing
With a love that was nearer a pain than a pleasure,
I never had heard that tender sobbing.
I drew her home to my yearning bosom,
I kissed her lips, her cheeks and her tresses:
I think she learned—my little blossom—
She was "something to me" ere I ceased my caresses.

"Nothing to me!" Oh, the days of anguish
That we bear when our darlings' faces are clouded—
Oh, hopes and fears when the weak heads languish;
Oh, sobs, when one for the grave is shrouded!
Oh! sleepless nights when the brain is carving
Some plan the paths of their feet to brighten—
Oh! sharpest pang of the poor and the starving
When Love in Death makes the heartstrings tighten!

Bear witness, all, that howe'er we have broken
Bonds that were sacred, in shame and folly—
We have held one promise, dear but unspoken—
We have kept the love of our children holy!
They are part of us! nor time nor distance
Can memory cheat of their means or their laughter—
Not even when closes the day of existence
In the night or the morn of the long Hereafter!

Mr. Morford has been long and favorably known as a member of the New York press, and we predict for his "Rhymes" a success to which their intrinsic merits fully entitle them.

We are all happy to hear from Bayard Taylor; he is one of the few who can put down on paper his impressions of travel in a manner acceptable to the general reader and at the same time to the critical and the learned, and we were pleased to receive from G. P. PUTNAM, 115 Nassau street, *Bayard Taylor's Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete*. Next to passing a pleasant hour with the Chevalier Bayard, we esteem the privilege of accompanying him (on paper) in his wide and varied wanderings from place to place. He observes well, he sees more than the mere groupings which attract the eye, and has the happy faculty of narrating what he sees easily, gracefully, and with piquancy and vividness. In every day's common-place during his travels he presents to his readers a dozen striking photographs, in which we see standing out boldly but harmoniously locality, costume and character, fixed upon paper in the spirit of the instant. So admirable are his descriptive powers, he makes us see what he saw, and feel with him the impressions he received. We have been over the same ground a hundred times, but never more pleasantly than with Bayard Taylor. It would seem impossible to write anything new about this tourist-ridden route, but there is a freshness, an unpretentiousness about Bayard Taylor's manner and matter very pleasant to our taste, and quite free from that wondering bombast, that classic twaddle, and that obtrusive sentimentality which make up two-thirds of the journals of our modern tourists.

We have received much pleasure from reading Bayard Taylor's *Travels in Greece*, and very cordially commend the work to our readers. It is very handsomely got out, and illustrated from sketches made on the spot by the author.

Slowly but surely justice is being done to the early heroes of our country. From time to time volumes appear devoted to the history of names which but few of the present generation are familiar with, but who in times gone by played noble and active parts. Some of these hardy, dauntless men are rescued from oblivion by a volume recently issued by G. G. EVANS, of Philadelphia, *The Life of Lewis Wetzel, the Virginia Ranger*, by Cecil B. Harley; illustrated with engravings from original designs, by G. G. White. This is a book which will be read with delight by the youth of our country, for it recounts deeds of noble daring, done by those whose undaunted courage, mighty prowess and firmness, both moral and physical, under every vicissitude, made the Great West what it now is. Lewis Wetzel was one of the most famous of the many famous men who carried terror into the Indian camps and defended our frontiers against every foe. This volume contains, in addition to the life of Wetzel, biographical sketches of General Simon Kenton, General Benjamin Logan, Captain Samuel Brady, Governor Isaac Shelby, Jesse Hughes and Elias Hughes, Isaac Williams, Colonel Robert Patterson. The hairbreadth escapes and desperate adventures of these men are truly interesting and exciting. The illustrations are very spirited. It is a book which will become very popular.

"Betsy Blake," one of the most sensible, charming and graceful American writers, began a new novel in the *Home Journal* of last month, which promises to yield a rich harvest of interest and new subscribers to that admirably conducted family sheet.

The APPLETONS have issued a very pleasant, amusing and useful volume, entitled *Breakfast, Dinner and Tea, viewed classically, poetically and practically*. The subject affords wide scope for one well versed in antiquarian lore, for that important occupation of life, eating and drinking, was a study with the ancients, and was more deeply considered even than it is with us. So many pleasant things have been said and written about Breakfast, Dinner and Tea, by men of all ages and all countries, that now we have before us a work upon the subject, we feel surprised that such a work has not appeared before.

The book is most charmingly written. It is a history of everything connected with the subjects, but freed from all the stiffness which generally accompanies that class of works. It gossips learnedly about the manners and customs of all nations, the introduction of many of our now most acceptable dishes, and a thousand things to interest and amuse, which have been caught floating about or dug up from the dry records of unremembered books. It discourses of numerous curious dishes and feasts of all times and all countries, and gives, besides, incidentally, several hundred modern receipts of the most recherché character.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea is a book which will not soon grow stale, for its contents are so varied, and amusement is so blended with fact and instruction, that it will prove not only a constant household reference, but an unailing source of interest and pleasure.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea is served up in most elegant binding, on the finest paper, and with the clearest type. Messrs. Appleton have done a charming work the fullest possible justice.

A work of rare merit, both instructive and interesting, has been issued by WILLIAM A. TOWNSEND, called *The Mississippi Bubble: A Memoir of John Law*. By Adolphe Thiers. It is translated and edited expressly for the publishers by Frank S. Fiske, who has acquitted himself of the task in a very careful and successful manner. The history of the Mississippi Bubble reveals one of the most extraordinary instances of public credulity and the blindness which is ever induced by the wild greed of gain that has ever been recorded in any age or place. The world literally went mad with excitement and expectation: visions of untold wealth, which was to pour in without labor or risk—dreams of luxurious ease, of nations clear of debt—in short, a time of universal jubilee, a blissful millennium—all to spring into existence at the wave of John Law's magic wand. Law became the idol of the people; crowned kings, coroneted earls and noble ladies bowed before him and courted his favor, as no simple man was ever bowed to or courted before.

How the bubble burst and its results are vividly and forcibly told

in the book before us, and the moral of Law's life and career stands boldly out in characters which cannot be mistaken. M. Thiers has presented a detailed and very reliable history of the events, and has added scientific accounts of the *Darien Expedition* and the *South Sea Scheme*. The same spirit of reckless speculation still exists in every community, and this book appears at a time when its moral may have a restraining effect upon many. We commend this book warmly, for it is, besides being charmingly written, of living interest to every class of the community.

A very pleasant little book is *Guy Carlton*, which we have received from HOWE & FERRY, publishers, 76 Bowery. It is the first volume, complete in itself, of a series called "Glen Morris Stories," written by Francis Forrester, and specially adapted for young people. The story is very interesting, and is written in a style which young folks will both feel and understand. It contains excellent precepts, illustrated by examples and consequences, and conveys unexceptionable morals without parade, but with a force which cannot fail to make a lasting impression. If the other volumes of the "Glen Morris Stories" are as pure in thought and as good in matter as *Guy Carlton*, they may be safely placed in the hands of children, and will prove both pleasurable and profitable. The work is well got out, and the woodcuts of an excellent class.

We have received from the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society the following excellent works: *The Life of Bishop Stewart, of Quebec*, by John N. Norton, an ably written biography of a good and learned man, the moral of whose life cannot fail to prove valuable and impressive; *Henry Eschenfels, and how he came to a Knowledge of God*, from the German of Christoph Schmid, a pleasant tale, in which much worldly and heavenly information is conveyed in a manner at once attractive and convincing; *Unica, a Story for Girls*, by the author of "Uncle Jack," the "Fault Killer," &c., simply and pleasantly written, and an attractive tale for the young; *Magdala and Bethany*, by the Rev. S. C. Mendan, M.A., Rector of Broadwindsor, Dorset, England. This is a most beautiful little volume, breathing in every page the noblest sentiments of elevated thought and religious enthusiasm. It is written by a most remarkable man, and every line bears evidence of cultivated intellect, of broad and generous philanthropy, and of earnest conviction of the glorious truths of which he writes. We cordially commend this charming work.

We have received from S. S. FITCH & Co., 714 Broadway, *A Popular Treatise upon Diseases of the Heart, Apoplexy, Dyspepsia and other Chronic Diseases*; also a volume containing *Six Lectures on the Functions of the Lungs, and Causes, Prevention and Cure of Consumption, Asthma, &c.*; also *a Treatise on Medicated Inhalation*, by Samuel Sheldon Fitch, A. M. M. D. This last work has run through twenty-four editions. Dr. Fitch has become widely known from his mode of treatment, which he asserts will cure consumption, asthma, heart disease and all other ills which flesh is heir to. The volumes before us contain a vast number of letters from the patients of the doctor, testifying to the reality and permanency of his cures. We shall not discuss the value of the system upon which Dr. Fitch practises, but leave the readers of the books to judge for themselves. There are always plenty of people to adopt new fancies in medicine, and to reason with such people would be a hopeless waste of time. But whatever may be our opinion of the doctor's theory and practice, we must, in justice, say his works contain matter-of-fact statements, and practical information and advice which cannot fail to prove of infinite value to those who read them. The works are well brought out, with quite a large number of well executed anatomical drawings.

MESSRS. DICK & FITZGERALD have just published *The Dictionary of Love*, by Theocritus, junior. The volume contains a definition of all the terms used in love. In short, it is a history of the tender passion, illustrated by apposite selections and quotations from the most celebrated poets, ancient and modern. It is a very pleasantly written book, choice in its language and refined in its sentiment, and displays both literary taste and judgment. Its matter is unexceptionable, for it is a Dictionary of Love as understood by the pure, the gentle and the refined.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE FOR A KING.—Henry VII. gave the following, among other directions, to the ambassadors he sent to Naples to open a negotiation for the hand of Queen Joanna: "To mark and note well the age and stature of the said young queen, and the features of her body, the favor of her visage, the clearness of her skin, the color of her hair, to note well her eyes, brows, teeth and lips, to mark well the fashion of her nose, specially to note her complexion, her arms, hands, fingers, neck, whether she have any sickness, deformity or blemish, and whether there appear any hair about her lips or not. Item, that they endeavor them to speak with the said young queen, fasting, and that she may tell unto them some matter at length, and to approach as near to her mouth as they honestly may, to the intent that they may feel the condition of her breath, whether it be sweet or not, and to mark at every time when they speak with her, if they feel any savor of spices, rose-water, or musk by the breath of her mouth or not. Item, to note the height of her stature, and to inquire whether she wear any slippers, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent they be not deceived in the very height and fashion of her; and if they may come to the sight of her slippers, then to note the fashion of her foot."—*Memorials of Henry VII.*

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BATTLES AND SIEGES IN ITALY.

SIEGES OF ROME.

ITALY, the land of the most warlike nation in the world, has naturally been the scene of innumerable battles. Passing over the early records of the Roman kings, we commence our brief epitome of the most famous conflicts on her classic soil with the siege of Rome by the Sabines, 747 years B. C. This was occasioned by the well-known raid of the Romans upon the Sabine women. The second siege was 507 B. C., when Tarquin the Proud interested Porsenna, King of Clusium, in Tuscany, to take up his cause. The heroism of Mucius Scaevola has rendered this known to every schoolboy. The third siege took place 488 B. C., and has been rendered also familiar by Shakespeare in his "Coriolanus." On this occasion that warlike Roman gave way to the tears of his mother, and commanded the Volscians to retire. The fourth siege was 387 B. C., when Brennus, King of the Gauls, led his army of savages against Clusium, in Tuscany. He thence proceeded to Rome, and was met by the Roman army on the banks of the Allia, a river about two miles distant from the city. The Romans were defeated with the loss of 40,000 men. Brennus then entered the city, and agreed to spare it for a heavy ransom. While they were weighing it, Camillus, the Roman general, arrived and defeated the Gauls with great slaughter. The fifth siege was 211 B. C., when Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, invested it. After a while he retired. The sixth siege was 87 B. C., when Sylla, a Roman citizen, besieged it with 40,000 men. It was taken after a slight resistance. The seventh siege was 495 years after this remarkable event, and was led by Alaric, King of the Goths, in the year after Christ 408. It saved destruction by the heaviest ransom on record. The eighth siege happened two years after, when the same barbarian, Alaric, sacked it, and almost reduced it to ashes. The ninth siege was A. D. 544, when Totila, King of the Goths, pillaged this once mistress of the world. The same king again pillaged Rome in 549 A. D.

More than five hundred years now elapsed between the tenth and eleventh siege of this doomed city, when Henry III., Emperor of Germany, marched against Rome to dispossess Gregory VII. The twelfth siege was in 1527, when Charles V. ordered the Duke of Bomba, his general, to attack it. The duke was killed in the assault, but Rome surrendered to his successor, the Prince of Orange. The thirteenth siege was in 1799, when the French took possession of it by order of Bonaparte.

The fourteenth and last siege, was in 1849, when General Oudinot, by order of the French republic, advanced against it; after a short but brilliant defence, Garibaldi, Mazzini and Avezzana retired, and the Eternal City remained in the hands of the French, who restored Pope Pius IX. That same garrison remains at this minute, and keeps the holy father in the papal chair.

SIEGES OF MILAN.

The first siege we read of this beautiful city was in 338 A. D., when 10,000 Franks were led by the nephew of Vitiges. It was taken, and pillaged.

The second siege was A. D. 1159, when the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa totally destroyed it, and as a mark of utter desolation sowed salt upon its ruins.

The third happened A. D. 1499, when the Chevalier Bayard rode in at one of the gates, under the idea that his troops were behind him. He was consequently taken prisoner. This singular episode in war is told with great spirit by Guiccardini.

The fourth siege was in 1706, when Prince Eugene of Savoy, the great friend of Marlborough, occupied Milan, but could not master the capitol.

The fifth was 1733, by the King of Sardinia. The sixth in 1745, by Don Philip of Spain. The seventh by Bonaparte in 1796. The eighth by the Russians under Suwarrov in 1796. The ninth by Bonaparte in 1800. By the Austrians in 1849. And lastly, it was entered by Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel in July, 1859.

BATTLES IN ITALY.

MARIGNAN (Malegnano) September 13, 1515.—Between the Swiss and the French, under Francis I. Numbers unknown—loss about 20,000 on both side. French victorious.

PAVIA, 1525.—The French were commanded by Francis I. The Spaniards by Lannoi, Charles V. of Spain viceroy. The French were defeated with great slaughter. Numbers uncertain.

IN 1536.—Turin was taken by the French, commanded by Francis I. 1544.—Battle of Ceresole, Piedmont, between the Austrians and French. The Austrians were defeated with great loss.

1557.—A French army under the Duke of Guise, made an unsuccessful attack on Naples. They were compelled to abandon the siege with great slaughter.

1715.—French under Vendome. Piedmontese under P. Eugene. Battle long and bloody—both parties claiming the victory.

JUNE 29, 1734.—An indecisive battle fought near Parma, between the allied armies of England, France and Spain against the Austrians. Men engaged, about 60,000 on each side—loss unknown.

MILAN, 1745.—Blockaded by the Spaniards under command of Don Philip.

ITALIAN BATTLES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

MONTENOTTE, April 8, 1796.—Twenty-six miles west from Genoa, on the Apennines, Austrians and French. The Austrians were 12,000, French 31,000. The Austrians were defeated, losing five pieces of cannon, 2,000 prisoners and 1,500 killed and wounded.

MONDOVI, April 21, 1796.—The French under Napoleon, the Sardinians under General Colli. The French defeated the Sardinians with a loss of 2,000 men killed and wounded, ten cannons, and eight standards. The number of troops engaged about 18,000 Sardinians, 30,000 French. The Sardinians retreated to Cherasco in Piedmont.

LODI, May 10, 1796.—French and Austrians. Austrians 16,000, French 25,000. The French were victorious, taking all the Austrian artillery. Loss not known.

DONATI, August 3, 1796.—French and Austrians. Napoleon had 26,000 men, the Austrians about 30,000. After a desperate engagement, the Austrians retreated after losing 3,000 men and thirty pieces of cannon.

CASIGLIONI, August 5, 1796.—Austrians, 3,000, under the command of Wurmsur. The French, 22,000, were led by Massena, Angereau and Verdier, under the chief command of Napoleon. The Austrians lost 3,000 men, the French 2,700.

BASSANO, September 9, 1796.—The French under Bonaparte, Austrians, Wurmsur—armies about 20,000 each. The Austrians lost 4,000, the French 1,800.

ARCOLA, November 15, 16 and 17, 1796.—Bonaparte had 25,000, Austrians 30,000. Loss about 5,000 French, 8,000 Austrians. The Austrians fought desperately for three days, but were finally defeated.

MANTUA, January 7, 1797.—After a siege of eight months, this famous city surrendered to Napoleon. On the 30th July, 1799, it was retaken by the Austrians and Russians; it again fell into Napoleon's hands after Marengo, but was restored to Austria at the peace.

RIVOLI, January 14, 1797.—Austrians commanded by Alvinci, 40,000, French 30,000, Napoleon. This battle was gained by a very disgraceful trick on Napoleon's part. Loss uncertain.

TREBIA, June 17, 1799.—The Austrians and Russians commanded by Suwarrov, the French by Macdonald and Victor. The armies were about equal, 40,000 men. This action lasted three days, and was the fiercest contested battle in the campaign. The loss was about 12,000 on each side.

MANTUA, July 30, 1799.—This city surrendered to the Austrians and Russians.

SAVIGLIANO, September 18, 1799.—French and Austrians, the latter defeated; armies about equal. Loss uncertain.

MONTESSELLO, June 9, 1800.—French under Napoleon. Austrians defeated. Loss on each side about 4,000 men. Troops engaged about 30,000 on each side.

MARENGO, June 14, 1800.—French under Napoleon, about 30,000; Austrians under Melas, 40,000. Loss of the Austrians, 7,000 killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners. French loss, 7,000. This was the greatest of Napoleon's earlier victories.

CALDIERO.—Austrians under Archduke Charles, defeated the French under Massena. Caldiero is nine miles from Verona.

THE ITALIAN WAR OF 1848.

MARCH 18, 1848.—Milan rises and expels Radetzky. Carlo Alberto enters Milan in triumph.

APRIL 10.—The Sardinian army, under the command of Carlo Alberto, crosses the Mincio at Goito and Valleggio; on the 29th he attacks the Austrians under Radetzky, at Possolengo, and defeats them.

MAY 6.—Battle of Verona, between Austrians and Sardinians; undecided. May 29, Peschiera surrenders to the Sardinians.

JUNE 6.—The Sardinians abandon Milan to Radetzky. Truce of Salasco, between the Austrians and Sardinians.

APRIL 8, 1849.—Battle of Novara, between the Sardinians, commanded by Carlo Alberto, and the Austrians under Radetzky. Defeat and abdication of Carlo Alberto.

JULY 2, 1849.—Garibaldi, after a desperate and brilliant defence of Rome, abandons it. Rome surrenders to the French army under Oudinot.

BATTLES OF THE THIRD NAPOLEON.

FRASSINETTO, MAY 3, 1859.—The Sardinians under Victor Emanuel, about 60,000 men, and the Austrians under Gyulai; the former victorious.

MONTESSELLO, MAY 20, 1859.—The French and Sardinians, commanded by Louis Napoleon, amounting to about 120,000; the Austrians under Gyulai, about 130,000; Austrians defeated.

VERCELLI, MAY 21.—Sardinians and Austrians; the latter defeated.

PALESTRO, MAY 31, 1859.—Sardinians and Austrians. Number of troops engaged uncertain. Austrians defeated.

BUFFALORA OR TURBIGO, JUNE 2, 1859.—The French under McMahon, and the Austrians under Gyulai; the latter defeated. The French advance upon Magenta; the Sardinians join them.

MAGENTA, JUNE 4, 1859.—The allies commanded by Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel, the Austrians by Hess and Gyulai. The former estimated at 170,000, the Austrians at 230,000. The loss uncertain, both accounts varying widely—supposed to be about 20,000 on each side, killed and wounded.

MALEGNANO, JUNE 9, 1859.—The French, commanded by Baraguay d'Hilliers, about 25,000 men, the Austrians by Hess, about 40,000. Loss, 1,300 French, 1,800 Austrians.

SOLFERINO, JUNE 24, 1859.—The French and Sardinians, commanded by Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel, numbering 180,000; the Austrians, commanded by Francis Joseph and Hess, about 210,000. Battle lasted fourteen hours. The Austrians driven back across the Mincio. The loss about 22,000 on each side.

JULY 8.—Louis Napoleon proposes an armistice to Francis Joseph for five weeks, which was agreed to.

JULY 11, 1859.—Louis Napoleon and Francis Joseph meet at Villafranca, where a Peace is concluded.

LAW AGAINST TAKING SNUFF.—A Parisian robber who was arrested for stealing snuff out of a tobacconist shop, by way of excusing himself, exclaimed: "That he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff."

PEEPS AT PARIS, THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

PARIS, October, 1859.

Since I wrote you last a new journal has been founded in Paris by M. Adolphe Guérout, a man well known in the ranks of journalism, and who held the post of editor-in-chief of *La Presse* when that journal was the property of M. Millaud. M. Guérout's chief difficulty in starting *L'Opinion Nationale*—the name of the new paper—and one which for a time seemed insurmountable, was the procuring of the necessary funds. The financial gentlemen usually looked to in these cases were very "backward in coming forward," to use an Irishism, and the enterprise lingered. One day, at last, the specie poured in upon the nearly-discouraged editor, and from a totally unexpected quarter. The welcome succor came from a fellow-journalist, who in a single day had been lifted from the chronic impecuniosity of literary Bohemianism to the dazzling regions of millionairessdom.

This lucky fellow is a certain André de Goy, who for several years was professor of French at Cambridge College, in the United States, and also edited in 1839 a French newspaper in New York, which lived three months or so. This clever, good-natured fellow was just managing to earn his bread and cheese on the Parisian press, when a relative at Bordeaux, by whom he thought himself forgotten, and who, perhaps, had passed out of his own recollection, died, leaving him heir to a million and a half of francs. M. de Goy makes such a splendid use of this heaven-sent fortune, that his friends in Bohemia have conferred upon him the title of the Abbé Faria, from Dumas's novel of "Monte Christo." If he is in danger, through his kindheartedness, of eating up his inheritance a little too fast, he does it with praiseworthy and honorable objects, differing happily in this from the greater number of heirs who devour their patrimony and preserve nothing of it but regrets.

If you ask me what line of policy this new journal will follow, I can only give you the answer of a country magistrate on a similar occasion:

"How many papers have you in your town?" he was asked.

"Three, and one of them is the opposition paper."

"What is the name of that one?"

"I don't know yet," replied the provincial magnate; "I could never tell it from the two others!"

The azure skies that we of Paris have been blessed with during the last six weeks have given way to gray, portentous clouds; the sun's warm rays are replaced by disagreeable winds, and occasionally a spiteful little shower descends when the peacock of fashion is displaying its gay plumage on the Boulevards, and forces the bird, with drooped feathers, to seek the little shelter in its way.

But we have not had warm weather for nothing. The dog days have left their memory behind them in a delicious beverage; they have bequeathed to the Parisian world a new drink! (What legacy more welcome?) A drink called the *Soyersi*, though whether or no in honor of the late lamented Alexis your correspondent is unable to state. The tipple, at all events, is delightful, and, as a next summer hint to your New York barkeepers, I will give you an inkling of how it is made. The *Soyersi* is a mixture of melted snow, sliced orange, champagne, ice and seltzer water. In the variety of its components it bears a striking resemblance to the sherry-cobbler of Yankee-doodleland, but that it is infinitely above that concoction in point of palate-provocativeness you can rely upon the assertion of the undersigned, who has tasted of the liquid and found it good.

The famous black doctor has not been brought much to your notice of late, but I am sure you have not forgotten him for all that. He has turned out an immense humbug, this Vries. His last exploit consisted in killing one of his cancan patients, and then refusing to return the money he had received on engaging to cure him. The sufferer was M. l'Abbé Bocquet, who had agreed to pay him four thousand francs in case of cure, and handed over two thousand francs in advance. M. l'Abbé Bocquet died, and Vries was called upon to return the money; he refused to do so, and a lawsuit was the consequence. Judgment was rendered by default, Vries concluding, "out of consideration for the family of the deceased," to refund twelve hundred francs. The Paris journals, taking a just view of this matter, handled the cancer doctor rather severely; *Figaro*, in particular, took up the cudgels against him, and so successfully, that the doctor felt called upon to answer the charges made against him. This he did, and wrote a letter to the editor of the *Figaro*, M. de Villemessant, which is about the coolest thing of the sort that I ever saw. The distinguished Dr. Velpeau, you will remember, wrote a pamphlet against M. Vries, stigmatising him as an impostor, and declaring his cures to be apocryphal, at the least. Well, what do you think Vries does? Actually ascribes the death of M. l'Abbé Bocquet to the reading of this pamphlet! Let me give you an extract from his letter published in *Figaro*:

"M. l'Abbé Bocquet died in spite of my efforts, in spite of my promise. You see that I do not stick at words; but should this death be attributed to my treatment, or should it rather be ascribed to the publication of a certain report, which declared in the most absolute terms that my medication was illusory, that I had never cured a case of cancer, and that I never would cure one?"

"This is a question which I ask here, not a fact that I affirm; but what I do affirm is that M. l'Abbé Bocquet was in process of recovery two days before the publication of this Academic document, and that he died in consequence of a sudden inflammation a short time after having read it."

"I repeat that I do not affirm anything, but I think that here the *cum hoc, ergo propter hoc* is very applicable, the more so that several catastrophes of a like nature occurred after the publication of the report to which I allude."

If Doctor Vries is not a great physician, he might be a wonderful lawyer. To maintain that a patient died not from his malady, nor from the treatment that he received, but wholly and entirely from

the publication of a report by a member of the Academy of Medicine, is, to use a familiar expression, "coming it a little too strong." It seems to me that the illustrious Vries might make further use of his ingenious means of defence and generalize his excellent system. Why not attribute beforehand to the reading of this fatal document the death of all the patients that he may in future lose?

And, apropos of medicine and its ministers, those who go to take a constitutional dip in the sea at Crottoy, have a treat in store for them in the signs which the bathing-house contractor has put up over the three points on the beach, where he marks off the briny compartments designed for each sex. But why three signs? you ask. Because our dweller by the sea recognizes three sexes, thus—"Masculine Sex!" "Feminine Sex!" "Ecclesiastical Sex!!!"

These odd signs are not by any means uncommon in France. In the provincial districts, especially, they make the most ludicrous bulls imaginable. What would be more intensely Irish than this, for instance, inscribed over the gateway of the city of St. Malzent: "Begging is forbidden here. Those beggars who cannot read this are requested to apply at the Office of Customs opposite!"

Again, take another instance of this spirit of stupidity:

The functionaries of the town of Beaune, in solemn conclave assembled, passed resolutions to the effect that a fine sundial should be placed in the principal square of the place. The thing was done, and for some time the people of Beaune had rejoiced in the possession of this useful novelty, when one day a notability of the place obtained from the mayor an extraordinary convocation of the municipal council, and then proposed to them, with all the seriousness in the world, that they should have an awning erected over the precious timekeeper, in order to protect it from the rain!

A singularly horrible accident occurred the other day at Brussels. A workman in that city left his work early in the afternoon and returned home, having, as he said, a very violent headache. He reached his house and lay down on a bed, but still the pain in his head continued. All at once the unfortunate workman, as if carried away by a horrible hallucination, threw himself upon the red hot stove in the kitchen, encircled it with his arms and pressed its fiery surface against his breast.

At the piercing cries of his wife the neighbors ran in and succeeded in getting the unfortunate man away from the stove, to which he clung with the tenacity of one whom great mental excitement had made insensible to bodily pain. But the rescuers came too late; already the whole fore part of the workman's body had fallen away in rags of flesh, and in a few hours the victim expired, despite all the succor of the physician's art, in the midst of unheard-of sufferings.

In my wanderings, an afternoon or two ago, in the far-off regions of the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire, I came across a little book-stall whose proprietor, to judge from present indications, has a great future to look forward to in book commerce. A little stand in a narrow passage opening upon the boulevard comprises his entire place of business, and yet observe with what a profound and Machiavellic art he has exposed his merchandise!

Each book is carefully wrapped up in white paper, and tied round with strings fastened in a perfect wilderness of gordian knots.

On the white paper is written the title of the book for sale, with supplementary inscriptions in this style:

"Very amusing, but a little broad!" Or—"Full of interest; one is unable to lay it down after commencing. Dangerous, however, for young people." Or—"Forty editions have not exhausted the success of this charming work. What a pity that its lively details do not admit of its being left in the hands of youth!"

Do not imagine that this is any pleasantry of mine; I guarantee its historical truth.

The effect of these stoical precautions with which the virtuous bookseller surrounds himself in order to keep adolescents away from his books, is, as you may readily suppose, that his stand is always surrounded by a crowd of beardless youths and schoolboys in uniform, only too ready to ruin themselves by reading the dangerous publications.

I am perfectly convinced in my own mind, however, that this immaculate bookman would not sell these insidious productions at any price. Is it not so, oh! conscientious trader?

That the financial gentlemen who manage their little affairs in the shadow of the Bourse are quite as proficient in rascality as the stock-gamblers of your own Wall street, a little story current here just now goes very far to prove.

About a month ago one of these speculators, or *boursiers*, as they are called here, stopped payment—in French financial slang, was "executed." Now to "execute" a boursier it is not necessary to cut off his head, but his credit. A boursier, once "executed," cannot again enter the Bourse or deal in stocks until he has completely satisfied the demands of the creditor who has been the means of expelling him.

Now this banished financier, whom I shall call Blanchard, languished in body and mind away from the temple of Plutus, and pined unceasingly for his former haunts.

His days were passed in devising a method to pay the creditor who had cast against him the ostracising shell. To such an act, however, there were two insurmountable obstacles; the first was that he had no money; the second, that if he had been in the possession of any, he would never consent to apply it to such ignoble uses.

One morning he received a letter from the country. A confiding though venturesome landowner, tempted by an artful circular, in which Blanchard had put everything capable of exciting the cupidity of poor human nature, offered to put certain funds at the boursier's disposal, on the sole condition that Blanchard should make him money return him the mere trifle of twenty-five per cent.

No sooner was this missive received, than Blanchard went to see his creditor, and addressed him literally as follows:

"My friend, I owe you sixteen thousand francs; I shall never pay you one of them."

"If it was to tell me that, you need not have troubled yourself to call."

"Wait; you will see. I've got hold of a countryman—a splendid countryman!—if you want him I will sell him to you."

"Let us understand this matter. How much is your countryman worth?"

"About two hundred thousand francs."

"And how much do you want for him?"

"Twenty-five thousand francs."

"That's dear!"

"Not at all; but you may take him or leave him. After all, you will only have to disburse nine thousand francs to make our accounts balance. Here, you can see that everything is all right. Here is his name, his letter and all the necessary information about him procured from his bankers in town. You can see if it suits you. If you don't want the bargain, I will go to Raffillot, whom I don't owe anything. I will do better than with you, if he only gives me fifteen thousand francs, since I don't owe him any money."

The creditor accepted, and counted out to Blanchard nine thousand francs. Then he wrote the following letter to the provincial gentleman:

"Monsieur—I have the honor of informing you that M. Blanchard, having made a large fortune, has sold out his interest to me, and if you wish to continue your business with the house, you will please forward me your funds without delay. Very respectfully, J. N."

Three days after the provincial sent on the money in question. At the end of the following month, by a lucky chance, his capital was doubled, and Blanchard returned in triumph to the Bourse. Thus far in our story we may say "all's well that ends well." This is leaving the "gentleman from the rural districts" completely out of the question. But who needs to be told what his financial fate will be?

Indeed, it will serve him right if he loses every sou of the money that he has lent out. And for this reason: of late years a great many business men in Paris have suddenly disappeared, and thereby ruined thousands of people who had confided their fortune to them, totally or in part. Now, it is a singular fact that a great many of these absconders, nineteen out of twenty, have taken no money with them in their flight. Of course maledictions, both loud and deep, are heaped upon the heads of these self-absenting debtors; but, in my opinion, a few extra strong curses should be reserved for the exclusive benefit of these grasping "unco' guids" who encourage these dangerous speculations by advancing capital to the speculators at a minimum tax of twenty-five or thirty per cent. interest. Theirs is rank usury. The Napoleon code punishes usury, but these money-lenders are not punished. Hence we must infer that now, as in the time of Molière, *il y a faquets et faquets*, as well as *il y a usure et usure*. At all events, this is a species of usury which the law winks at.

Several families here, of late, have been made the victims of various cruel mystifications by a party or parties unknown, as the legal phrase runs. Some petty mischief-maker has been sending about letters of invitation, requesting the presence of this or that person at the house of some one who never expected him; letters of condolence on the death of an absent friend, who is in reality in the best of health; wedding cards of couples who never thought of entering into matrimonial bonds, &c., &c. All very excellent jokes doubtless, in the opinion of the perpetrator, who, to my thinking, should be treated to a good taste of raw-hide and a prolonged submersion in a horse-pond.

Madame de C— was one of those chosen as the subject of this original pleasantry! Madame de C— is the mistress of a beautiful chateau on the banks of the River Oise. Imagine, then, Madame de C's surprise one fine day when twenty-five carriages drove up before her door, all filled with guests who had been invited down from Paris by the malicious unknown! Fortunately, Madame de C. is the possessor of a large fortune and a good temper, and her cook is a perfect marvel of culinary expedition. So in two hours' time a dinner was served for fifty-eighty guests, and pronounced by them all to be irreproachable.

Again, Madame de T— was informed one morning that a physician was below waiting to see her. Madame descended into the drawing-room, where she was met by a gentlemanly person in black. Gentlemanly person interrogated Madame closely in regard to her health. Madame, who was perfectly well, answered his questions with some degree of surprise. Presently the gentleman put a question which went rather too deep into therapeutics. The lady rose and asked the meaning of this strange interrogation. The medical man did not answer, but regarded her fixedly. Madame de T. then demanded the name of her visitor. He still hesitated and made no reply. The lady now walked hastily across the room to ring the bell and summon her servants. As she reached out her hand to take hold of the bell-pull, the physician caught her arm by the wrist and began to feel her pulse. Madame's astonishment had now reached its culmination, when her daughter entered the room.

The doctor at last broke his obstinate silence.

"This is the young lady who sent for me," said he.

"I sent for you!" exclaimed Mlle. de T. in amazement.

"Yes, certainly; here is your letter."

"My letter? I have written you no letter, sir."

"There is some mistake here," joined in Madame de T.

And so it appeared from the explanation that followed. The doctor had received a letter, bearing the signature of Mlle. de T., requesting him to call and give an opinion as to the mental condition of her mother, who, it was feared, had become insane.

Efforts are being made to discover the authors of these cruel hoaxes; the authorities are engaged in ferreting them out, and there is but little doubt that the punishment will be visited upon them which they so richly deserve.

Molière's physician, who maintained that the heart was no longer in the left breast but in the right, because "we have changed all that," still lives, through his representatives, in Paris.

A clown of the Napoleon circus, whose specialty consists in at-

tempting everything within the range of human possibility to break his back on a trapeze suspended some forty feet from the ground, lately felt a little indisposed. He went, accordingly, to a doctor in the vicinity.

"Monsieur," said the gymnast, "for a few days past I have felt an extreme lassitude all over my body, my head is heavy and I have a high fever, which takes away my appetite entirely."

The man of pills solemnly felt the pulse of his visitor, examined his tongue, and thumped on his chest with great gravity, and, after half an hour of studious reflection, assured him that his was but a slight indisposition, and ended the interview by ordering him to take—what do you think?—exercise!

Calzado, the really enterprising manager of the Italiens, has not, as yet, been able to make an engagement with Mario, who now vacillates between Paris and Madrid. The great tenor had undertaken to manage an operatic enterprise in the Spanish capital, in partnership with one Monsieur B. But Monsieur B., it seems, after all the preparations are made, finds some difficulty in getting a royal licence, a suitable opera-house, or something of that sort. This difficulty is not overcome, and affairs are at a standstill. The courtly Mario, pulled towards both capitals, remains, as it were, astride of the Pyrenees ("on the fence" as we would call it at home), and undecided which way to turn. Perhaps he will yet fall into the nets spread for him by the anxious Calzado.

Meanwhile, as a sort of small change for Mario, we have Gardoni, who has been engaged for seven months at a salary of fifty thousand francs, and are promised a Signor Morini, a new man, with a fresh voice, in reality a German, and having a name like the sneeze of a man with a very bad cold in his head.

There has been no end to M. Calzado's troubles in getting a tenor, and many are the hoaxes of which he has been the victim. One mystification more curious than the rest, since it turns upon what has been heretofore thought a physiological impossibility, deserves mention here.

One morning, while the clever impresario was sitting with some friends in his salon, two strangers were introduced—a lady and a young man. From the lady's face you could see that she had not seen her twentieth birthday very recently, but her companion had a handsome, intelligent countenance, a fine form and a rich and tasteful costume. After the usual civilities, the female unknown said to M. Calzado:

"Monsieur, I know that you are greatly in want of a tenor. Well, just look at my companion—what do you think of him? Isn't he a fine-looking man? I assure you that his singing is better than his plumage. He is equal to Tamberlik and Mario put together, and multiplied by Fraschini and Giuglini. He has already appeared at several theatres in Italy, but family considerations (he is of noble birth, sir) induced him to leave the stage for a time. He now proposes to return to his laurels, and I am sure that, after having heard him, you will want him to gather them at your own establishment."

M. Calzado proposed that the young man should give them a taste of his quality at once. Here the lady explained that her companion, not having had sufficient experience in public singing, would be embarrassed by the presence of the company, and his execution thereby rendered faulty. It was accordingly arranged that the strangers should be left alone in the salon, and that M. Calzado and his friends should go into the dining-room, where, with the door open and a screen drawn before it, they would be able to hear without seeing the singer.

The manager and his friends are convinced beforehand that some horrible saw-filing is in store for them. They listen, however, to imagine their stupefaction when, a moment after, the melodious tones of a vibrating, sympathetic and voluminous voice fall upon the ears of the musical connoisseurs! There could be no mistake about it, it was a tenor! a real tenor! oh! marvel of marvels! M. Calzado was crazy with joy, and congratulations poured in upon the young and handsome tenor, who replied by a modest bow, but spoke not a word.

Another meeting was agreed upon. The hour and day for a decisive hearing were set down. For the second trial M. Calzado evoked a number of men whose words are law in the musical world. The critics, attracted by the promise of a recently discovered tenor, were punctual to the minute.

But the tenor, where was he? The lady who had chaperoned him on the previous occasion was present, and rapidly pacing the stage.

But the tenor, the *rara avis*, he was the one that was wanted.

"He will not come," said the lady at last.

"Why not?" was the immediate question.

"Because his presence to-day is useless."

"Useless!" exclaimed the assembled musicians in chorus.

"Yes, gentlemen, useless," added the lady, casting a proud look upon the spectators; "useless, since I am the tenor! The other is nothing but my sign, my puppet!"

At this astonishing piece of information, Calzado wildly crushed his hat upon his head, and fled the female presence to return no more.

Those remaining asked the tenor in crinoline to sing something. Without more ado, the lady sang a cavatina from "I due Foscari."

The woman was unquestionably a tenor, the same tenor that had been previously heard. They recognized her method, her voice and her talent. For she has talent, but she also has rather too many wrinkles, and here enthusiasm grows cold. The illusion was destroyed.

I have not been able to learn the name of this woman-tenor, who was not seen to leave the theatre after her second and last hearing. That she has hidden herself in some dark corner and will pop out some night this winter with her cavatina in her mouth, that she will lie in ambush for the manager and demand of him an engagement or his life, that she has disappeared through some trapdoor, are suppositions all equally well founded, in the opinion of your humble servant.

TO A YOUNG LADY DYING OF CONSUMPTION.

BY BELLA G. MINTER.

THEY tell me you are dying, love,
That hectic roses on thy cheek
Proclaim thy passing, fading life,
More forcibly than words can speak.
They say within thine eye of blue
A fire consuming ever burns,
And to thy lip and pure white brow
The hue of health no more returns.

They say as days passed slowly by
Thy bounding step more languid grew,
And tears of suffering in thine eye,
Rose bright as pearly morning dew.
And, oh! my heart grew sad to know
That one so good, so loved, so dear,
Must to a fate relentless bow
And leave Earth's scenes, so bright and fair.

I would that I could by thy side
Now kneel and whisper words of love,
And show thee how thy barque may glide
O'er Death's cold sea to realms above;
How sweetly thou couldst sink to rest
If on the Saviour's bosom kind
Thy head was pillow'd, and thy breast
Could feel the Love that Faith may find.

Farewell, dear friend, a last farewell,
And, oh! I pray you not despair;
Think, from the scenes you love so well,
You only go to those more fair.
E'en as the flowers in Autumn fall
And yield their sweets to Winter's strife,
You yield to God your youth, your all—
The incense of a pure young life.

HISTORY AND MANUFACTURE OF AMBER

No mineral substance presents features of interest so peculiar as this. Obscure in its origin, found in loose pieces in alluvial deposits, or scattered along the coast after severe storms had swept the bottom of the sea, it was regarded by the ancient Greeks and Romans with superstition and mystery; and now, when its obscurity and mystery have departed before the light of science, it must still be regarded with peculiar interest for its singular history and qualities.

Amber is now generally understood to be a fossilised vegetable gum. The trees from which it exuded stood in forests of past epochs, and are now found forming strata of bituminous wood beneath beds of sand and clay. The wood is more or less impregnated with the amber; and this is also met with depending from the trunks in the form of stalactites, and again in rounded pieces mixed with pyrites and coarse sand under the layer of trees. Such a bed is worked as a mine for the amber near the coast of Prussia. The fossil stratum is from forty to fifty feet thick, and is followed to the depth of one hundred feet below the surface. In other countries it is found in beds of brown coal and of lignite; and it is probable that the pieces of it picked up on the seashores have been washed out from the extension of these repositories beneath the waters of the sea.

On the Prussian coast of the Baltic, between Königsberg and Memel, amber is more abundant than at any other known locality. From this source the great demand for this material in the Mohammedan countries is principally supplied. Its collection affords a revenue to the crown of Prussia, to which it appertains, of sixteen to seventeen thousand dollars per annum.

It is washed ashore in considerable quantities near the village of Sturmen. Not only is it found in the sands on the shore, but also in the interior, more or less deep, beneath the surface of the earth. It was at first accidentally discovered in this locality when ploughing the soil, and this gave rise, in 1559, to the institution of proper amber diggings. At present the chief diggings in the north of Prussia are near Neu Kuh-

ren, Brusterort, Lapohden and Rauschen. These are worked by an open excavation into the mountain near its base, in which the amber-bearing bed is laid bare, sometimes presenting a thickness of two and a half feet. Exhausted in one place, a new excavation exposes it in another.

The fishing and picking of amber from the sea furnishes employment to a great number of people. This is generally undertaken after a storm, when the swell of the waves is moderate. The workmen wade into the sea, and catch in nets the seaweed which is borne in by the waves; this is spread on the shore, where the women and children collect from it pieces of amber of various sizes, which is delivered by them to the superintendent. This mode of procuring amber is always less laborious and often more productive than digging. In winter, when the sea by the shore is covered with ice, the ice-crust is broken through and the seaweed and amber picked up through the opening. An attempt has been made, by means of a diving-machine, to obtain amber further from the land, but it proved unsuccessful. The fishers frequently go out in small boats, when the supply near the shore fails, and in this way a large quantity of amber is found, though it is less valuable than that gained by digging.

Amber is used almost wholly for small ornaments, as necklaces, and especially for the mouthpieces of pipes. A varnish is also prepared from it, as well as an oil used in medicine, and succinic acid—a useful re-agent in the chemical investigations, so called from *succinum*, the Latin word for amber.

The largest pieces of amber known are one of eleven, one of thirteen and one of eighteen pounds weight. The last is in the royal cabinet at Berlin; it was found in Lithuania, twelve miles back from the Baltic, a little beneath the surface of the ground. The value of the specimens is not at all proportionate to their size. A piece of a pound weight might sell for fifty dollars, while one of thirteen pounds weight would readily bring five thousand dollars.

Amber is of a yellow-brownish or whitish-brown color, transparent or translucent, and resembles resin. It is nearly as hard as calcareous spar, and is susceptible of a fine polish. When rubbed it becomes negatively electrical.

Pieces of amber are often met with containing the remains of insects that have become entangled in the substance when it was of thinner consistency. Their legs and wings are sometimes seen detached from the bodies, as if the insects had struggled hard to disengage themselves from the sticky mass. These insects resemble more those of tropical climates than such as are now known in the regions where amber is found. Leaves of fern plants, and occasionally some mineral substances, are also met with in amber.

In preparing this article for the market it was at one time customary to bake the opaque pieces of amber in sand, at a gentle heat, for several hours, in order to make it transparent, or to digest it in hot rape-seed oil, with the same view. When amber is to be worked into trinkets it is first split on a leaden plate at a lathe, and then smoothed into shape on a Swedish whetstone. It is polished on the lathe with chalk and water, or vegetable oil, and finished by friction with flannel. In these processes the amber is apt to become highly electrical, very hot, and even to fly into fragments. Hence the artist works the pieces time about, so as to keep each of them cool and feebly excited. The operators are often seized with nervous tremors in their wrists and arms from the electricity.

Amber is found at various localities in this country, occurring in the green-sand formation and in the clays which succeed it. As in Europe, it is associated with lignite.

A FRENCH editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement:—The first time a man sees an advertisement, he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon!

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

NATURE is rather a detriment than otherwise to most novelists now-a-days; they don't know what to do with her. They would prefer to be left alone to their own devices. They are greatly annoyed at her interference, and take the old dame roundly to task because she *will* persist in asserting herself occasionally. That she is often left in sore abandonment, however, the so-called "sensation" stories now prevalent sufficiently prove. Yet notwithstanding their improbability these stories sell; their publishers make a handsome profit on them. All the sentimental, half-educated girls in the country read them. The author of the trash pockets the snug little sum of three or four thousand a year; so Bobb, with his last thrilling romance—"The Knight of the Remorseless Shoestring; or, the Tinpot of Destiny"—becomes a great man in the land, in the eyes of certain people. Well, if it must be so, so be it! If we cannot remove the evil, why lament over it? Then let us not fash ourselves about the matter, but rather turn and have a hearty laugh at the burlesque to which these products of a diseased imagination give rise. Let us take, for instance, the last effusion of the "wacks figger" showman, Artemus Ward, "A Prize Romance, skewered by Eleving Kopy-rights," and entitled:

MOSES THE SASSY; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE.

A Tale of Blood and Things.

CHAPTER I.—MOSES.

My story opens in the classic freestinks of Bosting. In the parlor of an aristocratic manshun on Bacon street sits a lovely young lady whose hare is covered ore with the frosts of 17 summers. She has just sot down at the Pianny, and is singing the poplar peace called Smells of the Notion, in which she tells how with Pensiv Thawt she wondered by a C baet shore. The Son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus lite pores in a golden meller fluid through the winders and makes the bootiful young lady twict as bootiful as she was be4, which is onnecessary. She is magnifisuntly dressed up in a Berage basque with Poplin trimmings, More Antique Edges and 3 ply carpeting. Her dress contains 12 flounders, brilliantly ornamented with horn buttons, and her shoes are red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she presses her hands to her buzzum and startz up in an excited manner. "Methinks," she whispers, in clariion tones, "I see a voice!" A noble youth of twenty-seven summers scrapes the mud from his butes in the hall and enters. He is attired in red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his butes, and his hat is bewitchinly cockt on one side of his classicul hed. In sooth, he was a noble child. Grease in its barmiest days near projuced a more gallanter herow than Moses. The young lady gazes upon him for a few periods, clasps her hands, strikes a position, and rollin her I's wildly like a expirin infantile cow, cries: "Ha! Do my I's deceive my earsight? That frame! them store clothes! those voice! it is—it is me own, me only Moses?" and he folded her to his hart. "Me thinks I shall swoon," she sed, and pretty soon she swoondid.

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

MOSES was foreman of Ingine Kampany Number 40. The 40's had jest bin havin a pleasant fite with the 50's on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers. He had his arms full of foolies, to whit: 4 scalp, 5 I's, three fingers, 7 ears, which he had chawed off, etc., etc.

When Elizy (for that was the lovely young lady's name) rekviered from her swoon, she asked:

"How hast the battle gone? Tell me!"

"Elizy," said the brave yung man, drawin' hisself up to his full hite, "we chawed 'em up and smashed their old mersheen all ter peaces!"

"I thank the gods!" she cride. "Thou didst full well, and hence-4th I ware thee in me hart of harts! And Moses," she continnered, laying her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thow wastest of noble birth?"

"No," sez he, wildly catching hold of hisself, "you don't say so?"

"Indeed do I," she sed. "Your dead grandfather's sperret camest to me the other nite and sez he: 'Moses is a Disguised Juke!'"

"You mean Duke," sed Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke?" she sed, sternly.

This settled the matter.

"I have thought of this thing afore," sed Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B—that air's the question? But no more of this now. Dry up. O life—life, you're too many for me?" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stamped on the floor wildly, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED.

SIXTEEN long and weary years has elaps, since the seens narrowated in the larst chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is sailing from France to Ameriky, threw the Wabash Canawl. A Pirut shipt is in hot pursot of the Sary Jane. The captng of the S. J. looks fateegd & as tho he had lost all of his parants. The Pirut is clost on to him, & he is about given in, when a fine lookin'

feller in russit butes and a buffler overcut rushes forrerd and sed to the captng, sez he:

"Old man! go down staires. Retire to the starberd bulked. De take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" sed the captng: "away with thee or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Scarcely," sez the noble feller, and he drew a diamond-blited sword, and cut the captng's hed off.

"O that I shoold liv to becum a ded boddy!" sed the captng as he fell to the deck. He expired shortly afterward, being fatallly killed.

"People!" sed the noble feller, "I'm the Juke de Moses!"

"Old hoss, methinks thow art blowing!" sed a youth of 46 summers, and the Juke cut off his hed likewise. "Don't print verses on my deth in the noosepapers," screamed the unfortunate young man, as he fell ded on the deck; "for if yer do I'll hamyer."

"People!" continnered the Juke, "I alone kin save you from the bluddy and unprincipled piruts! What hoe there! A peck of oats! The oats was immedjitly brawt. The Juke took them into the twopath. In a minit the leading hoss hitcht to the Pirut Bote cum along, stoppt, and commenced fur to devour the oats! The driver swore and hollered at him terrible, but he wouldn't budge a inch. Meenwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the clean jump, was far leavin' the Pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" sed the Juke, between his cleath teeth, still on the jip-poop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE Juke was Moses the Sassy. He had bin in France about 10 years, and now he was home agin in Bosting. He had some troble in getting hisself acknowledged as Duke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Barebones were fornenst him, but he finally bunkered, and now he had crossed the deep blue C to get his own Rize. She knew him to onct, as one of his ears and a portion of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition fremen during his hood's sunny hours. They were marrid and went to France, to reside in their ducal Pallis which was gut up regardlis of expence. They had several children, and lived to a green old age, "bein' by all both great and small," as the Poick sez.

The Pirut captng was captured, tride, convicted, and sentencerd to read all the letters that Messrs. Giddings and Wise shall write for the ensooin 2 years. His friends are endeveerin to get his sentence remuted to imprisonment for life, 1 hour each day to be devoted to readin the Canada papers. He sed this sentence is worsen to tother one was. Still, he don't care much, as long as he gets his meals regular.

This is my first attempt at writin a Tail, and it is far from bel perfect; but if I have indooosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sara, or joyyus as a flower garding, my objeck will hav bin accomphished. Adoo.

AND as a specimen of the incomprehensible style take this section of a promised romance, evidently written under the pressure of a pint of cognac to the square inch:

CHAPTER I.

'Twas at the time of a full moon. She was riding through the heans without saddle or bridle, and darned if I saw a horse either. But what has that to do with me? As I was saying, the rain blowed; I'll be blowed if it didn't blow; it blowed so hard that it blowed down a rail fence, on which was reclining a coon. The coon gave one heart-rending shriek that made me "git up and git down" over a log that was also reclining on a log right fernenst me, and on another log that was lying not far from the Bear River Co's water ditch, whose majestic stream was rolling past with an untrollable velocity, almost to overflowing a gopher hole that was rooted down, down into an abyss of unknown depth. A period that I never saw before, or had idea was in existence, or that it would come along so soon, passed along where I was reclining against my will. With the compassion so prevalent among the miners, he hastened to pick up a chunk that shone with all the splendor of the Arabian Nights Entertainment. Just then I had have been seen a bullfrog seated on a stump trying to outdo an owl that was sitting on an adjacent tree, whose top came within ace of piercing the stars that twinkled in the firmament like a bee's eyes when devouring bees. Then, and not till then, did my situation flash to my mind like forked lightning: that I was out from the busy crowd of loafers that inhabit the regions that surround the peaceful bar-rooms, seeking whom to devour free of charge, and swallowing at one gulp a whole bit's worth of redneck so freely administered by office seekers.

Pet animals, it is known, imbibe, after a time, the habits and tastes of their owners; from the following it would appear that they also imbibe something more intoxicating in its effects:

A GENTLEMAN was dining recently with a Limerick fox-hunter, when instances of the sagacity of the fox were related. The fox was a climacteric, said that he had a fox which nothing could exceed in cunning, and which he offered to wager five pounds would "put down" any gentleman at the table in drinking whiskey punch. A young gentleman accepted the wager, and in a few minutes Reynard, perfectly tame and almost amiable, was brought in by a servant and placed on the table. Two stiff tumbler were mixed and Reynard's being poured into a saucer, he lapped it up, as was marked, "in less than no time." A simultaneous consumption of the hot beverage was effected by his competitor. Five tumbler followed with similar effect. As the seventh was about to be consumed

cocted the gentleman declared that he would have no more, and was satisfied to yield the palm of intemperance to his long-nosed friend. The latter was then placed upon the carpet, and, with his tail hanging in anything but game fashion, he stumbled across the room and proceeded to his kennel.

To ask an editor for "copy" in hot weather is a perilous thing. Witness the "blowing up" that a San Francisco editor gave his "devil" one morning that that myrmidon of the printing office came to say that the foreman wanted "something to go on with."

"Copy?" quoth the man of the quill; "you imp of darkness, have you the audacity to ask for copy this hot weather? Why, the thermometer stands at ninety-eight in the coolest place in the county, and here you are boring us for copy. Leave, you black imp! get beyond the reach of this paste-pot, or I'll make you see **—teach you—some other calling, or put a . to your satanic existence. Copy! the very thought of so much labor sends a ♪ through our brain. We wouldn't write a ♪ for a £, much less for a \$, and as for a oh, that's entirely out of the ? None of your !!! about laziness—we say it's hot! Ah! hold on—here's some; give's the scissors. Here's a poor fellow in San Francisco committed suicide, and McNulty sat on him—brimstone, what a job for a hot day! Never mind, we'll appropriate that story, but don't you give any credit for it. There, now, take your ~~ss~~ out of your pockets and go to work. Put some quins around that wash-woman's bill, and lock up the elephant; throw those types that were battered by the sheepfoot into 'hell,' and separate the pi; put the 'Model Lady' on the galley and the 'Dandy' in the case; place furniture round the 'New Boarding House,' overrun the 'Country'—put all the subheads in small caps; get the 'Hay' to press, hurry up the 'New Store,' distribute the 'Mormons,' and lay 'Judge Cradlebaugh' one side—he's getting old; justify that 'Homicide,' and prove the 'Murder.' You may tie up the 'Fourth of July,' the people don't seem to want it this year. Then go and jump in the creek and wash your face—it'll take it all to do it; and at the same time drive away the shark; everybody goes in swimming these hot days, and somebody will get bit yet. And mind you don't come here again for copy before the next mail comes in."

Was ever a more Homeric description of one of those ridiculously important personages, a New York policeman, than this:

Arbaces stood with folded arms, his majestic form enveloped in a well-fitting blue frock coat with brass buttons; ornaments had he none, save that on his noble breast glittered a single star of dazzling whiteness, inscribed with diabolic characters; his eagle eye dashed from beneath a head-dress of peculiar form, severe in its simplicity, black as Erebus, and glossy as a stack of black cats (I am speaking of the head-dress, not the eyes); his right hand waved aloft a slender wand; his left reposed in an attitude of conscious power upon his hip. Afar off he beheld a female of antique appearance, clad in garments of not more antique texture, bent with the weight of years and a large bag, into which, ever and anon she thrust fragments of half-consumed coal. Suddenly she espies a glittering object! like the swoop of a chicken upon a worm, she pounces on it! it glitters in her grasp! she essays to hide it in her bosom! it is a silver spoon! With lightning glance, Arbaces marked her, swift as the avenging thunderbolt fell his mighty hand on her defenceless shoulder. He dragged her to the Tombs.

Recent news from Europe tells us of the death, in Paris, of a notorious duellist—Choquet. This man, it is said, lived by the profession—a singular thing; most people would manage to do the reverse. This was the way of it:

A grateful manager of a theatre gave him a pension for life, as Choquet, knowing that the manager was going out with a man infinitely superior in fencing, went early to the rendezvous, insulted the manager's opponent, and ran him through. This act of kindness touched the heart of the director, and got Choquet sous for life. He was, of course, a bully—what duellist is not?—and most of his thirty duels proceeded from brutal insults which, in more civilized England, would have caused him to be handed over to policeman A., and fined five pounds next morning. It is said that he killed a fragoon officer, who did not hear his "The newspaper after you, if you please!" upon which he got up and knocked on the officer's cuirass with a "Holloa! house, there—is there any one at home?" Few will drop a tear over Choquet—most will declare he deserved another kind of "drop."

It is nothing new to say, but appearances are deceitful. Annoyingly so, as in the case of a teller, not the teller of this story by the way, but a man who handed out cash at the State Bank in Cincinnati. One day a rough-looking customer presented himself at the desk of this functionary and thus addressed him:

"I say, stranger, have you any Kaintuck?"

"Any what?" asked the teller.

"Why, any Kentuck money—the Ohio trash goes rather hard in our parts."

The teller, supposing from his appearance, that he only wanted a few dollars, told him that he had nothing short of some one hundred dollar and five hundred dollar notes—nothing shorter.

"Well, how many have you got of them?"

"Oh, quite enough—some twenty-five thousand dollars, or thereabouts."

"Well, old fellow—I call you on the whole," said the Kentuckian, as he pulled out a roll of bank bills; "I wanted about thirty thousand dollars, but I'll take the twenty-five, and here's your Ohio rags."

The man was a drover, who had sold his cattle, and was about to return home.

The spirit "be ye contented with little" is admirably carried out, we think, in these lines, entitled "Irish Poverty:"

When is a man in Ireland poor—
When a tax-gatherer's at his door?

No!

When he hasn't a pig on the floor?

No!

When he has not got prayties galore?

No!

When his roof is in, and his goods are out;
And his cattle are sold and put to the rout;
And his family starving beyond a doubt?

No!—

When,

Then?—

Why, when his pocket is empty so
That a fly may skip in it to and fro,
Backwards and forwards, high or low,
Without any fear in that pocket garden
Of bruising its shins against a farden!

The class in geography is called, and the teacher proceeds to put his pupils through a "course of sprouts," as follows:

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, in what continent—eastern or western?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the eastern continent but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are the products?"

"Of Africa, or down South?"

"Africa, you blockhead."

"Well, sir, it han't got any; it never had any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir, by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, Joseph."

"Samuel, what is the equator?"

"It is the horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imaginations of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat, Samuel."

"William, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing which appears when the moon gets on a bust, and runs agin the sun; consequently the sun blackens the moon's face."

"Class is dismissed."

A nice distinction is embodied in the following story of a kitten for which one of those whom the poet calls "Heaven's last, best gift to man," in point of fact, a woman, is responsible:

I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a kitten which I bought and brought home as a plaything for my two children. To prevent any disturbance about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and it was agreed, that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the eldest—but only three years—should be sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal; but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day, soon after, I heard puss making a dreadful mewing, and I called out to Eddie:

"There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten—I heard her cry."

"No I didn't, mother; I trod on my part and your part hollered."

A MAGAZINE writer tells the following story of an Irishman's device to get a glass of whiskey. It is so ingenious that one cannot help laughing at it:

One morning Pat said to me, "Oh, yer honor, I had a great drama last night intirely—I dramed I was in Rome, tho' how I got there is more than I can tell; but there I was, sure enough; and as in duty bound, what does I do but go and see the pope. Well, it was a long journey, and it was late when I got there—too late for the likes of me; and when I got to the palace I saw priests and bishops, and cardinals, and all the great dignitaries of the church a coming out; and sais one of them to me,

"How are ye, Pat Moloney?" sais he; 'and that spalpeen yer father, bad luck to him, how is he?'

"It startled me to hear me own name so sudden, that it came mighty nigh waking me up, it did.

"Sais I, 'Your riverence, how in the world did ye know that Pat Moloney was me name, let alone that of me father?'

"Why, ye blackguard," sais he, 'I knew ye since ye was knee high to a goose, and I knew yer mother afore ye was born.'

" 'It's good right yer honor has then to know me,' says I, 'let alone me father.'

" 'Bad manners to ye,' says he, 'sure this is no place to be joking in at all at all. What is it ye are afther doing here at this time o' night?'

" 'To see his holiness the pope,' says I.

" 'That's right,' says he; 'pass on, but leave yer impudence with yer hat and shoes at the door.'

" 'Well, I was shown into a mighty fine room where his holiness was, and down I went on me knees.

" 'Rise up, Pat Moloney,' says his holiness; 'ye're a broth of a boy to come all the way from Ireland to do yer duty to me; and it's dutiful children ye are, every mother's son of ye. What will ye have to drink, Pat?'

" 'The greater a man is, the more of a rael gintleman he is, yer honor, and the more condescending.'

" 'What will ye have to drink, Pat?' says he.

" 'A glass of whiskey, yer holiness,' says I, 'if it's all the same to ye.'

" 'Shall it be hot or cold?' says he.

" 'Hot,' says I, 'if it's all the same, and gives ye no trouble.'

" 'Hot it shall be,' says he; 'but as I have dismissed all me servants for the night, I'll just step down below for the taykettle.'

" And wid that he left the room, and was gone for a long time; and jist as he came to the door again he knocked so loud the noise woke me up, and, by Japers! I missed me whiskey intirely! Bedad, if I had only had the sense to say, 'Nate, yer holiness,' I'd a had me whiskey sure enough, and never known it warn't all true, instead of a drame."

I knew what he wanted, so I poured him out a glass. "Won't it do as well now, Pat?" said I.

"Indeed it will, yer honor," says he, "and my drame will come true, after all. I thought it would, for it was mighty nateral at the time, all but the whiskey."

As great fish swallow up the little ones, so in the following case a great evil was the means of abating a lesser one:

On board the Indian, in one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good-natured passengers, among whom was a Hoosier, from the Wabash, who was going down to Orleans, and had provided himself with an old fiddle. Fancying that he could fiddle as well as any man, and placing himself where he could attract notice, he scraped away. The fellow could play no more than a setting hen could, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow-passengers. A Frenchman of very delicate nerves and fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, fidgeted, and swore at the fiddler. The passengers tried various expedients to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle. It was no go—"he would music just as long as he pleased." At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying, "I reckon I'll fix him," and placing himself by the fiddler, he commenced braying with all his might. The effect of this move was beyond all description. Old Kentucky brayed so loud that he drowned the screechings of the fiddle, and, amid the shouts of the passengers the discomfited Hoosier retreated below. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds, and quiet was restored for the day. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat. The next morning, after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old torment. Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself upon the passengers. Loud and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman—just seated to read his paper—on the first sound, rose and looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders, and shouted, "Vare is he? Queek, queek! Vare is Monsieur Kentucky, de man vat play on de tonkey?"

Da QUINCEY, the "opium eater," tells a story of the disastrous result of too great confidence in dictionaries:

A German, whose English education had been somewhat neglected, obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted) be open to new offers, and accordingly opened his business thus:

"Highborn madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon!—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite oder beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick."

It may be supposed that this did not mend matters; and, reading so much in the lady's countenance, the German drew out an octavo dictionary, and said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire,

"Madam, since your husband have gone to kingdom come."

This he said beseechingly; but the lady was past propitiation this time, and rapidly moved towards the door. Things had now reached a crisis; and, if something were not done quickly, the game was up. Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out, in a voice of despair,

"Madam, since your husband—your most respected husband—your never-enough-to-be-worshipped husband—have hopped de twig."

This was his sheet anchor; and, as this also came home, of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used (Arnold's we think), a work of one hundred and fifty years back, and, from mere German ignorance, giving slang translations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and other jocular writers—had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents: 1. To kick the bucket; 2. To cut one's stick; 3. To go to kingdom come; 4. To hop the twig; to drop off the perch into Davy's locker.

THERE are people in this world who think themselves too wise to be taught anything, and, as a natural consequence, often refuse to believe the truth. For example:

A party of excursionists from the vicinity of Manchester were perambulating about the shore at Seacombe, opposite Liverpool, and seeing several flats and schooners lying high and dry on a beach, the tide being out at the time, one of the party turned round to a friend of his and said:

"I say, Bill, how do them there fellers get their vessels down th' water?"

"Can't say," was the response.

"Well," returned Bill, "I'll know afore I goes whoam at neet."

On the party went, and at last, on coming to a schooner, where one of the seamen was seated at the stern, Bill, to satisfy his curiosity, goes up, and thus interrogates the sailor:

"I say, maister, how de manage to get vessel into water?"

"Why, we don't put the schooner into the water, the water comes up to her!"

Bill chuckled, and placing the tip of his thumb to the end of his proboscis, roared out, "Gammon! Thou'rt not owld enough to joke us Manchester fowk!"

As a specimen of Yankee eloquence take the following speech made by the famous Tulip Seminary orator, who, referring to the land of the bowie-knife and the repudiator, asks:

"Shall Arkansas somnambulate in dreamy indifference, her fertile soil, her flowing rivers, her diversified minerals, beckoning onward and crying out in mute munificence, progress and advancement while above and beneath her the roar of mighty nature struggles in the potency of her omnipotency bids onward, and around everywhere the noise of the hammer of enlightened advancement trumpets the onward and upward march of the world! Eternity course cannot but answer No!"

ANOTHER speaker asks in the course of his speech in the Missouri Legislature:

"What do gentlemen want? Is corn so dear and honey so sweet as to be purchased only at the price of having the state imprisoned by our enemies? Forbid it, Jeremiah! Do you want institutions of your state reduced to the condition of affairs as down in Georgia, where a plantation consists of two overseers and one nigger. (Applause.) As the poet says, 'I'd rather be a mangy, strange yellor dog with a bob tail, and bay at the moon than not to say, this is me own, me native state. (Great applause.) And I will defend her institutions so long as grass runs and water grows. (Renewed applause.)"

PATRICK'S SERENADE—IN THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

Och! Bridget, mayourneen, joost open the winder,
And give me a glimpse of your beautiful face;
My ancient duceen is all burnt to a cinder,
And bogs are quite thick in this murderin place.

Sure, Biddy, my girl, it's no joke for a janious
To walk all the day 'nath the botherin' hod,
And then, in the night, serynade a young Varnous,
Clane up to his knees in the muddy ould sod.

I'm dyin' wid rapture, my jewel of cratures,
And niver a lovyer more willingly howled;
But don't ye let scorn wrinkle up your swate features,
Because your poor Paddy has got such a cowl.

The lightnin' is roarin', the toonder is flashin',
The moon is no bigger than nothin' at all;
And such an outrageous and devilish splashin'
I never did hear since the days I was small.

Thin open the winder, my queen of affection,
Or what is as good—plaze open the door;
Nor dhrame that you're sure of escapin' detection—
I know ye're awake, by the length av yer shnore!

THE EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Class in the middle of geography, stand up.

"What's a pyramid?"

"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other."

"Where is Egypt?"

"Where it allers was."

"Where is Wales?"

"All over the sea."

"Very well; now stand there till I show you a species of the well known in this country."

THE LOST SHEEP.—A preacher of the Methodist church was traveling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin where an old lady received him kindly. After setting provisions before her she began to question him:

"Stranger where might you be from?"

"Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky."

"Wall, stranger, hope no offence, but what mought you be doing way up here?"

"Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

"John, John!" shouted the old lady, "come right here this minit; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby county, Kentucky, a huntin' stock, and I'll just bet my life that that tangle-haired old black ram that's been in our lot last week is one of his'n!"

A CLINCHER.—A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his laborers who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting on his plough, resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?"

John, with a countenance which well might have become the clergyman himself, instantly replied.

"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling board in the pulpit, and when they are singing to swingle a little hax?"

The reverend gentlemen turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

THINGS NOT TO BE DESCRIBED.—Only a fervid imagination can realise the following:

Getting out of an omnibus and discovering that you have lost your purse. Finding a leaf out of your new book of poems round a pat of butter, just brought in by Jane the servant-maid. Travelling for fifty miles alongside of a mild, clerical-looking man, conversing with him, and believing him to be a "most superior person," when, upon exchanging cards, you find he is about to "assist" officially at an execution on the following morning. You remember with an intensity of disgust that his sentiment as you imbibed a glass of beer together at the refreshment counter was, "My service to you."

COULDN'T CHEAT HIM.—An Irishman called at a bookstore in Jordan, the other day, to purchase a steel-pen. The clerk handed him one, and after examining it a moment, he threw it down, declaring that "he didn't want to be cheated in that manner." The clerk picked it up, and asked, "What is the matter with it?"

"It's broke," said the man; "I want a whole one, or I'll not pay ye for it."

The clerk assured him that it was whole, and a good one—but was effectually silenced by the Irishman, who, pointing out its defect, exclaimed: "An' will ye be after calling that a whole one? Don't ye see it's split!"

A CLEAN SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality, with his eye teeth cut. Passing up Chatham through the Jews' quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you need it."

The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

A BAD SPECULATION.—For some time officer Clinton of Albany has suspected that a barber, near the Little Basin, was a dealer in bogus coin. To ascertain whether his suspicions were well founded, he made up his mind to sound the barber. For this purpose he employed two canallers to go in and get shaved. He gave each canaller a dollar bill, supposing that a part of the change would be bogus coin. The canallers went ahead and not only got shaved, but their hair cut and heads shampooed. They also paid a small bill they owed the barber. The result was that each man returned Clinton nine cents, "all in pennies." Clinton looked at the pennies. Canallers looked at Clinton. Clinton said "two chuckleheads" turned upon his heel and left for the Police Office. Clinton expected to get in change three bad quarters on each bill. Instead of that he got a few old cents, of no earthly use to anybody. This is probably the last time Clinton will undertake to fix a "figery-four" for a barber.

MRS. P. AGAIN.—"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column on the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris.

"The pillar of Napoleon," was the answer.

"Well, I never did," she exclaimed, "and that's his pillow! he was a great man to use that! but it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah! Isaac, see what it is to be great. How hard his head must have rested on that ironical pillow!"

A GOOD REPLY.—"There goes a turncoat, cried a politician, not long ago, from inside a store to a farmer who was passing at the time in a loaded wagon.

"What would you have," replied the farmer, "would you have a man wear his coat the wrong side out all day because he happened to put it on so in the morning?"

TWO OF THEM.—A wag entered a store in London, some few years ago, which had for its sign two baboons, and addressing himself to the proprietor, said,

"I wish to see your partner."

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Hope you'll excuse the mistake."

"Oh, no harm done, sir; but what made you think there were two of us?"

"Your sign—the two baboons!"

A titter from ladies in the store—wag bolts in double quick time—"baboon" leaps the counter and takes after him—no go; wag too far ahead.

AN IRISH LETTER.—Dennis O'Shaughnessy, only six weeks in "Ameriky," thus writes to his sweetheart in Ireland; "Bridget, darling, come across to me; it's meself is doing a nate business here with a son of Father Malone's; sure it's with his brother I mane. He keeps a whiskey store, and I does the waiting. He told me the other morning that he had no money, I told him I'd take part of the stock every Saturday as wages. 'But,' says he, 'sure, Pat if I pay that way, I will soon have no stock at all left, and you will.' Says I to him, says I, 'Sure you can work for me then, alanna, and earn it back again, and so we can keep it up, and be masters month in and month out, and wages will come aisy to both of us.'"

A PHRAGMENT OF AN OWE TO A PHREEMONT POLE, WHAT WAS A BEIN CUT DOWN FOR STOVE WOULD.

WOODMAN! spare them poles,
Touch not a single wun,
Last fall they cheered our soales,
Just let 'em stand for plun.

It was our Phreemont Clubb
That lat did place them there;
Oh! please, sur, let 'em stand,
Or else yew'll hear us sware.

IKE PUZZLED.—Ike came home from school very much agitated because he couldn't understand the principles of allegation, as laid down in Greenleaf.

"There, dear," said Mrs. Partington, "don't fret about it; you must tell the teacher that you ain't no alligator, and I know he'll relinquish you."

The lad was comforted accordingly.

NOT AN IRISHMAN.—At Lynn the other day, a Sunday school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn't an Irishman!"

"DAT'S JUST WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW."—"A large African, whose back might answer for a black board in a public school, was arrested, and a boulder, weighing about four pounds, was found under his shirt-bosom. On being questioned as to how it came into his possession, he exclaimed, with a look of blank astonishment, 'Dat's just what I'd like to know, how dat infernal rock got into my bosom. I s'pect some dam nigger must have frowd it dar.'"

A LOVELY OATH.

"Do you," said Jane, the other day,
"Love me in earnest, as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear!
For, by those eyes—those lips—I swear,
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And cried, 'You've sworn; NOW KISS THE BOOK.'"

PHYSIC IN THE WINE.—At a recent quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church, at Westchester, Ill., antimonial wine was used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper by mistake. All the communicants; of course, sickened and speedily commenced throwing themselves away. The venerable Peter Cartwright, who was present and among the victims, said "it was the first time he ever witnessed an attempt to vomit the devil out of church!"

IRISH ALL OVER.—The other day, a lady fell off the Brooklyn boat into the East river; a poor Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the coin:

"Arrah, don't blame the gentleman—he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar!"

A RUSTIC "NOTICE."—Strayed from my house, June 3rd, one black mare, shod all round, each year sloped off, any person finding said mare and, let me know at West Point, shall be well paid for his trouble.

J. R. BUCKLEY.

June 11, 1859.



Mr. Boggle, delighted with the applause bestowed upon the English Eleven, joins the St. George's Amateur Club—his first appearance.



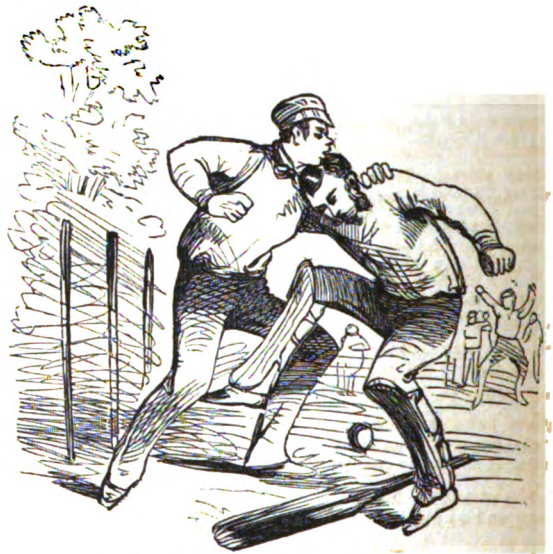
His first lesson—feels rather queer in the midships, where he receives the ball.



Recovering a little has a terrible relapse, in consequence of catching the ball on his nose, which is considerably flattened by the operation.



Takes his innings—in making a tremendous strike, the bat flies from his hand, and damages the face of Billy Flanagan the Pugilist, who



Pitches into him like a thousand of bricks.



His appearance the day after on his way to his store.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR NOVEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

THE bright and genial weather seems to have suggested the extraordinary brilliance of the dry goods which glitter in the Broadway stores. It is really hard to tell whether the skies or the robes are the gayest, so very decided are the tints of the leading materials. It is everywhere the very *embarras des richesses*; for the *coup de théâtre* by which Napoleon put so sudden a termination to the war in Italy has upset all the calculations of importers; and we find the auction-rooms flooded with goods which must be sold, at any sacrifice; with the alternative of being returned on the hands of the owners. As we noticed early in the season, a large amount of dry goods were sent here on consignment, and are thus pushed into the market. Hence we have, just now, a quantity of cheap silks, from the bayadere patterns, with a palpable mixture of cotton in the stripes, at seventy or seventy-five cents a yard, to the broché two-flounced dresses at twenty-five dollars the robe. In the general rush to display cheap goods, and make a telling point for advertisements and show

cards, every house has brought down the prices of its stock to the same standard. You find, for instance, everywhere, broché silks, with two flounces, at twenty-five dollars; but on inspection it will be seen that there is a wonderful difference in the

quality of the silks, and not unfrequently, also, in the length. Nineteen yards is the smallest quantity that will make a dress of this description, except the intended wearer is a little woman, and she should not put one on at all. In going over the leading articles in the various dry goods houses we shall notice especially such as are really, and not merely apparently cheap.

Beginning with the mammoth establishment of A. T. STEWART & Co., Broadway, Chambers and Reade streets, we were shown a dress which had just arrived from France, of that brilliant hue which is called fuschia, although we confess we do not know of any variety of even that beautiful flower whose tints will, in any degree, compare in beauty with that of this magnificent dress. It is a robe à deux jupes, both bordered with a glittering silvery design of guelder roses and their foliage, the latter being of the same color as the dress, but



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richly broché and raised, so that, in fact, many of them look like velvet. Just breaking the uniformity, like one of those white clouds which sometimes is seen to float across the horizon at early dawn, adding to its splendor, even when softening its brilliancy, comes an irregular band of white, on which the floral sprays are sprinkled in fuschia. Then again the ground is of its original color; and the upper skirt has a wreath of roses and foliage clinging to the silk, along the centre and border of each breadth. Of course there are accompanying brocaded trimmings; a matter of necessity, in this case, since New York would certainly furnish nothing in the way of garniture to correspond. The quantity given of this splendid robe is twenty-four yards, and the price moderate, considering; namely, one hundred dollars.

We were fortunate in the time of our visit to this establishment, since we had the first sight of some other very magnificent dress pieces. The designs were mostly in broad, longitudinal stripes; one being colored moiré, with a chiné pattern on a gray or fawn ground, alternately; in others, the bright stripe was of satin, the subdued one of reps silk. The chiné designs were in small bayadere bars, or running patterns, or sometimes medallions or squares, prices from four and a half to five dollars. For stage costume, as well as for evening toilette, this style of dress is particularly effective. Indeed, we have noticed with admiration a magnificent robe of a somewhat similar design, worn by Miss Laura Keane, in one of the acts of the "Sea of Ice," broad stripes of fuschia satin and white moiré, simpler than those at Stewart's, but even more beautiful. This sort of pattern adds so materially to the height of the figure, and gives it altogether so imposing a look that it is particularly calculated for the stage; though equally becoming to slight tall women in a drawing-room.

A dress we particularly admired, at Stewart's, had broad brown satin stripes, alternated with black reps silk, with a chiné pattern.

Of the two-flounced broché dresses at twenty-five dollars, a great variety will be found at Stewart's; they are in almost every color, and broché in black or white. The modes, grays and fawns will make charming evening dresses for the coming season, becoming to almost every one, and permitting the wearer just to brighten herself up with a head-dress and other decorations, in cerise and black lace. Brunettes, however, will find richer and more decided colors more becoming; and purples, crimsons, browns and greens, with black broché in some of these, are also attainable.

At thirty dollars are displayed some silk robes, with velvet borders to the flouncings and trimmings. They are in a few colors only. Both these styles will make elegant dresses at an unusually moderate cost.

There are many bayadere and other silks at one dollar a yard at this establishment; but for ten shillings we find a great improvement in the quality of the goods, and at this price there is a great variety. Amongst others were some silks of beautiful texture, in peach, blue and green; bayadere stripes, of black brocade, barred with a bright color (which, however, we think better adapted for skirts than entire dresses); and plaids in blocks with one bright color, very excellent, durable and pretty looking.

A great variety of rich silks, at two dollars, are in broad longitudinal stripes, of one bright color, with black or brown. We see, also, a considerable admixture of delicate straw color, in small patterns or bars on dark grounds. The effect of this color at night is always so good that it is peculiarly adapted for evening dress.

Satins and silks, sprinkled over with delicate bouquets or single flowers with their foliage, are to be found here in great variety. Some have these bouquets in black velvet on brown or purple ground, and the effect is extremely beautiful.

Very handsome cashmere robes, suitable for morning wrappers, may be purchased here for ten dollars. While we do not admire the immense patterns and bright colors of these robes, and by no means covet one of them for our private wear, we must concede that they possess that one great merit, without which even beauty loses its charm—they are the height of Fashion; so let them go on and prosper.

GEORGE HEARN, 425 Broadway, has also, as usual, some of the choicest silks in the market. We found, for instance, those at twenty-five dollars the dress very superior to many apparently of the same sort, and sold at the same price. They are Mr. Hearn's own importation, costing him actually considerably more; but as goods so like them have been bought in the auction-rooms on terms which have thrown them in the market at twenty-five dollars, his are reduced to the same.

There is always a peculiar richness yet chaste elegance about the goods of this establishment—small patterns and harmonious colors. One design especially pleased us; it consisted of a small stripe, formed of a succession of tiny diamonds in one rich color, alternated with a somewhat broader stripe in black, forming a little flower at intervals. The flower having a single bright spot in the centre, made it just bright without being in the least gaudy. The material was a very rich silk. A brown reps, spotted over with delicate cream-colored flowers and small black leaves, was one which especially pleased us. Then in moiré antiques we found an extensive and varied stock, at three and a half to four dollars the yard, according to the color. Our readers are, of course, aware that high colors are always the most expensive, and the petunia (or Marguerite, as they sometimes call it) the most costly of all.

Plain corded silks, in all the fashionable colors, at two dollars the yard, are among the *spécialités* of this firm, and will be attractive to those who study economy, since, although costing more than some of the novel designs of the season, they will wear longer, will turn and will not look old-fashioned. A dress, the purchase of which our acquaintances can date from such and such a year, is never quite judicious for those who cannot afford many, and who have the faculty of making them last long.

Plain *gros de Naples*, in petunia and all other leading colors, will be found here. They will be much worn for dinner and evening dress, where the skirt is made with many flounces, a style likely to continue fashionable.

We inspected, with great pleasure, the India shawls for which this house is celebrated. They have long made their shawls a leading feature of the establishment, and, as we are given to understand, are without a rival in this department. Certain it is that their shawls are marvellously beautiful, and the prices by no means unreasonable, considering the quality. The prices range from one hundred and twenty to one thousand two hundred dollars; the shawl marked at the latter cost having been one-fourth more costly some time ago. All the shawls at George Hearn's are of the precious old patterns, quiet harmonizing colors, and the eternal palm designs. The novelties introduced by the Compagnie des Indes, to which we have alluded in former numbers, have not found favor in the eyes of this house.

En passant, we may remark that shawls are once more becoming fashionable, and that those who possess handsome ones may venture to exhibit them without being branded as wanting in taste or style. There still, however, remains to be solved that difficult problem, *how to put on a shawl?* And considering how few women have the least notion of this operation, we should think it no bad speculation for an accomplished Frenchwoman to give lessons on this subject and another, to which none but a Frenchwoman is ever equal—we mean that of walking without soiling skirts or stockings in wet and muddy weather. Just let some enterprising lady start in this line, and she will have pupils enough to satisfy her.

JAMES GRAY & Co., 729 Broadway, corner of Waverley place, are just beginning to exhibit the results of their orders to the leading manufacturers at Lyons and elsewhere. As usual, they display not only a choice selection of fabrics similar to those of other firms, but some which are exclusively their own. Their poplins (Irish and French) and Ottoman velours will be found very beautiful. They have also a very beautiful stock of evening dresses in the newest French styles. In freshness and elegance some of these dresses will compare favorably with those of the most distinguished houses in Paris. They bestow especial attention also on the lace and embroidery department. Many of their patterns are made exclusively for themselves.

and cannot be obtained elsewhere; and the trimmings are extremely tasteful.

USSELL, PIERSON, LARK & Co. are, like all the other houses, selling at a sacrifice to the manufacturers, if not to themselves. They are displaying some silks of apparently tolerable quality and design, at seventy-five cents a yard; but they are so narrow that they will be found anything but bargains in the end. The same may be said of those at E. LAMBERT's, 335 Broadway. The silks at a dollar a yard, which are the usual width of narrow silks, and will turn, are actually cheaper, even as far as mere cash is concerned, than those at seventy-five cents; while there is not a comparison to be entertained about the durability of the two materials. When the cheap silks have a satin or raised stripe, as heavy narrow bayaderes have, it may be taken as a rule that the back of that stripe is of cotton.

STRANG, ADRIANCE & Co., 355 Broadway, have as usual some striking novelties, among which we may mention a very rich Ottoman silk of a new shade of lavender, called the Empress. It is a fitting name, doubtless; since it is a hue which would be peculiarly harmonious with the pure *spirituelle* features and complexion, and the golden hair of Eugenie.

Another importation of this house is a petunia double-skirt dress, the lower one plain, the upper heavily wrought in a magnificent design in black velvet; very rich, indeed, it is; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the heavy, ungraceful form of the massive upper dress and comparatively poor lower one. However magnificent the materials and design, nothing will ever make such a robe either artistic or becoming. It is a pity that a house possessing so much sense of the magnificent should have so decided a leaning to the grotesque and the eccentric in their styles. We cannot fancy that any but women of the *demi-monde* can be fascinated by such dresses.

A novelty in mantles and opera cloaks has been introduced by GEORGE BULFIN, 361 Broadway. The material is in plush, in rich stripes, and some few 42nd tartans. They are of ample size, and particularly graceful shape, with a charming gipsy hood, finished with handsome cord and tassels. Anything prettier or more appropriate for either the opera or the promenade could hardly be devised. Rich and bright without being light-looking, and exquisitely finished, they really are perfect bijoux of wraps. We felt particularly pleased to notice that the tassels, cords and trimmings generally were a precise match with the material itself. The linings are of heavy satin or moire, and the garments miracles of beauty and cheapness at thirty-five or forty dollars.

Among the many articles in crochet which, in the course of the last ten years, have been submitted to our examination, we have seen few more beautiful specimens of crochet than some which trimmed, berthe fashion, a black velvet mantle of the same house. It is, perhaps, seven inches deep, slightly scalloped at one edge, where it is further finished by a heavy fringe; the design, sprays of acacia buds and foliage, raised on a guipured ground of regular diamond shape, with a dot on every bar. A handsome beading finished it.

Not less curiously beautiful are some of the guipure laces used in trimming the velvet mantles at ELLIOTT's, 294 and 296 Canal street. Some have delicate medallions, with bouquets of flowers, others have minute landscapes woven into them, while the ground of the lace is in heavy guipure lace. The form of the most fashionable mantles being such as requires a berthe of lace or fringe round it, there is great room for the display of choice novelties in this style. The mantle is, indeed, usually set into a closely fitting yoke rounded on the shoulders and back, where it is put in three or five deep box-plaits. The rest of the trimmings, buttons, brandebourgs, agraffes and other fastenings are very generally in rich crochet of silk intermingled with jet; which last, glittering material, is largely employed in the fringes.

Marvels of embroidery on velvet may also be seen at the leading mantilla houses. One shawl-shaped mantle at A. T. STEWART's was one mass of silk and jet.

At CHARLES STREET's, also, we saw some magnificent specimens of work. A pointed scarf of velvet, trimmed with two deep frounces of lace, charmed us particularly; and we were

not surprised to recognise it the next day on the shoulders of one of the most elegantly dressed women we have seen in Broadway for a long time. Her dress was of purple Ottoman silk, with a bonnet of purple and black, and the mantilla before mentioned. Her face was of that pure pale white which is sometimes seen with dark eyes and purple black hair: an oval face, straight, well-defined eyebrows, long almond eyes, a Grecian nose and mouth, and the faintest possible tinge of color on the cheeks made up a charming countenance; and we could not help thinking how very much more becoming the rich dark colors were to her than any brighter ones could have been.

In bonnets we have found at R. T. WILDS & Co's., 225 Broadway, a very tasteful and extensive assortment; neat, pretty, snug-looking hats, covering the head as hats should do, and surrounding the face. Black straws seem a good deal worn for the morning, trimmed with velvet, cut or uncut. We have selected two of the bonnets of this establishment for illustration.

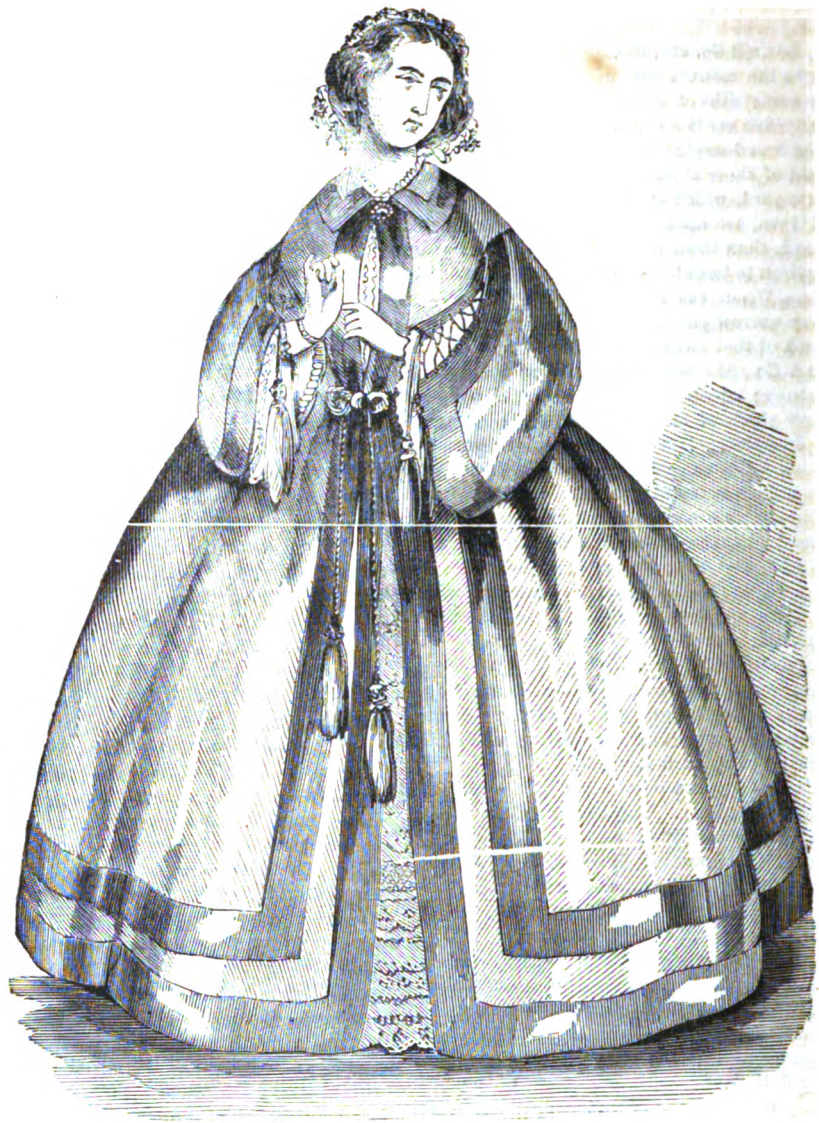
At GENIN's, also, we saw some novelties in this essential article of the toilette, and noticed that the bonnets now have what may be called a crown or headpiece as well as a front, which is what they have not had for some years past; in fact, for many seasons they have been so small that the crown or round has been put into the front, with no headpiece whatever. This has now ceased to be the case, and the bonnets look singularly long. Let us hope that now they have, once more, become head coverings, we shall suffer less with neuralgia and other evils consequent on the exposure of our faces and heads to the inclemency of the weather.

Mdlle. PICOT, 625 Broadway (up-stairs), just opposite Laura Keane's Theatre, has opened an establishment where we find bonnets of all the most fashionable styles, at very moderate prices. The patterns are distinguished by artistic combinations, and an elegant but not too voyante style. One of black velvet, with feathers gracefully arranged on one side, so as to fall partly over the top and partly over the curtain, which was plain, and plaited so as to form a rich beading. The other side was trimmed with black lace, a border of which fell over the front and formed a narrow voilette round the face. The only coloring about this bonnet was in the bandeau of garnet velvet, intermingled with black lace. An opera hat of white uncut velvet, intermingled with vert-lilay, and with marabout feathers of both hues; the crown was of tulle and velvet, slashed and falling over the curtain, which was of white, bound with green and finished with black lace. A handsome black lace fell over the crown, and the front was so arranged that the feathers fell on either side, completely trimming the bonnet; the bandeau was a demi-wreath of flowers. We notice that the strings of dress bonnets are not only very wide, but also very long—quite a yard in many cases.

While guarding our heads from cold and damp, we shall do well not to neglect the other and still more delicate extremity, the feet. No mere leather sole will effectually preserve us from cold and damp; for this nothing but cork soles will suffice, and we hope to see the use of boots with these soles general during the winter. We have noticed before that Mdlle. HILL, 571 Broadway, is the only person from whom Este's boots and shoes can be procured in New York. These articles are so well known in every part of the world that we need say nothing in their favor.

Among the novelties in illusion goods we find at BROMMOND's, opposite the Metropolitan, many of the choicest articles in capes, fichus, sleeves, &c. They have also some very pretty lace basques of black lace and velvet; in new shapes; these will be worn much for evening toilette with the *décolleté* dresses, adding to the richness of the effect as well as to the modest appearance of the wearer.

PHALON, the celebrated perfumer, is inaugurating a new era in that very delightful branch of commerce—or art and science; as in his hands it more properly becomes. It is time that the Empire City of the New World possessed an establishment devoted to perfumery, and Mr. Phalon promises to supply the want. Hitherto scents and essences, powder and rouge, and all the little essentials of the toilette table have been pure



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chased at drug stores or fancy shops, where, of course, the buyer must pay for the profit of two or three people. *Nous avons changé tout cela*—or rather Mr. Phalon has, since he manufactures his goods himself, and can sell them, of course, with equal benefit to himself, at a very much more moderate price to the retail customer. He is preparing, also, some handkerchief boxes, sultanas and sachets, exquisitely embroidered and finished and delightfully scented, for putting in drawers and holding delicate laces and expensive handkerchiefs. That he will supply in perfection one of the great luxuries of life, is but a small part of the benefit to be derived from his exertions by the women of the community: his establishment will no doubt give profitable employment to many skilled workmen, and thus a taste for refined luxury will be beneficial to many classes.

Mr. Phalon has selected for his new establishment an admirable location—619 Broadway, next door to Maillard's,

so that sweets for the palate and the person will be obtainable close to each other.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

WHATEVER doubt might have been entertained, a month or two ago, of the tendency of bonnets to increased size, there cannot possibly be any at the present time. The latest importations from leading Parisian houses settle the question definitely; bonnets are larger, not wider, but decidedly longer. As we have noticed elsewhere, there is an actual crown, or headpiece fitting the head, besides the front which has of late done duty for it; and which, indeed, has been called front, apparently, because it was always on the back of the head. The result of this increase of size is a decided increase of comfort to the wearer; and we hail the change with pleasure. The rounds of the crown are almost universally stiff, the only exception being made in favor



BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 470.

of the opera and dress hats, which are still sometimes puffed and slashed. Velvets, which are beginning, though only beginning to appear, are trimmed much with folded bands of velvet, usually of a different color to that of the bonnet itself; they are folded so closely and finely that they form a rouleau, held together here and there, by a band crossing them and of the color of the bonnet. It is not uncommon, also, to see the curtain set on in deep double box plaits, forming something like a fan, with the two centre plaits of the color of the trimming, the remainder of the curtain being like the ground. Feathers are almost universally used for trimming the outside of the bonnets; but decidedly the most distinguished we have seen in our travels among the bonnet stores had no trimming but a rich black lace barbe with a simple fold of garnet velvet, like that of the bonnet itself. The shape of this bonnet (from Alexandrine's) was particularly elegant; the barbe was arranged so as to fall partly over the front, partly over the outside, the ends floating over the shoulders; and the interior trimmed only with a bandeau and nœuds of velvet, intermixed with black lace. We saw this at Mme. HARRIS'S, 371 Broadway, where we were shown also some hats of that brilliant yellow tint known as cloth-of-gold. One—of which the velvet was arranged to form a double fan, one falling over the front, one over the crown of the bonnet, —was an entire novelty, in form as well as color. It is called the "*Eventail*." The elongation of form of which we have spoken is particularly noticeable in this establishment.

Black split straws, trimmed with black silk or velvet, and one bright color, are a good deal worn for the morning. A great variety of them will be found at R. T. WILDE'S. The strings, in many cases, are quite a yard long, in the full dress bonnets, and have bars of velvet ribbon placed diagonally across the ends.

In dresses we have little or no change to record. The Parisian fashion of making the front of the corsage and skirt in one does not yet obtain, here, to any great extent; and we may observe that even there it is employed only for morning robes. The French ladies, we may notice, patronise close fitting corsages with very simple sleeves, for morning wear during the winter months, as it is so much easier to slip over such a dress the loose jacket worn occasionally in the house. This jacket, known as the *coin-du-feu*, is made, this year, in the Zouave or Greek style, short, with loose slashed sleeves, and cut open also up the sides, where they are closed with cords. Handsomely braided, wadded and lined with nice silk, these pretty *sacques* are among the most comfortable articles of a lady's winter wardrobe; and must, we think, be particularly adapted for this country, where furnace-heated houses are so warm sometimes, and so chilly at others.

Mantles are beginning to divide the empire with shawls, of

which the long kind only are likely to be fashionable. All the mantles are very ample in size, and cut, generally, with sleeves, of the Entonnoir form, very large, and terminating in a point, finished by a handsome tassel. Where there is no real sleeve the mantle is cut to form one, the fronts of the mantle falling straight, like those of a scarf. The back is, almost always, set in large box plaits on a close-fitting cape, trimmed with rich crochet or lace guipure. Crochet ornaments of many various kinds, acorns, brandebourgs, &c., are used to fasten them; and they are generally, if not always, intermingled with cut jet beads, which are also largely employed in fringes.

The petunia and fuschia colors (sisters of the same family) are the most popular hues, the shades of yellow having become too common to be patronized by the really fashionable. Groseille, crimson and scarlet are much worn, but always toned down by black, which, after all, is really the most distinguished hue. In silks, we see that, next to black, the cinnamon brown and royal purple are the favorite.

Collars and cuffs à la mousquetaire for the morning, and rich lace, elaborately trimmed, for the evening dress, are the favorite articles of lingerie.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

ALTHOUGH there is always at this season a certain amount of fluctuation in the style of dress, consequent partly on the changes of temperature, partly on the disappointments of the milliner and dressmaker, yet we think we see less of it at the present moment than usual; the dresses of the last cold season having been so quiet in tone that their revival at this time imparts a degree of quiet richness to the costume. Then the promenade silks which are new are of decidedly the most unobtrusive styles—black or dark grounds, spotted over with tiny bouquets or chintz patterns, looking more like accidental showers of

stars than anything more gaudy. The absence of the flourishes and decorations which have prevailed of late is another element of elegance which the observer cannot fail to notice; and the ample drapery of the mantles, which almost entirely envelope the person in the street, tone the appearance down to a gravity which even the brilliant hues of the bonnets hardly disturbs. It is true that, as usual at this season, we see individuals indulging in those eccentricities of color and combination which they affect especially at spring and fall, and edify us with the sight of scarlet and pink, lilac and blue, and other preposterous mixtures; but these are gradually dying out, and they will ultimately be found only among the lower orders of Irish servants and others whose tastes are equally uncultivated.

We look to the coming winter as one in which a very graceful style of toilette is likely to prevail. The charming fichus and pelerines in illusion, which will be worn by all but young



TORSADÉ. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 470

girls, in combination with *robes décolletées*, are so becoming that they will be preferred to the display which has of late been so popular. We are speaking of evening and dinner dress. For hops and balls it will still probably be considered essential to appear without a fichu; but a charming style has been adopted lately at Paris, which we would recommend to our friends here: a chemisette or guimpe of illusion has been worn, entirely covering the shoulders and chest, above the low-necked dress, drawn and gathered round the throat, where it is confined by a narrow black velvet ribbon, fastened by a small diamond brooch. Long, drooping sleeves of illusion are also not uncommonly worn over the short, tight ones of the silk of the dress. Indeed, illusion is employed to an extent which we do not remember at any previous period, and which cannot fail to be becoming.

For coiffures, nets covered with jet are still in favor for morning toilette, unless in the case of those ladies who prefer caps of blonde or illusion. Evening head-dresses are almost exclusively of chenille and velvet, except for balls, when flowers are employed.

A toilette that was greatly admired lately in Paris consisted of a robe of blue silk, with such a guimpe as we have described, and a coronal of pink roses without foliage, graduated in size so that one large one rested over the forehead, and they gradually decreased to the back of the head.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG 1. This dress, which has the appearance of a double skirt, is really entirely in one, the design only giving it that effect. The lower part is in a large plaid, of mauve and brown, barred with black, and a wreath, in the jardinière pattern, divides it from the other. A second jardinière wreath runs round the skirt, with branches up the centre of each breadth. The corsage, like the ground of the upper part of the skirt, has a small brocaded pattern, self-colored, on it. It is made quite plain, buttoned to the throat, with a round waist, and full sleeves closed at the wrist by a band of dahlia fluting. A similar trimming finishes the epaulette. Bonnet of black velvet trimmed with black lace; and with short brides edged with lace. A band of green ribbon is placed on one side of the interior. A knot of the same ribbon, edged with black lace, fastens the dress and collar, in lieu of a breastpin. We may observe that the majority of these dresses are in much brighter colors, some really glaring.

FIG 2. Double skirt; the lower one of green plaid, the upper of black silk, with the front ornamented en tablier with narrow flounces of green, caught up at each side, and finished with a bow of black ribbon. The corsage is trimmed to correspond, and the sleeves have a border of green silk and a fluting of the same by way of cap. Cambric sleeves, with double ruffles reversed, and finished with a velvet band.

FIG 3. Boy's dress of crimson merino; the skirt is finished with a broad black velvet border. Bretelles of the same, terminating in broad lozenge-shaped points, with acorn tassels. Sleeves Entonnoir, bordered with black velvet, with full muslin undersleeves. Beaver hat, with black velvet band and bow, and a long ostrich plume.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

DRUID MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 465.

Druid mantle, of black cloth, trimmed with a rich passementerie bordering. It is very ample in size, and cut to form sleeves in itself. The hood is of the graceful and peculiar shape which we have noticed in a former number, falling into a form which makes it an elegant finish to the garment, and equally pretty and comfortable when drawn as a hood over the face. Like every production of this house, it is admirably made and finished; and our fair friends will hardly find any prettier mantle for a sortie-de-bal.

BURNOUS. BULPIN. PAGE 472.

While Chesterfields seem almost to be extinct, the Burnous

is still as popular as it was last season. Although even more ample in form, and set, almost invariably, in full box plaits, into a tight fitting cape, in the pattern before us there is also an over cape, trimmed with very rich guipure. This cape forms a point behind, where it is finished with a handsome tassel. The sleeve is very long, ample in size, and square cut. Like the cape it is trimmed with passementerie and tassels, besides a simple moss trimming round. The passementerie is of crochet, and a guipure of crochet silk, of unusually rich quality.

VELVET MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 472.

This is a circular, of very rich black velvet, set in large box plaits along the back, in a pointed cape. It is trimmed in bertha style, with a magnificent crochet lace intermixed with jet; and finished with a deep trimming of silk fringe and jet.

TORSADE. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 469.

Nothing can be prettier where the wearer possesses a luxuriant head of hair, than this pretty torsade, of silk cord and chenille with tassels to match.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 468.

Of petunia fancy velvet, mingled with black lace. The crown is plain, but beyond it the headpiece is covered by rows of velvet plaited something like the dahlia trimming, each band edged by black lace. The curtain, which is bound with the same material as itself, is almost covered by a frill of rich black lace, which is also carried round to fall over the front. At the top of the bonnet is a rosette of ribbon surrounded by lace, and on one side is placed, below it, a rich velvet flower, from which fall tassels finished with marabout feathers. The bandeau is of twisted black velvet, with petunia flowers on one side. The form is very open at the sides, decidedly pointed over the forehead, and long in the head.

MORNING ROBE. GENIN. PAGE 468.

We have rarely seen any dress of the description more chastely rich and elegant than the one we represent in the engraving. It is of a very rich grayish drab silk, trimmed with garnet-colored velvet. A double row of this rich material is set on each side of the front, gradually widening towards the edge of the skirt, and carried all round it. The sleeves, of the sultana form, are closed by lacings of silk cord, finished with heavy tassels. Of course, the sleeve is trimmed with velvet, while the inner edge is charmingly trimmed with a ruching of white satin ribbon. The collar is of velvet, and a rich girde of silk to match the velvet completes it.

INFLATED BUSTLE. B. F. MOORE & CO. PAGE 476.

This article, the good qualities of which we have had tested by "competent authority," will be found particularly convenient in sustaining and bearing the weight of the heavy winter dresses which we shall soon be all wearing. It can be made of any size, according to the amount of air with which it is filled; and provided only that it is screwed tightly, and that the use of pins is avoided in fastening the dress, it will be found a decidedly welcome addition to the toilette.

BONNET. R. T. WILDS & CO. PAGE 480.

This elegant bonnet is of fine white split straw, with a curtain of the same, covered by a white silk cape, trimmed with black lace velvet. The cape is pointed in the centre, and set on in box plaits, leaving a heading of the silk edged with velvet, by way of frill. The exterior is trimmed on one side by a band of black velvet edged with lace, which is carried across the top; and with tufts of half-blown roses of various shades, mingled with black lace, which cover that side and fall over the curtain. The bandeau is composed of pink terry, confined here and there by bars of black velvet. They terminate in a full tuft of roses on one side, and a square cut end of terry, edged with black lace on the other.

BONNET. R. T. WILDS & CO. PAGE 480.

This is a remarkably pretty evening bonnet of white moss velvet. The form of the front is round, and slightly everted at the sides, the bandeau composed of scarlet geranium and white lilac. A very full plume of marabout covers one side of the hat, and stiff folds of velvet, with a frill of blonde, finishes the other. This blonde is continued all round.

LADY'S CAP. R. T. WILDE & CO. PAGE 480.

This is a singularly pretty dress cap for a lady of a certain age—If such a personage exists. It is a cap, be it understood, and not a head-dress. A rucheing of illusion surrounds the face; and on it falls a rich white blonde, which, at the sides, is intermingled with black lace, and delicate scarlet velvet flowers. The black lace so employed is a handsome barbe, the ends of which fall on each side, as do those of a ribbon striped in white silk and scarlet velvet, which is carried across the crown. There is a regular curtain of black net, covered with white blonde, and edged by an illusion ruche; and the crown is covered with scarlet flowers, with marquissette centres.

COIFFURE. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 476.

A charming miniature coiffure, just covering the back hair and falling over the comb and on the neck in a fringe of rich chenille tassels. To those with abundant hair, but requiring a something in the way of head-dress, just to keep them in the fashion, nothing prettier than this could be desired.

CACHEPEIGNÉ. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 480.

This is a graceful demi-tollette head-dress of braided chenille of two colors. It consists of a coronal going round the head, and a handsome double bow of chenille at the back, besides which are drooping tassels of chenille and bugles on each side. It is made in every variety of color; white chenille being mingled with light tints and white beads, and the black with autumnal hues.

TASSEL. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 480.

The extensive use of tassels in the trimming of dresses and mantles, makes any novelty in this *genre* particularly acceptable. The tassel of which we now give an engraving is of crimped silk, with chenille drops. It is in the fuschia form, and singularly full and handsome.

BRANDEBOURG TASSEL. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 480.

This graceful little novelty is also the production of the firm whose novelties we so often select for illustration. The knot is of chenille of two colors intertwined, which colors are also combined in the tassels.

FASHIONS.**NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.**

HAVING frequent applications for the purchase of millinery, work-table materials, hair ornaments, &c., by ladies living at a distance, the Editress of the Fashion Department of *Frank Leslie's Family Magazine* will execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small per centage, for the time and research required. Every article will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste, and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country, on the following conditions:

The order must be accompanied by a cheque for the intended expenditure, addressed to the care of Frank Leslie, 13 Frankfort street, New York city. (Fashion Editress).

The instructions must be precise; and in the ordering of wearing apparel all particulars as to personal appearance should be given.

The address, including county and state, should be clear.

No order will be noticed unless the money is first received; nor can the editor or publisher be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The goods being purchased at those stores which maintain the highest character for the quality and style of the goods, and the moderation of price, and according to the prevailing fashion, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction is terminated.

We cannot, under any circumstances, send patterns or samples of goods, our own time and that of the proprietors of stores being too valuable to be taken up on the mere chance of an order.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of

Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly

its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent

for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York

**DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.****ALGERIAN COUVRE-PIEDS. PAGE 477.**

Among the most popular pieces of work for winter, and those which are, at once, most useful and ornamental when completed, we may mention the large square couvre-pieds, in stripes of coarse, brilliant-colored wool, used for throwing over the feet or person, when reclining on a lounge. Hitherto these have been done chiefly in coarse knitting, in the plain stitch; but the new crochet stitch will be found very superior in effect, while it is, to most persons, even easier than common knitting. We will describe the stitch which, in the "Manual of Fancy-work," is designated as the Princess Frederic William (having been invented in honor of that lady's marriage), accompanying our description with an engraving, which will assist the worker very materially.

You require a crochet hook about the size of a knitting needle, No. 8 Bell gauge; and as we do not readily find any of a good shape for the purpose, we buy a cedar wood knitting needle, about fifteen to eighteen inches long, with a knob at one end, and cut the other into the form of a hook; which, however, does not need to be deeply barbed, but only sufficiently so to hold the wool.

Make the chain in the ordinary way, of any length you desire; then keeping on the last take up each chain stitch, from last but one, to the first, drawing the wool through each, so that at the end of this row you have every stitch on the needle. In the following row, you take them all off again, beginning by drawing the thread through one only; but, after the first, drawing it always through two, until a single stitch only remains on the hook. This stitch forms the first of the following row, in which you take up every stitch again, bringing the wool through it. The stitch you take, however, does not seem at the top of the work, but an upright stitch at the side. (See engraving.) This row completed, the next one is like the previous, taking off every stitch, until one only is left.

The entire design thus consists of two rows, in one of which you take up, and in the other you take off, every stitch.

Double Zephyr should be used for this purpose; and bright colors selected. Scarlet, blue, amber and green, cut or divided by a narrow line of black, look very rich in the order in which we have designated them. Each stripe is worked with a pine or other pattern, in plain cross stitch. We give a very elegant pine design for this purpose. Each color may be worked with the one following it, as blue on scarlet, amber on blue, and so on. Or grays, drabs and fawns may be employed, plain or shaded.

For the colored stripes, at least thirty-one chains will be wanted, and the black band between may be of five or six stitches. Observe that one extra chain stitch must always be made.

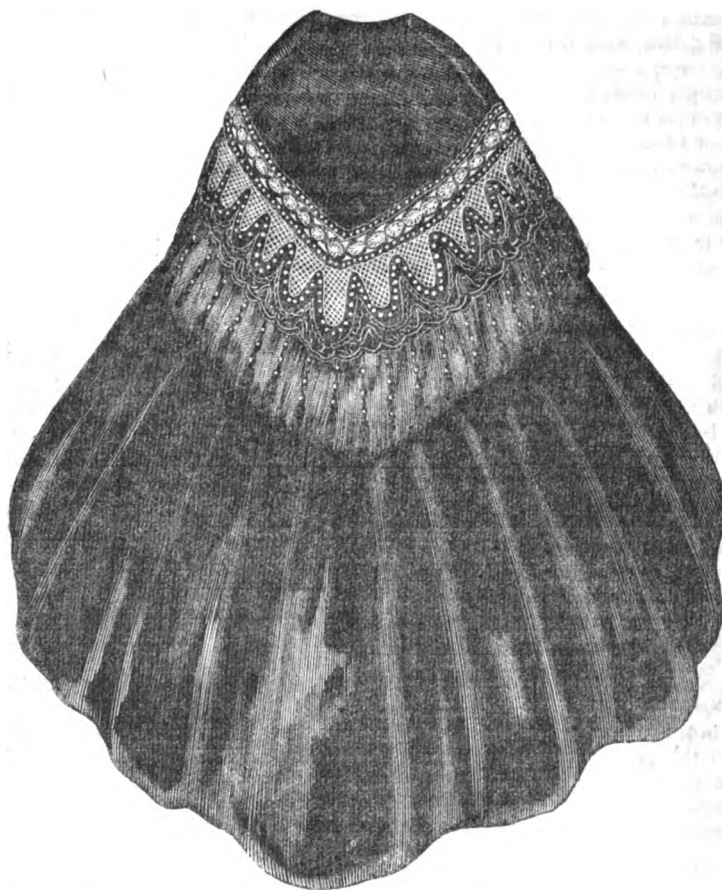
The stripes are sewed together, and a black border, of the width of the narrow stripes, put on all round to finish it, with the addition of a handsome fringe, of all the bright colors, being knotted in.

DESIGN FOR A NAPKIN RING IN O. P. (BOHEMIAN) BEADS. PAGE 477.

Materials: 3 distinct shades of red beads; 3 ditto of green, one of yellow and clear white. Walter Evans & Co's. beading cotton, No. 000.

This will be found a very effective pattern for napkin rings, and it can be so easily worked that even children will have no trouble in doing it. The roses have three shades of red, with yellow surrounding the second shade of red, and a single green bead in the centre. The perfectly white squares indicate the lightest red; those with a cross the second shade; the white dots on a black ground the darkest. The diamonds on a black ground mark the yellow beads. The white stars the darkest green, the vertical lines, the medium; the single spot on a black ground, the pale green. The ground is white.

The beads are to be woven in the usual way, beginning at any part you choose. Two perfect patterns will suffice for one ring; and if properly done, the two ends can be woven together, without any break in the design. Be sure to conceal any joins in the thread by slipping the knot into a bead; and in working, it is essential to reject any bead which is either imperfect, or of an irregular size. These rings would be improved by lining with a stiff cardboard sewed into a round, and



VELVET MANTLE. BULFIN. PAGE 470.



BURNOUS. BULFIN. PAGE 470.

covered with taffetas ribbon on the linen side. The edges may be further strengthened with a wire, and a series of bead loops may be added by way of border.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

We present this month a cut of autumn garments, of unusual elegance, from our friends Messrs. D. Devlin & Co.

Figure 1 is an illustration of a cassimere suit, adapted to riding, walking or business purposes. In it there is no material change of style from that in vogue for some time past, the coat being what is denominated the paletot, made to hang loosely from the figure, the waist cut long and collar small, widening to where it meets the lapel; sleeves, as heretofore, large, and tapering to the hand. The vest is single-breasted, with a notched rolling collar. The pantaloons large and tapering to the foot, to correspond in style with the sleeves of the coat.

Figures 2 and 3 present the front and back views of the paletot overcoat, a style which for ease and elegance surpasses any heretofore introduced. The front is cut plain and straight, the back in the surtout or frock style, combining the grace of the dress overcoat with the comfort of the loose fitting sack. The fabrics from which these garments are made are principally dark mixed Meltons and silk mixtures, although for gentlemen of more modest tastes plain cloths are somewhat in vogue.

One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than Old Scratch. If there be but one boy in a room, he is as quiet and sedate as a Quaker. Introduce another, and ground and lofty tumbling, &c., will be the order from sunrise to dark.

GRACE AUSTIN; OR, THE COUSINS.

"I LEAVE my child to your care, John; love her, and be good to her as you would be to your own. My property is all for her—you are wealthy—I have no other relatives; my child is my sole heiress, and she will be rich in this world's goods. For her I have toiled and striven, for her I have hoarded and saved, and now in my dying hour I have a fearful presentiment that her fortune will be the cause of her unhappiness. Guard her carefully; don't let her marry foolishly. My daughter, my

receive his last blessing, and only arriving in time to behold his lifeless corpse, the grief of the poor child was overwhelming; but when the first great shock was passed, and he imparted to her her father's wishes, John Austin was astonished at the good sense displayed by the frail and delicate-looking creature, who affectionately returned her uncle's caresses, and promised ever to be to him as a daughter.

Three days after the funeral, all the business arrangements having been settled, Grace Austin and her guardian set out for her future home; but ere we follow her thither, we must go back to the early history of the brothers, so mournfully introduced.



GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS. D. DEVLIN & CO. PAGE 472.

darling daughter, would I could have seen you ere I left this world!"

Thus spoke James Austin, as lying on his deathbed, he confided his orphan child to the care of his only brother. And that brother promised to be a father to the bereaved one; and happy in the assurance, the dying man departed.

Poor Grace Austin! It was a sad home-coming, when he whose fond caresses had hitherto been her welcome was lying cold and still in death. It was long before John Austin could divert the attention of his niece to any other subject than the death of her beloved father. Summoned hastily from school to

Twenty years before, John and James Austin found themselves in the metropolis, with very little money in their pockets, and less knowledge of the world in their heads. But fortune favored the enterprising lads, who, not content to vegetate in an obscure country village, had come to the great city to seek a living.

John, the eldest, fond of money, and eager for riches, turned his attention to mercantile affairs; while James, disliking the city, and willing to make slower progress, retired again into the country, and purchased a farm with what money he had.

Through his untiring zeal and faithfulness, John Austin so won the confidence of his employer, that while yet very young he married his daughter, and at the old gentleman's death became heir to all his wealth. Of riches he had abundance; of domestic happiness but a small share. His gay and volatile wife, brought up as too many are among the wealthy, being ill-calculated to make home happy. Their children, inheriting a frail constitution from their mother, and not receiving a mother's proper care, died early; and out of a family of seven, one only daughter lived to grow up.

James Austin also became wealthy. The farm he had purchased all at once became exceedingly valuable; a railroad was projected through it, a new town was springing up, and fabulous prices were offered to him for his land, and the end of it was, that he too became very rich. By judiciously employing his money in profitable speculation, he made a slow and sure increase on his capital, and having married a very beautiful and amiable girl, he looked forward to a life of contented happiness. But all his plans were upset by the death of his young wife, who left him heartbroken and disconsolate, only for the love and affection he bore her little infant.

For this child he now began to save, and ere his death had almost obtained the title of miser, so notorious were his economical habits. But on Grace and her education no expense was spared, and for the latter purpose she was kept at an excellent school, far away from the lonely place he had made his residence on the death of his wife. While for himself he took no pride in dress, he was careful that his child should always make an appearance suitable to the fortune he intended should one day be hers, and consequently Grace Austin was the best dressed girl in the school, always plentifully supplied with money, and always led to believe that she was rich. Her vacations, spent at her country home, and in the society of her beloved father, were seasons of great joy to the affectionate girl, who delighted to surprise her indulgent parent with the rapid progress she had made in her studies. All these happy days were now at an end; she must leave the dear old home, her companions at school, and all she had loved from youth, and go far away among strangers. But Grace yielded to no childish weakness, and when she saw that her tears distressed her uncle, she resolutely hid her feelings, and none saw her agony.

So great was her sorrow that she scarce noticed a remark that her guardian made one day about her father's property. His words insinuated that his brother had died poor; but beyond a vague feeling of astonishment, and an inward conviction that it was a mistake, the daughter thought no more about it. Long afterwards did Grace Austin call to mind those words, and wonder at her own strange indifference.

The last night of their stay in her old home Grace spent in tears and deep anguish. Little recked she of the great temptation her uncle was wrestling with under the same roof. Many times and oft had John Austin had it in his power to gratify his love of riches at the expense of his honor, but never had he allowed the tempter to overcome him; and at the time he became his niece's guardian his conscience was unstained by crime or wrong done to mortal.

Grace's friends gathered round to say farewell to the orphan, and she went forth into the world with the blessings of all who had known her from childhood. There was one among the number whose parting words none heard, save she alone; but they called a crimson flush up to the pale cheek, and tears filled the deep blue eyes as she gave him her hand and breathed a kind good-bye.

In after days, when sorrowful and well nigh broken-hearted, Grace Austin dwelt with hopeful remembrance on that parting look and that earnest promise of a future meeting. The son of the rector had been her friend from childhood, the companion of her vacations, and the favorite of her father. It added not a little to her distress to witness how coldly her uncle treated this esteemed friend, and this feeling threw greater cordiality into her leave-taking than would otherwise have been the case.

"Well, mamma, what news does father send? I am dying with impatience to know how much uncle has left me, and

there you sit, holding his letter, and won't tell me a single word." And Miss Emily Austin stamped her little foot with impatience, and spoke in a tone very unlike her usual softly modulated one.

Apparently unheeding, or accustomed to her daughter's ill temper, Mrs. Austin again went over the epistle she held in her hand, and so many strange expressions appeared in her countenance, that with an undutiful exclamation Emily snatched it from her hand and began to read it; but scarcely had she perused half a dozen lines ere, flinging it to the floor, she crushed it beneath her foot.

"I will not hear of it. She shan't come. Father must be crazy to think that I want a penniless cousin as a companion, even if she is a beauty." And the angry girl burst into a torrent of tears.

Mrs. Austin took this fearful ebullition very quietly, contenting herself with exclaiming, "Why, Emily! Don't give way to your feelings so, Emily." And then as a last resource, continuing, "You will spoil your eyes, and not be fit to go out with Mrs. Ranson, when she calls for you this afternoon."

The last argument appeared to have some effect, for wiping away her tears the angry beauty composed herself in the lounging chair from which she had arisen, and while she arranged her disordered curls, conversed in a somewhat lower tone about the contents of the unfortunate letter. Mrs. Austin appeared as much at a loss as herself to account for the unexpected tidings it conveyed.

"Is it not very strange, mother, after all we have heard, and all uncle wrote to us himself, about his immense property, that he should die poor, and leave his child for us to support? Surely, father must have made some mistake." And again the letter was closely examined.

Mrs. Austin said it was strange, but not even to her spoiled, over-indulged child did the wife dare to tell the strange thoughts that letter had conjured up; this suddenly announced poverty in one known to be rich, this child given to their care, and then the slurred and blotted letter, with its long erasures, so different from her husband's free and careless style, all combined to raise strange suspicions in her mind; but she prudently kept them to herself, and if Emily noticed her abstracted air, it was accounted for by the disappointment in regard to the money.

"It is too bad to be disappointed when I had made so sure of getting those diamonds with it," said Emily. "Don't you think you could persuade father to give them to me?"

There was no thought of the sufferings of the poor orphan—no pity for her loss. In Emily's eyes the disappointment about her long coveted jewels was paramount to all other distresses.

"I am afraid he will not consent to such extravagance, my darling," said her mother, "knowing that you have so many handsome ornaments already."

"But these are so magnificent and costly that none of my acquaintances have anything to equal them," said Emily. "Oh, do try to coax him for me, mamma; you don't know how I have set my mind on having these beautiful diamonds."

When occasion required, and some favor was to be obtained, Miss Emily could be as humble as possible to her doting mother, although her habitual treatment was in the highest degree insolent and ungrateful.

"I know it is of no use, dear," was Mrs. Austin's answer. "He positively refused before, and now, if he has your cousin to dress and support, it is absurd to think of getting them. I am very sorry, for I always wish to see you outshine your friends; but I know your father will not consent to this."

But here any further conversation was stopped by the arrival of Emily's very dear friend, Mrs. Ranson, who with her brother Alfred were bent on a shopping expedition. Mrs. Austin hastened to apologise for Emily's tear-swollen eyes by saying they had just heard of the death of a relative, thus impressing the visitors with an idea of the young lady's sensitive feelings.

Alfred Eldridge had long been selected by Mrs. Austin and her daughter as Emily's future husband; for though suitors for the rich merchant's daughter were plentiful, not one among the

number could compare with him in point of wealth, talents, station or personal appearance.

His sister, Mrs. Ranson, a schoolfellow of Emily's, and married to a rich man old enough to be her father, was a very different person, but was fondly loved by her brother, who, in his great affection for his only sister, overlooked the faults he could not correct.

To fascinate and win Alfred Eldridge was the great aim and end of Emily Austin's life. For that purpose she studied a thousand graceful arts; for that purpose she dressed and adorned herself; and for that purpose she courted and caressed the sister whom in her heart she despised, and yet envied.

For Mrs. Ranson, if she had married an old man, had at least attained the summit of her wishes in the possession of a magnificent house and furniture, an unrivalled equipage, and unlimited leave as to the expense of her wardrobe and ornaments. Since her marriage Alfred had come into possession of a large fortune likewise, and thus the brother and sister were objects of great interest in the circle in which they mixed.

That Emily Austin had made a deep impression on the young man's heart was quite true; but it was no less so that he was far from being in love, or at least sufficiently so to be blind to her faults. He was fascinated by her beauty, and perhaps a little flattered at her evident preference for himself; but there were feelings deep down in Alfred Eldridge's heart too noble, too earnest, too good to be touched by one like Emily Austin.

"Grace, this is your cousin; Emily, I have brought you a sister—you must be kind to her," said John Austin, as he presented the girls to each other.

There was a look of haughty disdain on the beautiful features of Miss Austin as she glanced with contemptuous curiosity at the slight, closely veiled figure before her; but her expression changed to one of utter astonishment when, drawing aside the heavy crape which shaded her features, Grace advanced to embrace her. So unexpectedly and exquisitely beautiful did she find her, that like a person in a dream she returned the fond greeting; but none the less did she dislike the new comer.

Very differently they appeared as they stood together; Emily with her slight brunette tinge, black, flashing eyes, raven ringlets and high color; Grace with a complexion like the palest leaf of a blush rose, deep blue eyes shaded by long, dark lashes, heavy braids of rich brown hair, and features that might have been modelled from a Grecian statue.

Emily had pictured her cousin rude in manners, uncultivated and awkward; over-awed by her superior elegance and style, and betraying in every movement her rustic education. She had expected all this and more; but the idea of her immense wealth had reconciled her to any faults, either of person, dress or manner.

"You know," she had said to her mother, "that her gold will hide all defects; and under my tuition, and the example of our fashionable friends, she will soon become civilized."

Had Grace come as she anticipated, even without the property, Emily would have been kind and civil to her, and even taken pride in having so good a foil to her own finished and graceful manners; but she was not prepared to find in this penniless cousin a formidable rival, not only in beauty, but in every accomplishment. Emily had studied for the sake of admiration and display; Grace had improved herself for very love of learning, and to please her father—the difference was very perceptible.

The first time Grace sat down to the piano her cousin grew pale with envy and suppressed annoyance. She fancied Alfred Eldridge listening, entranced with those delightful strains, and gazing with admiration on the beautiful little white hands flying over the keys with such matchless grace and ease. A thousand angry passions rose in Emily Austin's bosom; and well had it been for Grace could she have read the feelings of that fiercely throbbing jealous heart.

A very short sojourn at her uncle's convinced Grace that her life would not be a very happy one. That Emily and her aunt disliked her she soon discovered; and her uncle's conduct was so extraordinary, that she soon learned to fear him. At times he would caress her with even greater fondness than he dis-

played for his own child, and again he would bid her leave his presence, with marks of singular abhorrence on his countenance.

John Austin was a changed man. Stern and morose at one time, the whole household stood in awe of him; and again his temper would change, and fits of excessive mirth and hilarity cause almost equal wonderment among those who had known him all his life. Grace, who had never seen him in past days, thought him exceedingly disagreeable, and wondered how her gentle father could have so ill-tempered a brother.

As her deep mourning had prevented her going into society, and her saddened feelings rendered her unwilling to meet the gay guests who assembled at her aunt's, several months had elapsed ere any of their friends were aware of the presence of the young orphan. In her own room, alone with her books and embroidery, Grace passed her evenings, and often wondered to herself how they could so strangely neglect one who had so many claims on their kindness and attention. But the mystery was one day explained, and in so rude a manner as almost to crush the gentle-hearted girl.

A magnificent party was given by the rich and fashionable Mrs. Ranson, and for several days previous Emily had been in a very flutter of preparation. The long-talked-of evening at length arrived, but found the beauty in a very unamiable mood, owing to another unsuccessful application she had made to her father for the long-coveted diamonds.

On several occasions she had displayed considerable authority when requiring her cousin's assistance, but this night she was insolent and overbearing in the extreme. With her usual patient kindness, Grace assisted to attire the angry girl, unheeding the ungrateful remarks on her slowness, her awkwardness and her want of taste. But when the white satin robe was on, the costly blonde trimmings properly arranged, the beautiful bracelets clasped on the handsome rounded arm, and Grace's white fingers were twining wreaths of pearl amid the dark tresses, then the ill-concealed malice broke forth.

"It is well for you to praise these paltry pearls!" exclaimed Emily; "you, whose fault alone it is that I have not the magnificent diamond spray for my hair I have so long wished for."

"My fault, Emily?" was the astonished exclamation. "How can it possibly be my fault?"

"Oh, very easily," was the sarcastic answer. "If father had not you to dress and maintain, he would not refuse me what I want so much."

"Emily, you must be mistaken; what do you mean by your father having me to dress and maintain?"

There was a flash of indignation on the fair cheek, but it paled quickly as the answer fell upon her ear.

"Why, simply this: that you don't possess a shilling in the world—that you came to us a beggar—and if you don't know it, I think it is high time that you should."

There was a rustling of silk, the door was opened and shut, and then the orphan was alone—alone with her sorrow and this awful announcement of poverty and dependence. She could see it all now; the cool, contemptuous treatment of her aunt and cousin, and the variable conduct of her uncle were equally well explained. At one moment she supposed his feelings of regard for his brother's child actuated him, and again, the recollection of the burden and expense thus bequeathed to him caused those unpleasant changes she had been at a loss to account for. Agonising reflections for one of Grace Austin's sensitive and independent spirit. In those few hours of anguish she lived an age.

A painful interview with her uncle next morning only served to augment her distress, as he refused to listen to anything she attempted to ask, telling her to be content, that his house should be her home, and that he would never let her want for anything. Sad words for her to listen to, who had always believed herself not only independent but rich.

It was while Grace was suffering under the great shock of this discovery that she received a visit from her old friend, the rector's son, before alluded to. Never had she felt so in need of a friend, and the welcome she gave Charles Staples was such as she might have bestowed on a brother. By her uncle's invita-

tion he took up his abode with them; but by Emily's contrivance, even that was made a source of grief to Grace.

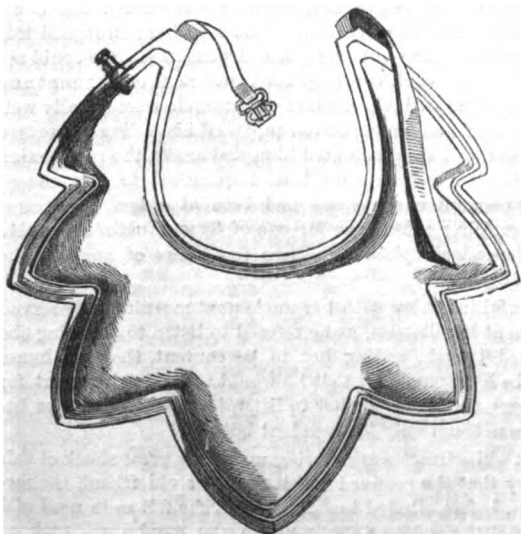
Day after day she saw the inexperienced young man falling deeper and deeper into the snares Emily had laid for him, and evidently yielding to the dangerous influence of her wit and beauty.

To Emily, who believed that Grace and he were lovers, Charles's openly displayed admiration and devotion was a great triumph, and she watched her cousin's uneasiness with satisfaction.

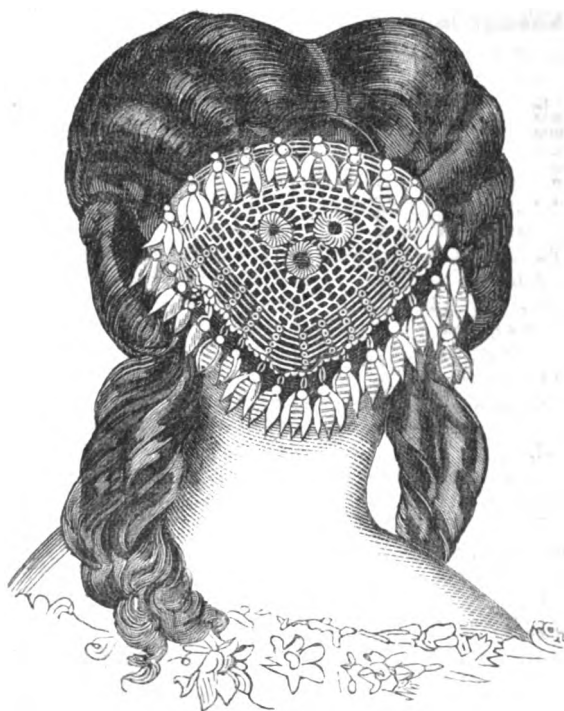
Poor Grace moved about the house sad and dispirited, continually suffering from some slight or vexation, and so unpleasant did her situation become at last that she meditated seeking some employment—some independent means of procuring a livelihood.

John Austin, meanwhile, was never idle. Long noted for his caution in speculating, his business friends were astonished at the large amounts he now was willing to risk, and more than one old acquaintance marvelled at the extraordinary change in the once cautious merchant.

One clear, bright morning in February, Grace resolved to make a change in her mode of living; to remain no longer a prisoner in her uncle's house, but seek her way in the world; and as a preparatory step, she dressed herself and went out—a display of liberty she had never before made. Her spirits sank as she passed along the crowded streets, for she was musing on her plans for the future, and scarce heeding anything around her, when suddenly a cry was raised: "The child! the child!" was shouted by a dozen voices, and looking up, she beheld a horse coming furiously towards them, the vehicle, from which he had partly got free, dashing wildly from side to side, while directly in front of him stood a little boy, some half dozen yards from the pavement. To spring forward and snatch the little fellow from his dangerous position was her first impulse, and ere any one else had sufficient presence of mind to move the child was safe.



INFLATED BUSTLE. PAGE 470.



MODE OF WEARING COIFFURE. MEEKER & CO. PAGE 471.

Among the many who gathered round to congratulate the weeping and terrified mother, and praise the self-possession of the rescuer, were two gentlemen who had seen the whole affair, but were too distant to assist. Grace raised her eyes as the tones of a manly yet melodious voice fell on her ear and met the admiring glance of a pair of magnificent dark eyes. In the confusion, her veil had fallen aside, and for an instant she felt her face flush beneath his gaze, respectful though it was; and then a deathlike faintness overpowered her, and she staggered and nearly fell to the ground.

On recovering her senses, she found herself in the nearest surgeon's, where she had been instantly conveyed; the surgeon busily applying restoratives; the mother of the child she had rescued rubbing her stiffened hands; while strong arms supported her on the seat, and those same melodious

tones sounded in her ear. As soon as she felt sufficiently recovered, a cab was called into which she persisted in going alone, firmly refusing to have any one accompany her.

"She is a beautiful girl, and brave too," said the companion of him who had addressed her. Then, after watching the cab out of sight, they pursued their way.

"The loveliest woman I ever saw, Harry," returned his friend at length, enthusiastically.

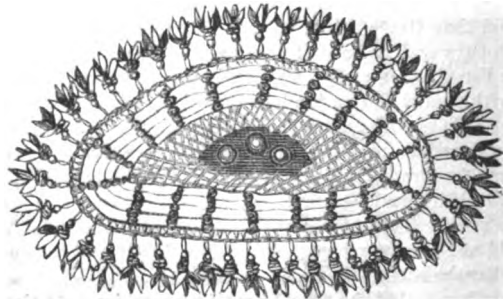
"Come, come, old fellow, no romance now; I know you don't think her half so handsome as a certain lady I could name, and by the way, how shy she was about her name, eh?"

"Would that I knew it; would that I might ever hope to see that sweet face again!" was the inward ejaculation of his friend; but he prudently remained silent, and the conversation dropped.

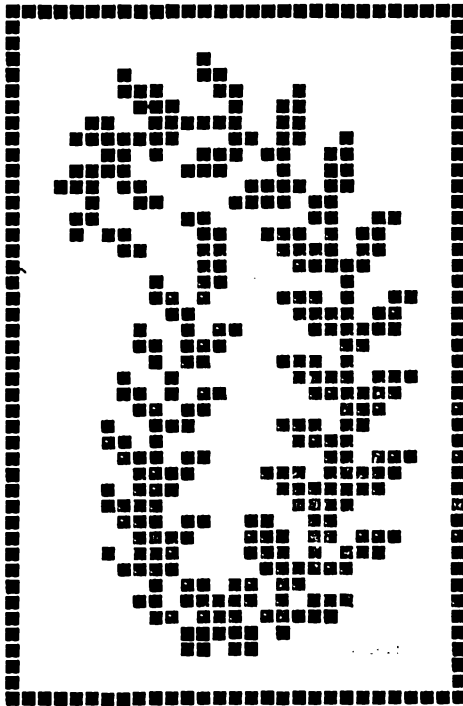
"I do not think it is prudent conduct at all for a young lady to go out alone in this manner, especially when unacquainted with the streets, as you are," said Mrs. Austin, as her niece entered the parlor on her return on that eventful day.

"And I don't know what people must think of you in the street," said Emily, "with your bonnet out of shape, and your dress in such a plight."

Hastening to her own room, where she was at least safe from the fault-finding of her unkind relatives, Grace pondered long on the strange scene she had passed through; and in spite of her efforts to the contrary, her thoughts were continually re-



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ALGERIAN COUVRE-PIEDS. PAGE 471.

curring to the dark-eyed stranger, the musical tones of whose voice so thrilled her.

"I wonder if I shall ever see him again; he looked to be kind and good!" And the sigh which accompanied these words told how desolate the poor child felt.

But Grace had not long to wonder, for the very next Sunday, the first object she saw after taking her seat at church was the well-remembered form and features of the unknown. As their eyes met in recognition, both started and colored, and a close observer might have noticed that the gentleman's hand trembled excessively as he vainly attempted to find the right place in his prayer-book. Grace did not raise her eyes again, nor did she know that the stranger was slowly following her home, when the service was over.

"Oh, you are quite mistaken; there is no stranger here. You must have heard an untruth." And while uttering those words, Emily Austin looked the picture of surprise; so much so as almost to shake the faith of her companion, who said half to himself, "I must have been mistaken; but surely I saw her enter here."

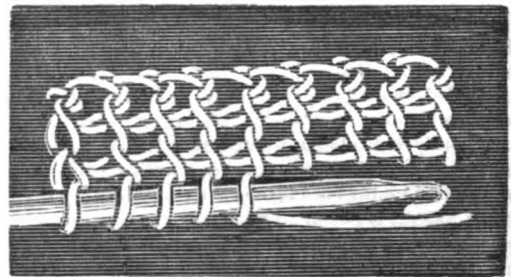
"Oh, it was my dressmaker you saw," exclaimed Emily, coloring with anger at the idea of Grace's having been seen and admired by her friend's brother. "It must have been my dressmaker; she is a very pretty girl."

"I can scarcely imagine that it was the person you mention, Miss Austin; for, besides having the appearance of a refined

and accomplished lady, it was on Sunday that I saw her, as I thought, enter your house. But pardon my inquisitiveness, it is exceedingly rude of me thus to question you." And Alfred Eldridge (for the dark-eyed stranger was none other) left Miss Austin's presence strangely mystified, still anxious to discover who the beautiful and mysterious girl could be. "I will find her," was his resolve. "I will never cease the search until I find her; and if she is only a dressmaker, who shall dare to question my right to choose a wife, either rich or poor?"

"Deceitful little wretch!" exclaimed Emily Austin, as the door closed after the young man. "She well knew he saw her, and she has tried to attract him in revenge for my taking that silly country boy from her. But never, never shall she see him again—I am determined."

But, alas! for Miss Emily's plans! The very next day her father, with unusual kindness, took them both to an exhibition of pictures, and almost the first person they met on entering was Alfred Eldridge. Emily saw the flash of joy that lighted up his handsome face, she heard her father introduce his niece, and then she met the look of astonishment and indignation that was bestowed on herself; and enraged beyond endurance, she announced her intention of returning home immediately. Mr. Austin, of course, had to accompany her, as the carriage had been sent away, but Alfred insisted on Grace's remaining

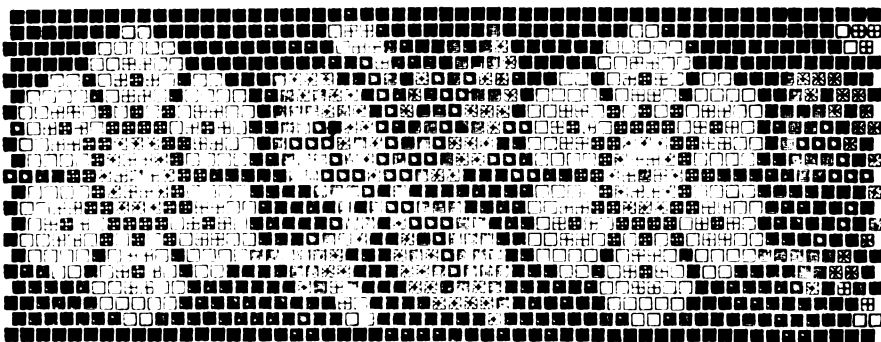


PRINCESS STITCH, IN CROCHET.

with him and his sister, who promised to take care of her until her uncle's return.

It needs not to tell how quickly and how well those two learned to love. A very short time served to convince Alfred Eldridge that his earthly happiness depended on Grace's becoming his wife; and she in return bestowed on him her whole heart, though at times scarcely believing in the reality of her happiness.

John Austin at first positively refused to allow his niece to marry, alleging that she was altogether too young; but finding that Alfred was determined, and also much astonished at his wishing to prevent Grace's marriage, he gave a reluctant consent, and in less than a week after suddenly disappeared from his home. Of course there was much anxiety and excitement about it; but all fears for his safety were at length relieved by a letter from America, which not only accounted for his abrupt departure, but also explained many other mysteries. John Austin had proved an unfaithful guardian. Unable to withstand the temptation of having his niece's large fortune placed



DESIGN FOR A NAPKIN RING IN O. P. (BOHEMIAN) BEADS. PAGE 472.

in his hands, he had embarked with it into speculations along with his own, and his hopes proving false, it was all lost.

John Austin has never returned to his native land. His wife's marriage settlement was all that remained; and she and his daughter followed him into his enforced exile. It was on that condition alone that Alfred Eldridge consented to allow the matter to be buried in oblivion. Amongst the gaieties of the metropolis of the west Emily still seeks a partner for life; but as the marriage settlement of her mother but secures the interest of one life in the property, she is portionless; for upon the death of her parent it is to be handed over to her cousin Grace, as the only restitution that can be made to her for the breach of trust committed by her guardian. But in Grace she has still one who is willing to forget all the unkindness of former years, should she but evince the least desire to live for something more worthy than the idle dissipation of the passing hour.

Of Grace and her husband nothing more need be added than that they both realise the dreams of their earlier days. If moral rectitude, combined with wealth, true and tried friends, and still increasing domestic comforts, constitute earthly happiness, then are they happy.

WALLENSTEIN'S MAGNIFICENCE.

Wallenstein's immense riches, his profound reserve, and theatrical manners, were the principal means he employed to exalt the imagination of the masses. He always appeared in public surrounded by extraordinary pomp, and allowed all those attached to his house to share in his luxury. His officers lived sumptuously at his table, where never less than one hundred dishes were served. As he rewarded with excessive liberality, not only the multitude but the greatest personages were dazzled by this Asiatic splendor. Six gates gave entrance to his palace at Prague, to make room for which he had pulled down one hundred houses. Similar chateaux were erected by his orders on all his numerous estates. Twenty-four chamberlains, sprung from the most noble families, disputed the honor of serving him, and some sent back the golden key, emblem of their grade, to the emperor, in order that they might wait on Wallenstein. He educated sixty pages, dressed in blue velvet and gold, to whom he gave the first masters; fifty trabants guarded his ante-chamber night and day; six barons and the same number of chevaliers were constantly within call to bear his orders. His *maître d'hôtel* was a person of distinction. A thousand persons usually formed his household, and about one thousand horses filled his stables, where they fed from marble mangers. When he set out on his travels, a hundred carriages, drawn by four or six horses each, conveyed his servants and baggage; sixty carriages and fifty led horses carried the people of his suite; ten trumpeters with silver bugles preceded the procession. The richness of his liveries, the pomp of his equipages, and the decoration of his apartments, were in harmony with all the rest. In a hall of his palace at Prague he had himself painted in a triumphal car, with a wreath of laurels round his head, and a star above him.

Wallenstein's appearance was enough in itself to inspire fear and respect. His tall thin figure, his haughty attitude, the stern expression of his pale face, his wide forehead, that seemed formed to command, his black hair, close shorn and harsh, his little dark eyes, in which the flame of authority shone, his haughty and suspicious look, his thick moustaches and tufted beard, produced, at the first glance, a startling sensation. His usual dress consisted of a justaucorps of elk skin, covered by a white doublet and cloak; round his neck he wore a Spanish ruff; in his hat fluttered a large red plume, while scarlet pantaloons and boots of Cordova leather, carefully padded on account of the gout, completed his ordinary attire. While his army devoted itself to pleasure, the deepest silence reigned around the general. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs had clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the

rooms like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved round his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chairs were also stretched across the streets, in order to guard him against any sound. Wallenstein was ever absorbed in himself, ever engaged with his plans and designs. He was never seen to smile, and his pride rendered him inaccessible to sensual pleasures. His only fanaticism was ambition. This strange chief meditated and acted incessantly, only taking counsel of himself and disdaining strange advice and inspirations. When he gave any orders or explanations, he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp the soldiers were obliged to pretend that they did not see him. Yet they suffered from an involuntary shudder when they saw him pass like a supernatural being. There was something about him mysterious, solemn and awe-inspiring. He walked alone, surrounded by this magic influence, like a saddening halo.

His troops firmly believed that he was in communion with the spirit of darkness, that the stars had no secrets from him, that the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs never reached his ear, that bullets, sabres and lances could not wound him, for he possessed a talisman that rendered him master of fortune. They followed him as a personification of fate. Though champion of Rome against the innovators, the gloomy captain only put faith in the dreams of the occult sciences. While a youth he was accompanied on his travels by the mathematician and astronomer Verdungas, who taught him to read the stars. He also resided for some time at Padua, in order to learn from another professor. The rooms of his palace at Prague were covered with emblems of divination and allegorical figures. His ambition led him to the desire of penetrating the secrets of the future; the Italian astrologer, Seni, lived beneath his roof, and the visionary couple frequently passed the night in chimerical studies. Never did Wallenstein set out on a new enterprise till he had consulted the luminous Pythonesses of the firmament, for these dumb counsellors were to him Bible and Gospel. A peasant would not have behaved in a different way.

DELIGHTS OF A GARDEN. — Think of the morning walk, all coolness and fragrance; think of the mid-day lounge, under embracing branches, where the mind sinks into sweetest dreams, and all our past readings of old lore, poetry and Holy Writ take shapes and float before us like realities; think of the mid-day summer glow of all things when the parterres burn with color, and the cool green grass defies the sun to brown one ravel of its mossy carpet; think of the "quiet cigar," all alone in seraphic contemplation; think of the in-door readings of the works of men who have loved gardens from Bacon to Wordsworth, whose avenues of hollyhocks still remain at Rydal; think of the summer visits to the gardens of friends to make notes of comparison on the trips to noted gardens, not forgetting *fêtes* and exhibitions, where the genuine gardener has pleasures that the mere sightseer knows nothing of; think of the pride with which you show your friends over your ground and display your stock to those that have sympathies kindred with your own; and think of the fame you acquire in your circle as a clever gardener, a man of worth, a gentleman and a Christian—for you must be all these to love a garden rightly—and then say if there is any pursuit besides this that can match it in its fulness of joy; that takes its place even for one hour; for it comprehends the love of nature in its most extended meaning; it comprehends the love of man in the reality of affectionate kindness, goodwill and sober behavior; and it comprehends the love of God in the daily witnessing of His works in their liveliest aspects. Who would not be a jolly gardener?—who would not have at least some living flowering thing to set an earthly love upon? who would not ever keep at least one flower near the heart to cheer it in a gloomy hour, and read it an easily-learned lesson of love and duty to God and man? Surely without a garden life is hardly possible; with it all the foes of man may rise up against him, and he may turn aside for a moment and watch a glimp of his roses through the open window, and say: "My peace is there; there will I seek God, my refuge."



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THE CRUISE OF THE ANNIE CLARENDON, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD

Author of Several Things, with which if the Reader is not familiar he ought to be.

CHAPTER XI.—A MYSTERY.—(Continued.)

BUT what a situation! the profound stillness that reigned around him was oppressive to a startling degree; it seemed as though there was no other living thing on the islet but himself, and for the first time he began to realize what it was to be alone. The veriest insect would have been a welcome companion, did it possess a voice; any sound would have been welcome that would have drowned the beating of his heart; but weariness at length overcame every other feeling, and Harry slept.

When he awoke the sun was shining in his face with an unpleasant brilliancy, although it was scarcely above the eastern

horizon, giving an ominous warning of its power when it should have reached the zenith. A gentle sea breeze was blowing, however, that came with its usual invigorating effect, and Harry started up, feeling much refreshed in body and not half so depressed in spirits as he had anticipated. On looking round he started in astonishment at seeing, stretched on the rock above him, a large dog, that he at once recognized as Ellen Clarendon's; but how the animal came there, unless assisted by some supernatural agency, was a mystery that he could not for a time explain, although on reflection he concluded that he must have been with Isabelle on the evening of her abduction, and had found some means of following her on board the vessel, from which he had deserted the preceding evening in obedience to some prompting of instinct.

Harry was substantially right in his opinion. The dog was with Mrs. Clarendon when she was hurried off by De la Moza's men, and had followed her to the vessel by swimming. On reaching it he attracted the notice of one of the sailors, who, admiring his fidelity and attachment to the lady, took him on board, where he remained perfectly contented till the evening before, when he showed a decided inclination to accompany the



boat that contained the supercargo; and while it was absent, a man belonging to the vessel, who, for reasons that will be apparent hereafter, felt disposed to befriend the unfortunate stranger, threw the dog overboard, thinking he would find his way to land, and prove a very acceptable companion to Harry in his solitude.

It would be difficult to describe Harry's satisfaction as he recognised his old friend; he spoke his name, and the noble animal bounded forward and looked up in his face, as though he understood his situation, and wished to show his friendly solicitude.

"Ah, Carlos," said Harry, patting his head, "you and I are fated to end our days together, I fear, my poor fellow; but we will not give up until we learn the extent of our kingdom, and what the chances are for living here."

With this object in view, Harry climbed a little eminence, and his heart sunk within him as his eye at a glance wandered over the whole extent of the dreary desert, apparently but a few miles in circumference. It seemed one huge volcanic cinder, partially covered with the white drifting sand that formed a kind of soil, but too sterile to support vegetation. A few bushes, dried and crisped as though scorched by fire, were scattered here and there; but not a tree that would afford a shelter from the burning rays of the sun was to be seen; and with the exception of a few large sea birds that sailed lazily over his head, and two or three guanicos that were crawling among the rocks at his feet, no living thing was to be seen. It seemed impossible to sustain life on that inhospitable shore; but possibly some vessel might touch there before the slender store of provisions the place afforded were exhausted.

The chance for life seemed slight, but Harry resolved to keep his thoughts as much as possible from contemplating the cheerless prospect, and make the most of his few necessities. He was about descending from his observatory when one of the birds, venturing quite near, gave him an opportunity to supply the present demands of appetite. A well-directed shot from his revolver brought it fluttering to the ground, and though, upon examination, it did not promise a very inviting feast, he picked it up and returned to the beach. He was provided with a few friction matches, and a fire was quickly kindled from the dry bushes and some bits of driftwood that lay scattered along the shore—probably the remains of some unfortunate vessel that had been wrecked in the neighborhood.

Harry was not very well skilled in the culinary art, but he succeeded in dressing and cooking his bird after a fashion, and though under ordinary circumstances he could not have eaten it, he now found it very acceptable.

He made a hasty meal, and leaving the fragments for his dog, started in search of fresh water; but no signs of a spring could be found, and visions of tormenting thirst began to haunt his mind, when, chancing to turn his eyes towards a large, flat rock, he saw a cavity filled with the indispensable fluid he was seeking.

"Well, this is an odd way to keep fresh water," said Harry to himself after satisfying his thirst. "How could it get here unless it collected in the last rain storm? and one would suppose evaporation would have carried it away before this time, for there has been no rain here very lately. But now I think of it, I've heard Charley say that on the Gallapagos Islands, where it never rains, a mist rises every day, and when it clears off fresh water is found in the cavities of the rocks. There must be some such arrangement here. Perhaps I am on one of those islands? if so, I may stand a chance of being taken off by some whaler coming in after terrapins. Cheer up, Carlos, my fine fellow, our prospects are not quite hopeless yet. We shall play Robinson Crusoe a while, and then make our appearance in the world again; and I will write an account of our adventures that will make us famous. 'The Adventures of Harry Archer and his dog Carlos on the Gallapagos Islands' would make a good title for a book. Take a drink of that water, my lad; there will be more in the course of the day, and then we must try and scratch out a place under some of these rocks, where we can get out of the sun. We will clear our characters yet, though ten chances to one if our friends don't suspect that rascally Spaniard instead of us, notwithstanding all his crafty

plotting." The dog wagged his tail as though he understood the speech, and a moment after Harry laughed outright as he thought what Ellen would say could she hear him addressing her dog as though he were a sensible being.

How little circumstances sometimes seem to brighten the darkest prospect and exhilarate the sinking spirit.

A short time before Harry had been calculating the extent of the few days of life allotted him, and pictured his friends thinking of him as one who had proved treacherous and contemptible; the bright eyes of Ada, that he had so often seen sparkle with pleasure at his approach, now turning away in disgust when she heard his name mentioned; but the simple circumstance of finding water so unexpectedly wrought a complete revolution in his mind. Surely the Providence that could moisten those dreary spots so miraculously was able to interpose and rescue him from death. He no longer looked upon his situation as hopeless, or felt certain that he was not mourned for as one who had fallen a victim to a cruel enemy's vindictiveness.

The change surprised Harry himself, but well content with it, he called his dog, and finding a projecting rock that would afford a shelter if the sand was removed from beneath it, he began the work at once. The sand was light and dry, and Harry went rapidly on with his task; and Carlos, after watching him a while, seemed to consider himself competent to assist, and acting on the conviction, he plunged into the hole and began scratching with all his might. "Bravo!" thought Harry; "the dog knows more, and is a better companion than half the men in the world. His friendship is at least unselfish."

The island where our hero was now confined an unwilling prisoner was one of the Gallapagos group, but so isolated from the others, at least those visited by whalers, that there was little chance of the lone occupant leaving it that way. It was almost directly under the equator, and, as we have before stated, nearly destitute of vegetation; and but for the mists that daily visit those sun-scorched specks in the great Pacific, leaving behind them a supply of fresh water, it would have been impossible for Harry to exist any great length of time, and as it was, the prospect of relief before his other resources were exhausted was cheerless enough; but it is often the case, that as men's fortunes become desperate the energies of the mind rise in equal ratio, and keep alive the flickering flame of hope, without which man cannot exist. True, hope is sometimes delusive, but it is better to be deluded sometimes. It was this that kept Harry Archer's spirits from sinking. He hoped to escape and be able to clear his character from any stain cast upon it by skilfully-woven circumstances; and with this thought uppermost in his mind he went rapidly forward with his work under the rock, and before dark had hollowed out a cavity that answered his purpose very well; and as the sun sunk in the western sky he crept into his burrow, with his dog at his side, and prepared to pass the second night on the islet.

CHAPTER XII.—A COUNTER-PLOT.

THREE weeks from the time the Annie Clarendon left the mouth of the river, in search of the lost supercargo and the missing lady, she was again anchored there, and the anxiety expressed in the faces of the officers and crew told that they had been unsuccessful in their efforts. This was indeed true. They had visited every port on the coast and made the most careful inquiries, but without hearing any note or tidings of a vessel answering the description of *De la Moza's*; and all were now of the opinion that Harry had been murdered by the Spaniard who, to put suspicion on the wrong track, had carried off Isabelle, intending to keep her in some place of confinement—probably on shipboard—until her friends had given up looking for her and returned to the States. They knew that if the lion was cruising on the coast he must occasionally put in somewhere for provisions and water, and it was the opinion of Mr. Clarendon and George that he would be more likely to select Panama for a landing place than any other point, so they resolved to remain there a few weeks to keep watch; and Captain Kimberley reluctantly abandoned the search and set sail for Tumbes, where he would only stop to report progress, and then get under way for home.

It was a sad day to all when the brig returned to Tumbex and reported her ill success. None doubted then but that Harry was dead; but the mystery connected with his fate, and the uncertainty that still hung over Mrs. Clarendon's, cast a gloom over the little party that nothing could dispel. The intelligence was a severe shock to Ada, though she had expected it. It seemed to crush her spirits and change the whole tenor of her existence. There was no wild, ungovernable burst of grief—that would attract general attention—but in the solitude of her chamber, unseen and alone, she wept for the lost idol of her heart; and though she could obliterate all traces of tears from her calm, sweet face, there remained a look of silent agony that spoke far more eloquently of a heart withering while yet in its first bloom. This could not escape the watchful eye of Ellen, who steadily refused to accompany Anna to New York, as her father suggested, feeling that Ada at present stood in need of her society.

Twenty-four hours after the brig arrived at Tumbex the order of "all hands up anchor" was issued on board of her, and like a bird starting from a bough where it has for a moment rested, the little vessel spread its white canvas and sped gaily away, "homeward bound!"

We must now turn our attention for a short time to the schooner of De la Moza.

As Mr. Clarendon supposed, the don had no motive for abducting Isabelle but to more fully carry out his plans against Harry Archer, and intended, as soon as her friends left the country, to carry her back to Tumbex and leave her with her father. He had been careful to keep her ignorant of the object of her capture or the name of her capturer, so that if she did eventually succeed in finding her husband, she would not be able to bear any direct testimony against him or give any clue to the fate of Harry, as she had not the slightest suspicion that he had been on board the vessel where she was a prisoner.

After leaving his victim on the island, De la Moza laid his course for Point Galera, as that place seemed better calculated for a temporary retreat than any other. It was a small town, consisting of something like twenty families, occupying a triangular island, at the mouth of the river, that on either side was skirted by a seemingly endless chaparral, so dense and tangled as to be actually impenetrable for anything but jaguars, who inhabited it in such numbers, that the villagers were obliged to build their houses on poles, to place them beyond the reach of these audacious animals, which nightly swam across the river and howled about the island town in search of prey.

After remaining at this place a week, he ordered the schooner to run back to Tumbex.

He had two objects in going back; in the first place, he wished to see how the disappearance of Harry and Mrs. Clarendon had been accounted for by their friends; and secondly, he wished to possess himself of sundry valuables which he had left at his house, lest some unexpected turn in his affairs should prevent his visiting there again. Thus far his plans had all succeeded to his satisfaction, and the more he thought of his well-laid plot, the more he felt confident that no one would charge him with having any "part or lot" in the mysterious matter, and consequently he felt less hesitation about returning to the field of his late exploits. It is true he sometimes felt a sting of conscience when he remembered the awful fate to which he had assigned one whose only crime consisted in rescuing a female friend from a fate worse than death; but he tried to convince himself that under similar circumstances Harry would have treated him in the same savage, inhuman manner, and with this poor apology for an excuse he quieted his conscience, that in consequence of being often compelled to give way before as false reasoning had ceased to be very troublesome.

But it sometimes happens that men, in their haste to gratify a demoniac pleasure by witnessing the effect of their plots against the happiness of others, are instrumental in counteracting the very mischief they have been striving long and ardently to accomplish. It was so in the present instance. De la Moza could not rest contented until he knew for certain that Harry was looked upon by Mr. Clarendon's family in exactly

the light he intended he should be, but by returning to indulge in this triumph he was the means of undoing all his work.

As we have before stated, Mrs. Clarendon was entirely unconscious of the part she was playing in the curious drama. She could not so much as surmise into whose hands she had fallen, or for what purpose she was detained. In vain she tried to learn of her attendant something that would unravel the mystery; the only response she received was, that she need not feel uneasy, as no personal injury was intended her, and in a little time she should be set at liberty. This was all she could learn, and with it she was obliged to rest contented; but deliverance was nearer than either she or her keepers expected.

There was one person on board who, from the first moment he learned the fate for which Harry was reserved, most earnestly wished to save him. It was no other than De la Moza's creole servant, Lopez, who had been saved by the supercargo and his friends when the don's schooner was lost. It was this man who sent the dog to Harry's island; and now, when he learned the intention of returning to Tumbex, he resolved to lay some plan for Mrs. Clarendon's escape, in order that she might acquaint Harry's friends with his situation before it was too late to rescue him from death. His first object was to gain an audience with the lady, for the purpose of telling her his plan and the part she had been unconsciously playing in De la Moza's plot—that he well understood, having frequently heard it discussed by his master and Garza.

He at last gained admittance to the lady's apartment by bribing the servant. Isabelle listened to his story with surprise, indignation and horror, as she heard how Harry had been captured, and conveyed on board that very vessel to a desert island, and the Spaniard's plan of leading her friends to suppose that she had eloped with him, and how he had been left to starve alone. But the idea of escaping from the power of such a man momentarily banished every other thought from her mind; and she assured Lopez she was ready to follow any plan he might devise for the accomplishment of their object without hesitation, not forgetting to drop significant hints of a reward if he succeeded. The man nodded intelligently and turned away, telling her to be prepared for a hasty flight whenever he advised her of their approach to land, and, in the meantime, he would not run the risk of awakening suspicion by seeing her again until the moment for action.

Two days after this conference the schooner was standing under short canvas, quite near the place where, four weeks before, she had been seen by the fisherman, who gave the first clue to the disappearance of Harry and Mrs. Clarendon.

As soon as darkness rendered the proceeding safe, an anchor was dropped, a boat hoisted out, and De la Moza, together with several of his most trusty retainers, went on shore.

The rest of the crew then turned in, leaving the deck in charge of Lopez, who had offered to stand the first anchor watch. In an hour everything on board was as silent as the grave, and Lopez (who had been waiting for this signal to commence operations) went to Mrs. Clarendon's state-room and instructed her to be ready for flight as soon as he could swim to the shore and get the don's boat. There were other boats on board, but it would be impossible to get them afloat without making noise enough to awaken the crew; so, after divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, he descended into the water and struck off, taking care to swim as noiselessly as possible, for he knew that any great commotion would instantly call about him a shoal of sharks. The distance to the shore being only about half a mile, he accomplished it without difficulty, and in the course of an hour returned with the boat, and found all as silent as when he left.

Mrs. Clarendon was quickly advised that all was ready, and was as quickly handed into the boat by Lopez, who followed her, and then taking the steering oar, sculled rapidly back to the landing, where they disembarked, and secured the vessel just as the don left it. They then took their way towards the city, and a little past two o'clock in the morning they arrived at Mr. Clarendon's.

The astonishment and pleasure of Ada and Ellen at the unexpected appearance of Isabelle can be easily imagined; but their surprise was increased fourfold when they heard her story.

and learned that Harry was still living, though Lopez assured them that if he was rescued alive it must be done immediately. He wisely forbore telling them the worst of Harry's situation, contenting himself by telling them that he had been left on an island with but scanty means of sustaining life, and that he had not yet recovered from a serious wound. This was enough for Ada, however; Harry alone and wounded on a desert island; she would fly to his assistance and rescue him from a situation so dreadful!

But how was this to be done? Ada did not at first see the difficulties that, as she reflected, presented themselves. In the first place the brig had gone, and how was a vessel to be obtained for her purpose? And then could the island be found? Lopez had not seen it, neither would he have been competent to navigate back if he had; still he knew something about the general direction they had taken, and was also aware that it was somewhere in the vicinity of the Gallapagos group, and he believed it could be found.

With a variety of half-formed plans in her head, Ada retired

"I will find some means of liberating senor from his prison," he said, "and see to it that this enemy of his is prevented from molesting him again. He is a gallant young gentleman, and I have not forgotten when he kindly came to my assistance when a brawny ruffian was about taking my life. It will give me pleasure to make some return for that good service."

"Harry was always ready to assist his friends, and deserves their best services when in need of them."

"How strange that you should think so," replied Don Cemontez, smiling, "I must not forget to tell Senor Archer how anxious a certain senorita was to rescue him from his unpleasant situation, and if I mistake not, he would be willing to go through with his captivity again, if he could be cared for by a certain young lady I could name."

"You do not understand," said Ada blushing; "Harry is a friend of Ellen's and mine, and of course we wish to assist him. Just think how dreadful to be left wounded and alone on that little island, and oh! Don Cemontez, what a wretch De la Moza must be, to leave a fellow-being to a doom like that."



AFTER LEAVING HIS VICTIM ON THE ISLAND, DE LA MOZA LAID HIS COURSE FOR POINT GALERA.

to her room, to decide what was to be done in this important case.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PRISONER OF THE ISLET.

DAYLIGHT returned, and found Ada still undecided what course to pursue, and Ellen for once was unable to offer any plan that seemed even possible to succeed, unless they waited patiently for the return of her father and George, and to this Ada would not listen. She believed (and not without cause) that if Harry was rescued alive, they must go to his assistance immediately, and as the time of Mr. Clarendon's return was altogether indefinite, she resolved not to wait for it. But while she was resolving in her mind the several difficulties that presented themselves, she happened to think of the alcaide. She knew his willingness to oblige her, so she hurried over to his house, and made him acquainted with her story, and solicited his aid. The old man readily promised his assistance, which he would have done had Harry been an entire stranger to him; but now, in addition to his willingness to befriend any one in whose fate his favorite was interested, the recollection of his own debt of gratitude prompted him to energetic action.

"He is truly a wretch of the blackest dye, but the young gentleman, your friend, shall be saved yet; I will charter a vessel for the voyage if one can be found."

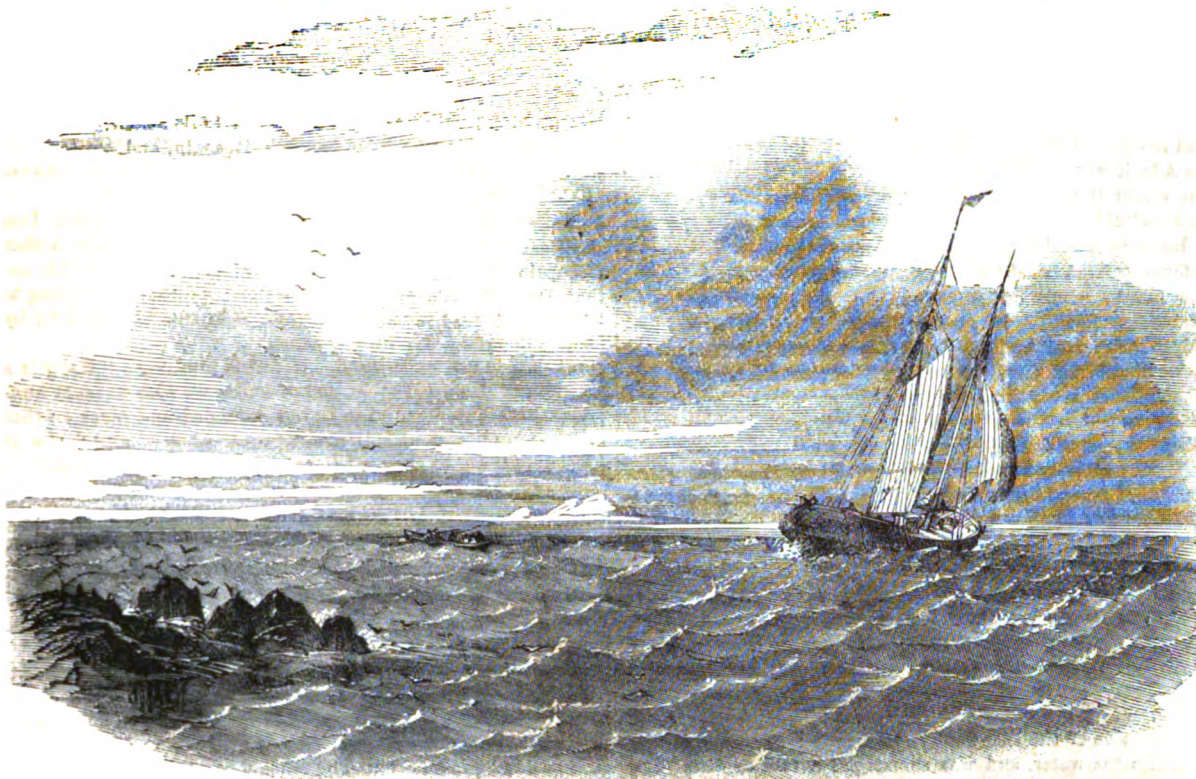
Ada's bright eyes expressed her gratitude as she wished her old friend good morning, and then hurried along the path that led to Mr. Clarendon's, her thoughts far away with the lone prisoner she was striving to rescue, and a tear trembled on her long lashes as the thought crept into her mind that assistance might come too late.

"Poor Harry!" she murmured, "misfortune seems to follow you in everything, but there are those here who will not forget you in this day of trouble."

"Why, where have you been?" said Ellen, as Ada entered the house, "we could not imagine what had become of you."

"I have only been to see Don Cemontez, Ellen. She has promised to help us to find Harry, and he is going to charter a vessel to go in search of him if one can be found."

"I am glad you happened to think of him, for really I did not know which way to turn, father and George both gone; but I hope Don Cemontez will lose no time, for Lopez evidently thinks Harry's situation desperate, though he says but little."

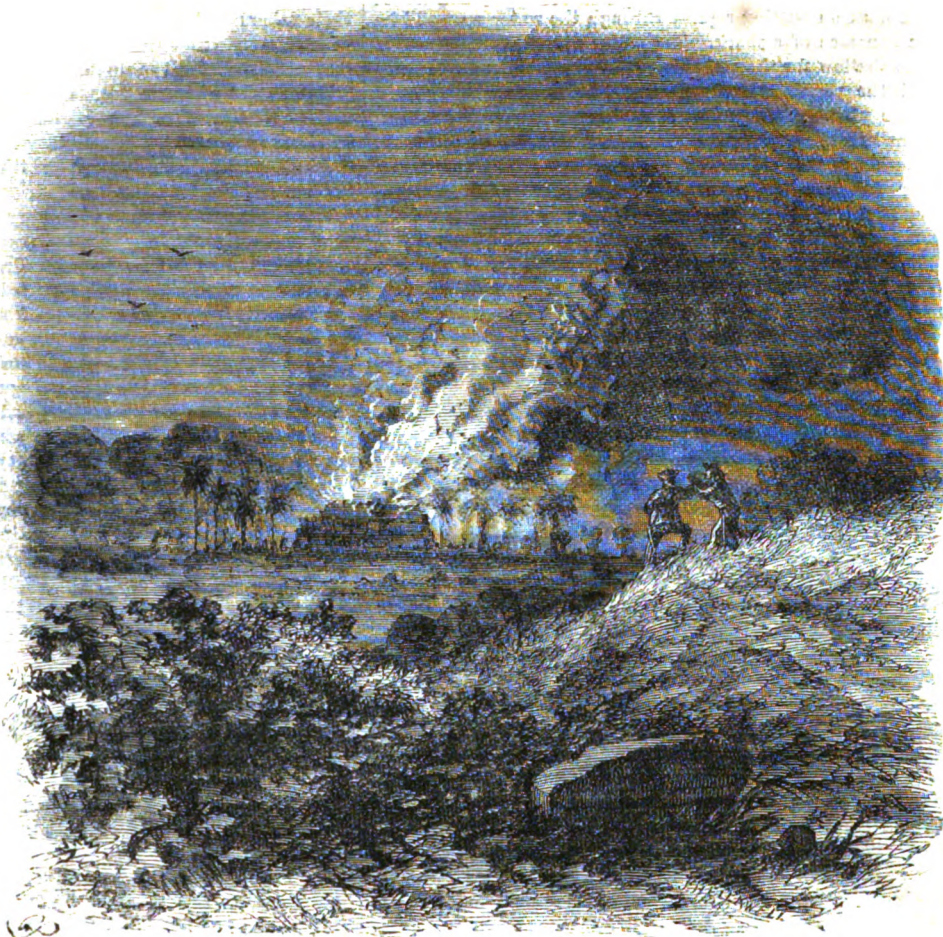


THE CAPTAIN ORDERED THE SCHOONER TO BE MOVED, AND A BOAT TO BE HOISTED OUT.

"He will do all a man can do, but oh! Ellen, what if we should be too late and find him dead? How dreadful to die alone on that little island."

"Look on the bright side, Ada, dear, and don't let your mind dwell on Harry's troubles. It will do no good."

Three days of painful anxiety passed before Don Cemontez succeeded in finding a vessel that could be chartered for a voyage to the island. It may seem strange that in a place of the size of Tumbez, any difficulty should be encountered in obtaining a vessel for such a purpose, but the reader must bear in mind that the quays in South American cities are not lined with shipping like the docks of New York and Boston. Particularly on the western coast, few ships were owned, and most of those seen in the harbors at that time were either regular whalers or small crafts engaged in black fishing. But it so happened, that, just when Don Cemontez wanted



BURNING OF DE LA MOLA'S MANSION, BY THE MOB.

her, a little coaster that traded between Panama and Valparaiso came in, and as he was acquainted with her commander, he related to him the story of Harry's captivity, and finally engaged his services. It was a small schooner of perhaps seventy-five tons burthen, and did not possess very good accommodations for passengers, but Ada and Ellen had firmly resolved to go; the alcaide readily consented to accompany them, while Mrs. Clarendon went back to her father's, to await their return.

But little time was required for preparation, and a few hours after the schooner had been chartered for the voyage she was under weigh, standing for the Gallapagos Islands.

But how fared it with Harry all this time? For two weeks after the departure of De la Moza, he found little trouble in obtaining sufficient food, such as it was. The flesh of the sea-birds, though rank and tough, was nevertheless eatable, and while these lasted there was no danger of starvation; but when these became scarce and finally disappeared altogether, the solitary man felt the hope of rescue dying within him as he looked over his desolate kingdom for something that would keep soul and body together. He remembered hearing it mentioned that these islands abound with a large species of land-turtle that are much sought after by seamen, but he seemed to be destitute of that article of provision, at least he had never seen one.

But this did not surprise him, as he saw nothing there for even them to subsist upon. Once or twice he found a few shell fish on the beach, and these with the addition of some dried roots kept him alive for a week or more; but even this supply was quickly exhausted, and Harry almost gave up in despair.

On one side of the island a large flat rock extended some distance into the water, and was submerged a foot or two. Toward this he was wandering one afternoon, in the hope of finding something that would satisfy his hunger. He walked mournfully along, carefully examining every foot of the rock, but nothing could be found, and he was about turning away, when a dark fin cutting rapidly through the water warned him of the approach of a shark. The water where he was standing was too shallow for the voracious fish to turn and take his prey in, and the possibility of capturing him decided Harry on a desperate plan. "One of us shall have a supper," he muttered, as he waded along to the outer extremity of the rock. The shark was there in an instant, plunging round and round as near as possible to his intended victim, and finally, concentrating all his strength in one effort, he threw himself on the rock but a step from where Harry was standing. This was just what he wanted, so without waiting to give the fish a chance to get into deep water again, he drew his revolver and instantly lodged the six balls in his body. But he might have saved himself the trouble, for the light pistol shot had no other effect on the monster than to hasten his return to the element from which he had almost deserted.

Harry could have wept over the bitter disappointment. Starvation was staring him in the face, and with a depression of spirits that he had never known before, he crept back to the beach and sat down, wishing that death would terminate his sufferings.

He had sat there but a few moments when a slight noise struck his ear, and on looking round he saw a large guano dragging his ungainly length over the sand, as though anxious to escape from his vicinity.

"Here is something to eat at last," he said to himself, as he picked up a stone, and with one blow laid the creature dead before him.

The flesh of the guano, when properly cooked, is far from unpleasant food, but Harry's means of striking a fire were exhausted; still cooking was a luxury that one who had fasted three days, and lived upon almost nothing for weeks before, could dispense with, though the effect of such food after long abstinence is injurious in the extreme. But Harry thought not of this. Wild with delight he threw the animal over his shoulder, and hurried back to the cave. With the assistance of his knife he was quickly dressed, and a portion of it as quickly eaten, and, having finished his repast, he went to the

hollow rock for water; but it was too late in the day, it had all evaporated, and he knew that twenty-four hours must pass before there would be another supply.

Sad and disheartened by this serious circumstance, he turned to retrace his steps, feeling feverish and dizzy. The sun seemed to shine with unusual brightness, and the hot, dry air fairly blistered the parts of his person exposed to its action. Poor as his shelter was, he was glad to reach it again, and stretch his wasted, diseased frame on the sand. He soon fell asleep, but awoke in a few hours in a raging fever. The unnatural food had completely prostrated him, and he found it impossible to rise from the ground, while the tormenting thirst and the terrible pain in his head almost drove him distracted. He felt that De la Moza's prophecy was about to be fulfilled. The island was indeed to be his deathbed and his sepulchre, and his fate must ever remain a mystery.

It was awful to think of ending his existence on that little islet of the Pacific; with no friend to watch over him in the last hour, or to give his body a resting-place beneath the drifting sand. Alone he must struggle, gasp and die, and his bones must bleach in the open light of day. Reason could not long retain her throne under such circumstances. Crowds of distracting recollections swept through his mind; every word, thought or act of his life seemed to haunt his memory—past, present and future seemed crowded into one brief hour, and inseparably blended together, and in a short time he was a maniac. Was there none to save? It seemed not.

For a week a little schooner had been cruising among the little islets that compose the Gallapagos group, and the time spent by her crew in examining those sand-covered cinders indicated that they were actuated by no ordinary incentive. And such was indeed the case. The schooner was the one chartered by Don Cemontez to cruise after the lost supercargo, and as it had been the intention of Harry's friends from the first to make a thorough search, days had been spent in examining carefully every little spot of land that came in their way; but as yet their labors had been unsuccessful, and the listlessness with which the men now turned out to man the boats showed that they at least had given up finding the lost seaman.

But not so with his friends; those barren rocks, scorching under a vertical sun, were fearfully suggestive of the suffering of Harry if he still lived, and they resolved never to abandon the search till he was found, or till his death was certainly known.

It was towards the close of a sultry day, when even the trade winds seemed to have lost their cooling properties, and the ocean seemed to reflect the painful rays of the sun like a mirror, that a small island was reported by the look-out on the cross-trees. It was quite isolated from the group, and seemed such a mere speck that the captain and, in fact, Don Cemontez thought it scarcely worth while to land; but from the first moment of its discovery Ada felt a singular impression that this was the very place for which they had so long been searching. To satisfy her they altered their course, and were presently standing towards the islet; but as they approached it seemed so insignificant—the whole of it being in sight from the cross-trees—that Don Cemontez once more attempted to persuade Ada that they were only wasting time by landing. But for once his counsel fell on unheeding ears. She was positive that here they would find Harry, and finally something of the same presentiment took possession of the captain's mind, who ordered the schooner to be hove to, and a boat to be hoisted out.

For the first time Ada did not seem willing to trust the exploration to her friends, and scarcely had the boat been cleared when she appeared and announced her determination of going. This singular movement on her part was far from failing to make its impression on the minds of her companions and protector, who at once volunteered to go with her. A new spirit seemed to have been instilled into the minds of the oarsmen, as they bent to their sweeps with a vigor that showed that they had no little faith in the presentiment of the lady. It required but a few moments to make a voyage between the vessel and the islet, and in a little time the boat was hauled up on the

sand, but a few rods from the place where, six weeks before, Harry Archer landed.

The boatmen all started together in one direction, and presently disappeared behind one of the sandhills, while Don Cemontez and the two girls, after gazing for a moment at the desolate prospect, walked along the beach towards the little cove, where Harry was then lying, unconscious of his own situation or of the approach of those who were interested in his fate. They had taken but few steps when their attention was arrested by some half-burned pieces of wood, evidently the remains of a recent camp fire, around which footsteps were plainly visible. In a moment the half-defined feeling that they were really on Harry's island assumed a far more definite form, and the same idea crept into the mind of each. They were really on Harry's island, but he had never been able to exist through six long weeks on that desolate cinder. Don Cemontez and Ellen turned pale, and the glances they exchanged revealed to each the other's thoughts; while Ada, trembling with suppressed emotion, clung to the arm of her old friend, but neither spoke. As if by intuition their steps turned towards the cove; and the next moment, with a wild cry, Ada sprung forward and was standing beside the apparently lifeless body of the man she had loved with all the strong devotion of her woman's heart. But what a change a few weeks had wrought in the motionless form before her—now a mere skeleton; the hair and beard long and tangled; the eyes wide open and staring. There had been no friend, no human being beside him in the hour of sickness, and now the only watcher that lingered at his side was the faithful dog, who looked up with a whine of delight when he recognized his old mistress, and then, being unable to drag himself to her feet, he laid his shaggy head on Harry's face, moaning piteously.

Ada had not prepared her mind for such a scene, and to conceal her real feelings at that moment, when every chord of her heart was strung to its utmost tension, was beyond human power. For a moment she neither moved nor spoke; not a tear trembled in her eyes; not a sigh escaped her lips: but with her hands clasped over her throbbing heart, she stood gazing at the distorted features of her lover, pale and motionless as marble. "Dead! dead!" she at last murmured in a hoarse whisper; "he is dead, and he died all alone!" and slowly sinking on her knees beside him, she rested her cold forehead against the rock, and was still.

"This is dreadful, Ellen," said the alcaide in a whisper. "Poor girl, my heart bleeds for her. Had I known or suspected the nature of her attachment to senor, I should have guarded against a scene that I fear will result in her own death. Take her away before our friends return."

The tears were falling quick and fast from Ellen's eyes as she stepped forward and gently raised Ada from the ground, and almost carried her away; and Don Cemontez presently followed, bearing in his arms the noble dog that had so faithfully watched beside his new master. A signal was given, and a second boat presently came off from the schooner that quickly transferred the girls to the vessel, and Ada was borne fainting to the cabin.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN WHICH ELLEN CLARENDON LOSES A JEWEL, AND THE SUPERCARGO FINDS ONE.

As soon as Don Cemontez had seen the girls safely on board the vessel he returned to the islet, and the discharge of a pistol three times in quick succession brought the seaman who first accompanied him to the beach. It required but few words to place them in possession of the facts already communicated to the reader; and many dark looks and muttered curses were exchanged as they stood around the little cove where Harry was lying.

The alcaide, and in fact all the others, at first supposed that the supercargo was dead, but as Don Cemontez raised the body in his arms, to his surprise he found that it was still warm, and upon closer examination he discovered that there was still a slight motion of the heart. The intelligence was quickly communicated to the seamen, who at once conveyed Harry to the boat.

It was now dark, and as there was little hope of reviving the

almost extinguished spark of life, Don Cemontez ordered Harry to be conveyed to his own state-room, for the ostensible purpose of preparing the body for burial, and to avoid speaking to Ellen or Ada of their hopes until they had some more reliable grounds for them.

It was an anxious night on board the vessel, and for a while it was more than doubtful whether Harry could survive. His system had been completely prostrated by the combined effects of the wound and the privations he had lately undergone; but powerful stimulants were administered, and at last his friends had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes, and show so many signs of returning animation, that at daylight it was deemed advisable to inform the girls of his real situation, as it could not very well be concealed from them any great length of time.

With Ada the intelligence produced a reaction of feeling that was almost terrible. She had, as a matter of course, supposed that hope was worse than useless, and when the first shock was past, and she could once more commune with herself and reflect on the trial that it was hers to bear, her sense of duty told her that to repine was to rebel against that Providence that ever moves in unseen paths, bringing blessings often in the guise of trials that almost seem to crush the heart of the poor, blind, dependent being who has forgotten the past, lives in the present and knows not the future; who judges Infinity by his finite intellect, and Providence by his own poor sense of right. Never before had Ada displayed the more lofty part of her character. Her friends knew her as the magnificent woman, the admired of the social circle, the affectionate friend, the darling daughter; but circumstances had never before shown her as the patient Christian, bowing meekly to the trial her Master sent; complaining not when her heart seemed breaking; still passing onward, calm and confident when the future seemed all darkness, save where the lone star of faith shone with a holy splendor.

The morning found Ada calm and collected, but with the intelligence that Harry still lived came a revulsion of feeling that almost rendered her powerless. But the strength of character that could bear her safely through such a trial would not be likely to fail her now, and in a few hours she was at his bedside, anticipating, with womanly forethought, every want. She no longer tried to conceal from Don Cemontez the nature of her regard for Harry. Ellen already knew it, and she was aware that the late scene of the islet would have betrayed her secret to her old friend had he never suspected it before. But she knew she was safe. Both understood and appreciated her. Both were understanding as well as sincere friends.

Still Harry oscillated between life and death, and it was all-important to get back to Tumbez as soon as possible, where not only medical aid but better accommodations for an invalid could be had; but thirteen days were consumed before the voyage was accomplished.

In that time Harry had partially recovered consciousness, but was still too weak to converse, and did not seem to realise where he was, or to have any definite recollection of the dreadful scenes through which he had so lately passed.

On reaching Tumbez they found that their friends had arrived from Panama and were anxiously awaiting their return. Don Cemontez satisfied the captain of the schooner for his time and trouble, and would have had Harry conveyed to his own residence had not George Clarendon claimed him.

The physician under whose care he was placed gave encouragement of his ultimate recovery, but did not conceal from his friends that his situation was critical, and that the utmost care was necessary to prevent a relapse, which would in all probability result in death. They did not need to be cautioned on this point. Everything that could be done was done cheerfully, but in spite of all their care the disease gained ground, and his life was again despaired of. Delirium returned, and the broken sentences that fell from his lips showed that in fancy he was once more a prisoner on the islet, now wandering in search of food, and then stretched on the sand alone and dying; then he was at his own home in New York, then a sailor on board a vessel that was driving before the wintry blasts of a gale off Cape Horn; then he was walking with Ada among the algrova



HARRY AND THE CLERGYMAN IN SEARCH OF DE LA MOZA.

trees, speaking low and earnestly of a coming separation and of an anticipated meeting somewhere in the future.

It was one of those glorious evenings such as are seen nowhere except in the tropics, that Henry awoke from what to him seemed a fanciful dream. He was lying on a sofa in a room that seemed familiar, and yet he could not think where it was. The cool sea breeze was blowing with a delicious, invigorating effect over his wasted form, and through the open lattice he could see the luxuriant foliage of the orange and lime trees sparkling in the brilliant moonlight, while the mingled perfumes of various exotic plants floated in at the window and seemed to fill the chamber. A little group could be faintly distinguished in the verandah, and a hushed whisper fell upon his ear now and then, and although he could not distinguish a word he imagined they were talking about him, and half wondered who they were and why he should be an object of interest.

Harry reflected. There was a half-formed idea creeping into his mind that he had been ill for a time. He looked at his hand—it was thin and wasted, and he had just strength enough to raise the white counterpane that covered him. How he wished he knew all about it, and how strange that he should be there alone. Did no one care for him? Ah! he remembered now—he was in South America; but where was the captain, Morriston, George, Ellen, and Ada, and all the rest of his friends?—why did they not come to him? Harry turned his head and glanced round the beautiful apartment; his eye rested on an object that at once arrested his attention—it was a lady in the attitude of devotion, concealed by the drapery of the bow window from the party in the verandah; and although he could not distinguish her features, he felt sure it was Ada—that slight figure, that snowy neck, those bright curls drooping over her shoulders could belong to no one else. Ada at prayer! what did this mean? No word of her supplication reached him, and yet he felt certain that he was the object for whom she prayed, and a feeling of deep reverence for the God *she* worshipped came over him, and a sincere wish sprung up spontaneously in his heart that he too might approach the same altar with the same pure faith, that he knew assured her that her

petition, word by word, floated upward to her Father's listening ear.

In a few moments she arose and moved towards him, and Harry closed his eyes again as though still unconscious, while Ada bathed his forehead, and then for an instant her fingers trembled on his wrist to mark his pulse's slow, irregular beating.

There was a strange magic in all this, as there always is in the watchfulness with which woman lingers round the bedside of a suffering loved one; and as Harry watched Ada gliding through the apartment with noiseless step, a feeling almost amounting to adoration of the lovely girl came over him, and he wondered how he could have helped loving her before. Yes, he loved her; he did not even wish to deny it, and how he longed to tell her so, but this was neither the time nor the place. She must not know that unconsciously she had told him of her own heart—opened it like a casket for him to look at, and in so doing her pure love had been reflected, and the bright shadow rested on his own.

A few moments after George Clarendon entered, and Ada presently passed out, and Harry watched her through the open lattice till she disappeared among the shrubbery. George sat down by the window humming a low tune, and Harry watched him, too, with

a curious feeling, wondering what he would say when become aware that his invalid friend was watching him, and quite rational and disposed for conversation withal.

"George!"

The individual thus addressed started to his feet and gazed in blank astonishment at the speaker. "Why, bless me, Harry," he exclaimed, "have you come to life again? We had given you up a long time ago, and the girls have been in mourning for you these two days."

"Have they? well, they may as well take it off, for I haven't the least idea of dying yet. But what has been the matter with me? I am as weak as boarding-house coffee. I remember being on a miserable little island, where I was left by De la Moza, and where I came near starving, very near it as I remember."

"You have had a pretty rough adventure, Harry; there is no denying that, and but for Ada you would not be in the land of the living now."

"What, do I owe my life to Ada?"

"More than to any other human power. The vessel that was searching for you would have passed the little sand bank where the Spaniard left you but for her."

"How did you learn where I was?"

"It is too long a story for you to hear at present, but we did find out where you were, and Ada would accompany the party that went for you—and this is not all; when you first disappeared, and some of your friends, myself among the number, were charging you with playing a shabby game, she was among the few who vindicated your character."

"Old chum, do you suppose Ada would marry such a piece of driftwood as I am?"

"You had better ask her."

"Of course, but what think you; would she not think I had misunderstood her friendship, and presume upon the fact of her having interested herself in my fate; in short, do you think she loves me?"

"Again I say, you had better ask her, and let me further recommend that you give up your foolish misanthropy; give up your aimless wanderings. Make some use of the talents you

possess, and strive to be worthy of Ada, and then if she will take you, make her happiness the study of your life."

"You speak my mind exactly, George; still it does seem presumption for a poor adventurer like myself to think of winning the love of such a woman."

"Poor, there is no such thing—you have talents that will not only command that, but fame, which is worth infinitely more. Now I have money, and as you know I have received a good education, and used to rank attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of New York. For the last five years I have been growing rich and uncivilised here in South America, but now I am going back to the States to brush up my rusty legal knowledge, and then bring out my shingle. I shall want a partner, and you being fresh from the books, will be just the man, and if we can't get business enough to keep us going at first, my purse will."

"I accept your offer, George, just as freely as it is made. And if—"

"Haven't time to hear the rest, my boy; the bargain is made, and now I must tell the girls that you have concluded to live, and so they need not mourn for you any longer at present."

From that time Harry rapidly recovered, not only physically but the mental disorder under which he had so long been laboring was fast disappearing. Once more he had an aim, once more imagination was painting in glowing colors a bright future, when his name should be known and his talents acknowledged. Again he was ambitious to climb the dizzy tower of fame, not so much to win the applause of the world as because Ada would take pleasure in hearing of his success. No impassable barriers now seemed to beset his path, nothing seemed impossible for him to accomplish; but as he continued to improve and gradually became able to walk out he could not help noticing that Ada seemed to avoid him. Indeed it seemed impossible to obtain a moment's conversation with her, and Harry began to fear that some unfortunate circumstance had

changed the good opinion with which he believed she had regarded him.

This made him miserable again, and he began to pass his time alone in the forest, sometimes almost wishing he had been left on the islet, instead of being rescued, to have a brilliant future momentarily before his vision and then disappear like a mist before the god of day.

One evening as he was walking on the seashore the tinkling of a guitar struck his ear, and on looking round he saw Ada and Ellen seated partly in the shadow of a rock, the former apparently sketching the portrait of his old friend Carlos, who lay at their feet, while the latter was running her fingers over the chords of her favorite instrument, and mingling her own sweet voice with the wild, irregular music. Neither observed him, and he was about passing on when Ellen looked up and saw him.

"Come here, Harry Archer," said Ellen, throwing down her guitar. "Ada and I were just talking about you, and we have concluded you had better enter a monastery."

"And why, allow me to inquire?" said Harry, approaching them.

"Because ever since you were well enough to walk about, you have been about as social as the statues of the saints in Don Cernotes' chapel. I declare, I believe you have committed some awful crime, the memory of which is stinging your conscience, just as the hornets did Carlos when he pulled down their nest the other day."

"I am sorry if I have offended, but I assure you, Miss Ellen, I—"

"Don't you Miss Ellen me; I am not going to hear your defence at all; if you can excuse your conduct to Ada, you may do so, and I will be satisfied. I declare I have lost Bill's bracelet; excuse me, my little dears, while I run back and look for it; I will be here in a moment. Take care of them, Carlos."

The next moment Ellen was skipping gaily away, and Ada



THEY PRESENTLY CAME IN SIGHT OF DE LA MOZA, EXTENDED UNDER THE SAME TREE WHERE HE HAD FIRST LAIN DOWN, AND APPARENTLY IN THE VERY AGONIES OF DEATH.

rose hastily to follow; but Harry gently detained her. For the first time since his illness he was alone with Ada, and he had suddenly resolved to learn, before he parted from her, whether he might hope to gain her love, or must he forget the fond dream he had cherished, banish her memory from his heart, and be more alone in the world than he had been before he had known her.

Ada resumed her seat in obedience to Harry's unspoken request, and he sat down by her side; and although the declaration of his love was trembling upon his lips, it was some time before he broke the silence. Forcing himself to speak calmly, he told her of his life-path, of his many and varied disappointments, of his false friends, and his heartless affianced bride. He told her of his misanthropy, even of his suspicion on their first acquaintance, that she too was as heartless as another had proved; then, when that dark cloud passed away, of the first dawning of that love that now filled his heart, against which he had so long vainly struggled; and now of the fear which was haunting him ever, lest the bright dream should fade away, and leave him a lone wanderer over life's rough pathway, aimless and hopeless for the future.

Long ere he had finished, tears were in Ada's eyes, and although she was silent and very quiet, she did not withdraw the little hand which he had taken, and Harry could not mistake the loving look in the dear eyes, still tear-gemmed though they were.

Slowly drooped the beautiful head until it rested on the shoulder of her lover, and winding his arm around her, he pressed her to his heart, feeling sure that she was all his own, but not quite satisfied unless her low sweet voice assured him of what he wished so much to know.

Again he told her of his love, and asked her if she could link her fate with his—with one who had nothing but a heart to offer her—who was poor in all else save love for her; if she would be what she long had been unconsciously, the guiding star of all his hopes.

Lifting her head from its resting-place, she said, "Harry, I do not need to tell you that I love you deeply, truly; and do you think I could hesitate to share the fortune of one I love and trust entirely? I gave you my heart long ago; my hand shall be yours when you are prepared to claim it, and if I can be instrumental in lifting one shadow from your pathway—if I can cheer you in one hour of trial—if I can breathe one prayer for you that will find its way to Our Heavenly Father, I shall not have lived in vain."

* * * * *

Moonlight nights and evening walks by the seashore are great inventions, don't you think so, reader? Did you ever take such a walk? Of course you have, and you remember what romantic scenery you saw there. You remember the white crested waves that chased each other to the white beach, and the gentle breezes that played with such a musical murmur through the branches of the old tree where you and (never mind the name) sat and—and—talked; those high towering rocks, sublime and awful in their solid grandeur, and that sweet little bay, whose waters are disturbed by no ripple. Oh, yes, you remember that walk, and you thought at the time it should be against the law of the land for a gentleman to whisper love in a lady's ear, unless he is walking with her on the seashore by moonlight.

But in this flight of fancy or nonsense I come near forgetting my story. I shall not attempt to repeat all that passed between Harry and Ada on their way home, because that was, I suspect, sentimental, and I always had a horror of writing out sentimental things, though I have to, sometimes; for I am a true storyteller, and, of course, wish to report the truth and the whole truth. This much I will add, "in conclusion," as the minister says, after disposing of "nineteenthly," "lastly" and "finally," that when Harry parted with Ada for the night, he wandered into the garden, where he met Ellen on her way to the house.

"Did you find your jewel?" he ventured to inquire.

"No," answered Ellen, with a quiet smile; "I did not look for it. Did you find yours?"

CHAPTER XV.—A DEATH IN THE CHAPARAL.

We have neglected to follow De la Moza in his plans or his wanderings since the night on which he last returned to Tumbez, and unintentionally gave Isabelle an opportunity of escaping; but we have not lost sight of him.

When he returned to his vessel that night he was in no very gracious mood. He had learned from his servants that he was suspected of having a hand in the late affair that had caused so much discussion in the town. Almost every one in fact who had heard the story believed he could unravel the mystery connected with the fate of Harry and Isabelle, and none believed they had eloped together. His own revengeful disposition was a matter of notoriety; and when the well-merited chastisement he had received on the night when he almost succeeded in carrying out his plans in regard to Annie became known, many old inhabitants looked significantly at each other, and whispered their belief that the young American had opened an account that could only be settled with blood.

De la Moza had laid and executed his plans well, as he thought, but his reputation effectually prevented the success of one part of it; indeed, all the circumstances connected with the disappearance of the two persons bore a strong family likeness to other well-known plots and schemes in which the don had been engaged before. Deep as he thought himself, it was not difficult for a person of ordinary penetration to see through the thin veneering of politeness and generosity with which he tried to conceal from the world the indifferent materials of which his moral character was constructed. He began to learn this hard truth now. His principal object in returning had been to gratify his revengeful spirit by hearing Harry cursed by his former friends as a despicable wretch; but on the contrary, he learned to his dismay that for once public suspicion had got on the right track, and the imprecations he had hoped to hear breathed against the man he had so deeply injured were heaped upon his own head. Enraged at this unexpected turn of fortune, he collected the greater part of his valuables, returned to his vessel, and set sail for Valparaiso. He had no definite plan of proceeding in his mind; the most he thought of was to escape from a place that at present did not seem to promise a safe residence.

"They may suspect," he muttered, as he paced his deck, "but they will never learn the truth, thank fortune! Senor will die on the island, and who will be the wiser? And as for the lady, she will remain with me for the present, I think."

Strange as it may seem, De la Moza arrived at Valparaiso before he learned that his prisoner had escaped. He had avoided seeing her from prudential motives, as the reader will remember, and during his last cruise he had been too much occupied with other matters to think of her. As for Lopez, he was too insignificant a personage to have his presence or absence noticed; and though the girl who had assisted in the escape was still on board, it was not for her interest to be the first to give the alarm, and so the fact remained a secret.

The schooner had scarcely dropped her anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso when De la Moza ordered the lady to be brought on deck and sent on shore.

He had suddenly conceived the idea of leaving her here to find her way back to Tumbez, if she could, and then set sail for old Spain himself. Harry he believed must have died on the island before that time, consequently he could not be foiled in that darling plan of vengeance if Isabelle did succeed in finding her friends. But words would fail to give a just idea of his fury when he learned that his prisoner had escaped, and had been aided by some of his own people. Lopez was beyond his reach, but the girl would have paid for her treachery with her life had not the crew, with the single exception of Alonzo Garza, rose in a body to defend her. They had all of them been long in the employ of De la Moza, and had often been engaged in business operations that strictly honest men might call dishonorable, but they had been shocked by his cruelty to Harry, and it is but just to say that not one of them knew the fate for which he was reserved until they saw him left on the islet. Garza alone was in his master's confidence, and he was eminently qualified for the station.

Still they continued in his employ, although they were not

disposed to let him take signal vengeance on one of their own number; and besides, of late, his chafed temper had exhibited itself in so many acts of tyranny and violence that their patience was exhausted, and it became necessary for their own safety to show a spirit of independence.

Foaming with rage, De la Moza left the deck and strode down the companion-way.

"Foiled! foiled! at every turn," he groaned, "and even my own men have turned against me. How stands the case now? Of course Lopez and the lady have made known the place where senor was left, and before this time he has been rescued; he has told his story to men who are willing enough to believe anything to my discredit, and by this time the whole city is up in arms against me. But I will not be defeated. I will go back, and if senor escapes me this time he is welcome to his life. Lopez, too, the treacherous scoundrel! but it will be the last game of this kind he will have a chance of playing."

De la Moza had some difficulty in persuading the crew to run the schooner back to Tumbex. They wisely concluded that it was not studying their own safety to continue in the service of such a desperate man; but when he assured them that he had given up all designs against Harry and every one else, and was only returning to secure some of his property, and then say farewell to South America for ever, they consented to go.

It was towards the close of a pleasant afternoon that the little vessel hove to, for the last time, at the mouth of Tumbex river, and lowered a boat.

As on a former occasion, De la Moza and Alonzo Garza got in, and pulled up the stream alone. They advanced in sullen silence; both were busy with their own thoughts, and the same presentiment that their career was drawing to a close. After approaching as near the city as prudence would admit, they concealed their boat under the bushes, just as they had done before, and then struck into the chaparral, taking the same circuitous path that conducted them to the plantation of De la Moza.

They accomplished their journey before dark, but not before they had been seen and recognised by a hunting party, returning to the city.

The news of their arrival spread through the town like wildfire; every one was now familiar with the plot in which he had so lately been engaged, and consequently every one believed that he had returned but to put in operation some new one of a like nature. Never was popular indignation more thoroughly aroused, and of this De la Moza saw indications in the few servants that still lingered around his establishment. Not a smile welcomed him; every face seemed gloomy and forbidding; every eye looked threatening, and every hand seemed instinctively to grasp the rapier hilt as he approached.

Things wore a sable aspect, and he began to repent his hardness in returning; but it was too late to seek the asylum of his vessel, as that had already started on a voyage round the Cape, and he had promised to join it three months later at Chagres. As the shades of night settled over the place, he withdrew to an inner room, his mind filled with ominous forebodings. Garza presently followed him, and the look of sullen apprehension that rested on his hardened features showed that his mind was as ill at ease as his master's. A guilty conscience gives rise to a thousand fears. The shades of night deepened, but still the two men sat in their silent apartment. Silent, we say, and so it was; for neither seemed disposed to break the stillness by speaking. But, hark! a trampling is heard in the courtyard; they start to their feet, and listen attentively; for guilt and fear makes the sense of hearing strangely delicate. But the sound is advancing nearer, and they hurry out to the balcony, and exercise their powers of vision. A large party are moving up the avenue; are their intentions sinister? It would seem so; else they would not move so carefully. Musket barrels and rapier blades are flashing in the moonlight; this looks ominous.

"The bloodhounds are on the track, Garza; but they have not caught us yet, and it's my opinion that they will not," said De la Moza, as he passed round an angle of the building, and then grasping the stout tendrils of a vine firmly in his hands, he descended to the ground. Garza was close behind him, and as the house was now between them and the mob,

they hurried forward until they gained a little eminence commanding a view of the approaching drama.

"They have commenced operations now," said De la Moza, as the mob burst in the front door, and with a shout entered the mansion.

"That is true, and they are taking considerable trouble on our account. Poor fellows! they are having it all for nothing. I have a mind to slip down and tell them that we are not there; I pity them."

"How like devils they yell; they are exasperated because they can't find us; they were very anxious to see us. But see, Garza, they are setting the old place on fire; how I wish it was brimful of gunpowder, it would be so pleasant to see them flying into the air when it exploded. Senor Archer is probably at the head of this company; he thinks we are there somewhere, and is going to try burning us out."

"No, he is not, for there he comes with Senor Clarendon and Don Cemontex, and he appears to be reasoning with the mob, and trying to persuade them to extinguish that bonfire. Now, what do you suppose he does that for? One would think he would be the last man to care what became of you or your house."

"Can't say what his motive is, Garza; these men from the States are all of them very cunning; you never can understand them. Perhaps he does it to make Don Cemontex think he is very good and forgiving; if that is the case, he is a great hypocrite."

"Well, it's no more than natural for men to try and make the world believe they are better than they are. I would make folks think I was honest if I could."

"I do not think you will ever deceive them in that way; but they have made a fine bonfire to celebrate our return, haven't they? The old house burns like dry grass. I will just speak to them, to let them know that their game has escaped, and then good-bye to Tumbex. Senors! senors! do not waste your time standing there. We are not so insane as to stay quietly in a house that is surrounded by a yelling mob. Farewell, dear friends! De la Moza is not yet your prisoner."

"What in the devil's name did you call their attention for? They see us now, and the whole lot of them are running this way, like a pack of jaguars."

"I know they are, and we will run the other way. We must take to our boat and lay our course for Panama, and from there we will cross the Isthmus to Chagres, and wait for the schooner. It is not a very pleasant voyage going from here to Panama in an open boat, but the trade winds favor us, and we have no choice. Tumbex is quite too warm."

Away the two men dashed at the top of their speed, and on came the enraged populace in full pursuit; and when the fugitives gained the bank of the river, a short distance below the city, their pursuers were but a few rods behind them.

"I do not remember exactly where we left the boat, Garza, but we will cross the river here, and pass the night in the chaparral. They will not be very likely to follow us there, and in the morning we will find it and be off."

"Very well, but I would rather swim the river in any other place. It was right out there that Senor Archer was floating along in his boat, when I shot and wounded him. I somehow feel as though this is an unlucky place for us. For some strange reason I'm not very courageous to-night, De la Moza."

"But we haven't time to select a better, for they will be upon us in a moment. Come on! come on!" answered De la Moza, as he sprang down the bank. In they plunged, and resolutely struck out for the opposite shore. They are expert swimmers and contend with the strong current stoutly. A few more strokes will place them in the forest, and they will be safe.

But the mob have reached the river and discovered the swimmers. Will they let them escape? No, a dozen muskets are instantly levelled. A dozen reports ring out sharp and clear, and with a strange yell, and a wild spasmodic effort, Alonzo Garza leaped forward, dead.

De la Moza was wounded too, but he was not aware of it. The fate of his companion roused him to a full sense of his danger. An instant more and he was in the chaparral, dashing

madly through its dark, silent labyrinths. The death-shriek of Garza still rang in his ear. The shadows of the forest, to his excited vision, assumed strange goblin shapes, and moved like spectres, above and around him; the night-bird started from its resting place and darted away on noiseless wing, like a released spirit passing silently into the unknown, eternal future. Dark valleys whose sombre solitudes were lighted by no moonbeam yawned before him, but urged on by fear, he plunged into the darkness. Vines twined around his feet, but he extricated himself from their clinging coils, and on he hurried. He was flying from one danger, possibly, into the jaws of another, but still he pressed onward. But at last his tired limbs refused to bear him, and he was obliged to stop in the silent wilderness. He sat down at the foot of a tree and for the first time he became aware of his wound, and found his clothes saturated with the blood that flowed from it. He stretched out his hand to gather some leaves to staunch the tide of life; it came in contact with a cold slimy coil, and quick as thought there was a sudden movement; a sharp sensation of pain followed, and then a rustling in the dry leaves announced the hasty retreat of a serpent.

De la Moza started to his feet and a cold shudder almost froze his blood, as he listened, with suppressed breath, to the terrible gliding noise occasioned by the poisonous reptile's movements. Horror-stricken, he leaned his back against a tree, knowing that in a few hours he would be lifeless. The wound was slight, but the burning pain that crept slowly up his arm told him there was death in it. De la Moza had leisure for thinking now. The midnight stillness of the forest was suggestive of reflection, and quickly his mind wandered back over the scenes of his past life. He had arrived at a period in his existence when he must examine himself whether he would or not; and conscience was there, asking him sharp questions, and bringing up with fearful distinctness acts of his that he disliked to remember in an hour like this. It was a fit place for remorse and terror to hold their inquisition. The darkness that surrounded him was a significant type of the eternal gloom that shrouds the guilty soul. The thick dark foliage shut out from view the sky, spangled with its thousand shining planets. So guilt and remorse excluded his soul from that hope-illuminated communion with the Great Omnipresent, that brings peace and happiness to the believer's bosom. The shrill whistle of the lizard and the jaguar's wild scream occasionally broke the awful stillness; so had conscience sometimes pierced through the hardened apathy of his soul, and thundered her warnings and commands. He began to realise that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The seeds of death were sown in his system, and he was alone in the wilderness. It was an awful doom that awaited him, but similar to one he had planned for another. He remembered when he hissed in Harry's ear, "This island will be your deathbed and your sepulchre." The winds now seemed to whisper, "Behold the place where thou art fated to yield up thy spirit." He feared to remain where he was; he dared not move. So passed the night, a night that to him seemed eternal.

The mob, in the meantime, had dispersed and returned to their homes. They had seen one of the fugitives fall before their volley, and doubted not but the other had escaped, badly wounded, only to die in the chaparral. Yet the idea of following him to learn his situation never entered their heads, and indeed it was a bold man who would enter the chaparral except by daylight. But there was one who resolved to know the fate of De la Moza, and that was Harry Archer, the man he had so deeply injured. Harry would have been glad to have seen him legally arrested, and confined as a dangerous member of society; but he was no advocate of Lynch law, and had exerted all his influence to quell the riot, and now there was something appalling to him in the idea of leaving a wounded man in that gloomy forest to the mercy of savage beasts of prey. He could understand his feelings in a situation like that, and it was a fate from which he would gladly rescue his bitterest enemy.

The first glimmer of dawn had not tinged the east with its red light, and silence still reigned in the city, when Harry launched his boat on the rapid river, to go to the assistance of the man that hated him. The young clergyman was his only

companion. Ada and Don Cemontes were the only ones that knew of his plan, and they stood on the river's bank watching them till they were out of sight.

"There goes one of nature's noblemen," said the alcaide. "He is young, but he has learned what few of riper years understand, to revenge an injury nobly. Very few would go on such a mission under similar circumstances."

"Then very few possess the spirit of forgiveness that every person is in duty bound to possess and exercise," replied Ada.

"True, true, but it is seldom you meet one so ready to follow the precepts of the golden rule as Senor Archer has been. The more I see of his character, the more I admire and respect him."

Ada did not try to convince Don Cemontes that he was wrong.

Harry and his companion were not long in reaching the spot which witnessed the last night's tragedy. The body of Alonso Garza marked the spot. He still lay in the margin of the stream, his hand firmly grasping a bush that grew in the edge of the water. They looked at it but a moment, and then landed and moored their boat.

There was little difficulty in seeing the way De la Moza had taken; the trampled vines and footprints in the loose, damp mould showed his path, and they followed it. In the course of an hour they reached a dark, desolate valley, more lonely than the rest of that gloomy forest, if that were possible. Gigantic ferns were growing luxuriantly round the margin, waving their dark, broad leaves, and casting a sable shadow over that secluded dell. A low moan struck their ears as they paused at the entrance of the valley. They hastily pushed their way through the bushes, and presently came in sight of De la Moza, extended under the same tree where he had first laid down, and apparently in the very agonies of death; but he was conscious still, for he raised his eyes when they approached, and a look of mingled surprise and apprehension crossed his face when he recognised them.

"What have you followed me here for?" he asked in a feeble voice, when they stood beside him. "Have you come to carry me back, and hand me over to the tender mercies of those yelling devils, who are panting for my blood? Do you see that arm, swelled to twice its natural size? I shall die soon enough, if you leave me here."

"It was to save your life that we followed you," said Harry. "We thought you had suffered enough already, without being left to die out here alone. We have had some misunderstanding, but that is past, and we had best forget it. Drink some of this wine, it will strengthen you, and then tell me what is the matter with your arm."

"Come to save my life! that sounds rational after what has passed between us, but you could not if you really wished to. I have been bitten by a serpent that carries death in its mouth. The poison will do its work presently, I feel it in my vitals now. I will not hasten death by drinking of your wine, that I presume has more poison in it."

"I swear by all my hopes of heaven that I wish you no ill," replied Harry. "I have no object but to help you."

"Perhaps you are sincere, but I do not believe it. I cannot understand how a man can wish to befriend one who has injured him, and I will not let you touch me. I will die as I have lived. It is too late to change my nature now, and with my last breath I will curse you. Oh, that burning pain in my vitals! My system is all on fire. Drive off those devils! The chaparral is full of them; they have been grinning round me all night. Why can't they wait till a man is dead? I will go with them presently. Where is Alonso Garza? Tell him they are burning up my house. You will die on this island, senor. You can't get away. The ocean is a faithful keeper. We must go now, Garza, you know we are to meet De Menzo at Chagres. Don't burn me up alive! Mercy! mercy!"

But these insane mutterings soon ceased, though they continued to return at intervals, and Harry saw that De la Moza's end was rapidly approaching. They could do nothing to avert his doom, so they stood still to witness the closing scene in the life of one who had lived as though there was no awful retribu-

tion beyond the grave. For an hour or two he lay nearly quiet and apparently unconscious, but suddenly he opened his eyes and motioned Harry to approach him. He obeyed the silent request and bent his head to catch the last words of the dying man.

"Senor," he said, "something within my own bosom tells me that you did come to save my life; I felt it the first moment I heard your voice, but I could not comprehend it. I never could understand the doctrine of forgiveness, for I never felt it; but it is a noble quality, and I thank you for thinking of me when all my friends had deserted me; I did not deserve this. I plotted against your happiness and sought your life, but you have forgotten it all, and are here to see me die; and I know you will bury my body. May God bless you for it. Bury me with Alonzo Garza, if his body can be found. Our lives have been alike in many dark particulars of which the world knew and suspected nothing. We have both been suddenly arrested in our careers, and shall both meet the same eternal doom. It is fit we should rest together, and —"

But his voice failed—the breath came short and labored, a mighty struggle shook his frame, and he had yielded up his spirit.

And to his long account and last,
Without a groan, dark Oswald passed.

That night, as the sun went down, a small party of men bore two dead bodies to their last resting place. No requiem was sung—no tear moistened the earth that covered them, no marble registered their names; but for years after that lonely mound was pointed out as the tomb of De la Mosa and Alonzo Garza.

CHAPTER XVI. — SHOWING HOW THE SUPERCARGO MADE A SECOND START IN LIFE.

A few days after the occurrence of the events narrated in the last chapter Mr. Seymour arrived in Tumbes, and announced that the complicated business that had detained him so long in Pata was at last accomplished, and he was ready to take advantage of the first opportunity that offered for returning to England. The old gentleman's astonishment was at its height when he was informed of the singular turn of events that had transpired while he had been absent. But the drama was finished—the curtain had fallen on the last act, and the audience were retiring, reflecting as they went on what they had lately seen; and well they might reflect. That drama had impressed some lessons on the minds of those who witnessed it that would not be soon forgotten.

Harry had almost dreaded to see Mr. Seymour: his circumstances rendered an immediate marriage impracticable, even could he obtain the father's consent—as he certainly could not till he was firmly established in the world; and if Ada returned to England it would be years before they could meet again—and lovers, we believe, have an innate horror of being separated for any considerable time. But it appeared that the dark clouds that had been so long hanging over Harry's pathway were at length lifting; the tide was setting in, and his star seemed in the ascendant. A few days after Mr. Seymour's return, Mr. Clarendon proposed that he should return to New York with him, and engage in a new speculation in that city.

The proposition was accepted, and the supercargo was in ecstasies. Everything had been brought about just as he could have wished it, and now he could not be satisfied till Mr. Seymour knew and approved of the engagement between himself and Ada.

Mr. Seymour was not altogether unprepared for the intelligence; he had more than half suspected the true state of things for some time past—indeed, from the first moment the young people had been thrown in each other's company on board the vessel, he thought it quite likely that a love affair might grow out of the acquaintance; but as Harry was a favorite with himself from the first he was far from feeling disposed to object when he heard that he was indeed Ada's choice. There was a tear in the old man's eye as he bade Harry cherish the heart he had won, and his hand trembled as he laid it on the bright hair of his only child and gave her a father's blessing.

Preparations were now made for the homeward voyage with all possible despatch. A small vessel was chartered for the voyage, and one fine morning they said "good-bye" to Tumbes and the many friends they left there, and got under weigh for home.

They were a merry company. In addition to their own number they had been joined by their old friend Don Cemaontes, who resigned his office and took the journey to the States, as he said, for the sake of keeping his new friends in sight.

The voyage proved a pleasant one in every particular, and four months and fifteen days after leaving Tumbes they steered safely into the port of New York and landed in the Empire City.

It was with many strange emotions that Harry set his foot once more on his native soil. Eighteen months had elapsed since he started on his first and last voyage, and with him it had been an eventful period. The experience of a lifetime seemed to have been crowded into those few months. He went away a gloomy misanthrope, at variance with all the world, his disposition soured by disappointment, his confidence in the human race in a fair way to be extinguished, because some had deceived him; without aim, without ambition; but that voyage had cured him: he was a wiser and a better man; he had learned that there were other trials than mere pecuniary losses, other positions more trying than to labor for his daily bread in the city where he had lived surrounded by luxury. He had learned, too, that woman sometimes loves with a deep, unchanging passion; that even in this fallen world there were true, unselfish friendships.

A few hours later, our friends were assembled at the residence of Captain Morriston; he was at sea, but Annie was there, looking as pretty as ever, and a little more sedate and matronly than when we last saw her; and Captain Kimberley was there, as round, good-natured and apprehensive of "quick consumption" as ever; and such a greeting as they gave their friends you may imagine, reader, for we will not attempt to describe it.

The plan that George and Harry had decided upon they followed in every particular. Six months after their return, Harry was admitted to the bar, and they commenced practice under the most favorable auspices; clients were not wanting, and they soon earned a reputation that older practitioners would not be ashamed of.

A year later, the following notice was going the rounds of newspaperdom:

"Married on the — inst., at Trinity Church, by the Rev. —, Harry Archer, Esq., to Ada, only daughter of Edward Seymour, Esq.; all of this city."

So your story is finished, is it? Not quite, reader; but I won't detain you much longer, and I am under a thousand obligations for your courtesy in following me thus far. But I must tell you of a little party that collected at Captain Morriston's one evening, a few weeks after the appearance of the hereinbefore-mentioned notice, to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Archer, who had just returned from their wedding tour; it was just a little family affair, consisting of the principal characters who have been figuring in our story, who came together for the sociability of the thing.

"Harry," said Captain Kimberley, "you have come out with flying colors, after all. It will do for a fellow like you to be a lawyer or anything else, for you are bound to be on the quarter-deck of any craft that you sail on in short order. You have done well enough; but mind, it was all owing to that voyage you took with me. A man may have ever so much learning, but, after all, he must make a voyage or two to give his education a kind of smooth finish before he will amount to much."

"You are right, sir," said Harry, "you are right. At all events, one sea voyage has done much for me, and I shall advise all young men who are afflicted with misanthropy certainly to try a cruise round the Cape, as a sure cure."

"Nonsense," said Ellen; "do you suppose every young man who gets the 'blues' and goes to South America finds an Ada there to remodel him?"

"They can but try their fortunes," remarked the old alcaide. "Senor's success should encourage others to try the virtue of South American air, I think. But after all, Miss Ellen is the only one among my friends who has any real attachment for Tumbez, I believe."

"Why, what do you mean?" said several voices. Ellen disappeared.

"Simply that she is so well pleased with South American life that she intends returning there."

"Returning there!" echoed the captain; "you don't mean to say that you have captured that little craft, don't! If that's the case I was a fool that I didn't try my hand. I believe I am about as seaworthy as you are."

"I will tell you about it, Captain Kimberley," said Ada (another member of the party disappeared). "Ellen is soon to marry a young missionary, and will go with him to South America."

"Going to be a parson's wife, eh! well that's beyond my reckoning, but after all she is right. They need speaking to down there, and she like a good girl (as she is) is willing to leave friends and home to help save those poor heathen, who are sailing straight for destruction; which of you would do that, girls?"

"Ellen has indeed acted nobly," said Ada. "I confess that I should hesitate to assume the responsibility she is about to take."

"She is just the one to do it, though Ellen never will fail—never drift on a lee-shore. But who on earth is she going to marry?"

"You remember the young clergyman who was with us at Tumbez, do you not?" said Ada.

"What, Mr. Fleetwood; he the man? Well, I am blessed if I didn't carry out a whole cargo of lovers and sweethearts. I expect the next thing I hear, old Winslow will be spliced. I believe Cupid must be at anchor in Tumbez; a fortunate port, upon my word."

"That's the fact," replied Morriston, glancing towards Annie.

"So say I, Charley; you and I can both testify as to the fortunate atmosphere of Tumbez. There you met your Annie at the altar, and there, under the algrova trees by moonlight, I wooed and won my Ada."

P.S.—About six months since I was walking with a friend of mine on the Fifth avenue, seeing what was to be seen, and making inquiries as to the owners of the establishments we past. One in particular struck my fancy. "Smith," said I (it was John Smith of New York), "who lives there, pray? Some of your merchant princes, I suppose."

"No," answered Smith, "that's the residence of our great legal gun, Hon. Harry Archer; don't you know him?"

"Never saw him that I know of, although every one in New York knows him by reputation."

"Must introduce. You got to make a call there this afternoon! Come along, will like him first-rate. Sociable as can be, fine fellow!"

I willingly availed myself of Smith's invitation. We called and passed a very pleasant hour. I found Mr. Archer just what report said he was, frank, sociable and a perfect gentleman. Circumstances afterwards threw us much together, and I had the honor of ranking him among my intimate friends. He was particularly fond of relating the scenes of his past life, and one evening he entertained me with the incidents that, with a change of names, I have woven into the preceding story. Good-bye, reader, till we meet again in the Magazine.

NOTES ABOUT GREAT MEN.

RAPHAEL and Luther were both born in the year 1483. The former died in 1520, the same year with Da Vinci. Spenser was born in 1553, the year in which Latimer died. Sir Walter Raleigh and Hooker were also born within a few months of Spenser. Shakespeare and Galileo were both born in 1564, the year in which Luther and Calvin and Roger Ascham died.

Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and died the day Newton was born. Newton made one of his first experiments at the age of sixteen, on September 3d, 1658, the day of the great storm when Cromwell died. Cromwell was born in 1599, the year in which Spenser died. Izaak Walton, Newton and Tasso, all died in 1593. Claude Lorraine and Poussin, the artists, were born in 1600, the year in which Hooker died. Claude and Murillo died in the year 1682. Milton, Clarendon and Fuller, were all born in 1608. The two former died in the same year, 1674, and the year in which Watts was born.

Shakespeare and Pocahontas died in the same year, 1618. Raleigh died in 1618, the year in which the famous Synod of Dort was formed. Bunyan was born in 1628, the year in which Decker died, and died in 1688, the year Pope was born. Dryden was born in 1631, the year in which Donne died, and died in 1700, the year in which Thomson and Blair were born. Galileo, Guido and Boyle, all died in 1642. Burnet, the historian, was born in 1613, the year in which Hampden died. Rollin and Fuller died the year Defoe was born, 1661. Swift was born in 1667, the year Jeremy Taylor died. Locke and Sir Christopher Wren were both born in 1632. Bolingbroke and Addison were both born in 1672, two years before Milton died. Defoe died in 1713, the year Sterne was born. Burnet died in 1714, the year Whitefield and Shenstone were born. Leibnitz died in 1716, the year Garrick and Gray were born. Penn died in 1718, the year Putnam and Brainard were born. Sir C. Wren died in 1723, the year in which Blackstone and Reynolds were born. Cowper was born in 1731. Goldsmith was born in 1729, the year in which Steel died. Gibbon, Smollett, Collins and Akenside were all born in 1721. Gibbon and Akenside both died in 1794, the same year Witherspoon died. Watts and Thomson died in 1748. Voltaire and Pitt in 1778. Christopher Wren, in 1773, the year Priestley and Coleridge were born.

George Washington, Patrick Henry and Howe, all died in 1799. Cromwell and Hampden, who were cousins, both took passage in a vessel that lay in the Thames bound for North America, in 1637. They were actually on board when an order of council appeared by which the ship was prohibited from sailing. Goethe was at one time, also, on the brink of crossing the ocean for America. So was Robert Burns. A scheme of Pantisocracy, in 1795, came near bringing Southey, Coleridge, Lovell and Burnet to America. Chaucer was the first of that long array of poets buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1400. The body of Dryden was deposited in the grave of Chaucer, just three centuries after his burial, in the year 1700. Goldsmith died two thousand pounds in debt.

As proof of the wonderful memory of Thomas Fuller, it is said that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal street of London, after once passing through it and back again. Locke was banished as a traitor, and wrote his "Essay on the Human Understanding," sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Homer sang his own ballads. Virgil was so fond of salt that he seldom went without a boxful in his pocket. Addison who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived, was awkwardly stupid in conversation. Handel was such a miser that he was frequently known to wear a shirt a month to save the expense of washing. It is said that Dryden was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy. He was a firm believer in astrology. It is said that Pitt required a great deal of sleep, seldom being able to do with less than ten or eleven hours. Butler did not become an author until he was fifty years old. Richardson, author of "Pamela," &c., did not begin to write till he was almost fifty years of age.

Robert Ferguson died in an insane asylum. The wife of Beattie the poet became insane and was confined in an asylum for some years. The first wife of Southey died insane. Chatterton put a period to his own life at the age of eighteen. Coleridge was for many years addicted to the use of opium. Sir William Jones was the master of twenty-eight languages. The father of Henry Kirke White was a butcher, as was also that of Cardinal Wolsey and the poet Akenside. White was apprenticed to a stocking weaver. Montgomery, at the age of

fourteen, to a shopkeeper. Crabbe was the son of a saltmaster or collector of salt duties. Coleridge was the son of a vicar. Samuel Rogers was a banker by profession. The father of Charles Lamb was a servant and friend to one of the bachelors of the Inner Temple. Campbell was born in the sixty-seventh year of his father's age, and was the youngest of ten children. Keats was born in a livery stable, and was apprenticed at fifteen to a surgeon.

Alexander Wilson, the distinguished naturalist, was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterward preferred that of a pedlar, and after that was a schoolmaster. Robert Dodsley, who was the projector of the "Annual Register" in which Burke was engaged, and who was the first to collect and republish the "Old English Plays" which formed the foundation of the "National Drama," raised himself from the low condition of a livery servant to be one of the most respectable and influential men of his time. Canova was the son of an old quarryman, and originally a laborer. Thorwaldsen, of a carver of ship heads. Samuel Rogers was fixed in his determination to become a poet by the perusal of "Beattie's Minstrel," when only nine years of age. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles enjoys the distinction of having delighted and inspired the genius of Coleridge.

The study of "Percy's Reliques of English Poetry" gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. He has also stated that the rich, human, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of Miss Edgeworth's "Irish Portraits," led him first to think that something could be done or attempted for his own country of the same kind, as she had so fortunately achieved for Ireland. During the last six years of the life of Chalmers, his daily modicum of original composition was completed before breakfast, written in short hand, and all done in bed. Milton frequently composed lying in bed in the mornings; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number.

SOME GUESSES ABOUT PIGS.

At a recent meeting of the Somerset Archæological Society, a paper on the word "Pig," by Mr. H. N. Sealey, was read by the Rev. F. Warre; in course of which it was remarked that in the Saxon language the name for a girl was "Piga," and its diminutive Pigney was thus explained in Johnson's Dictionary:—Pigney from "Piga" (Saxon), a girl; a word of endearment to a girl. "Peggy" is a common name of females in Scotland, but it is used specially as a diminutive of Margaret. Bay's English and Latin Dictionary also gave "Piga" to be a "maid, maiden, girl, lass." Several quotations were then made from the Danish New Testament, showing that the word "maid" was represented by "Pigen."

Oldmixon, a native of Bridgwater, in his "History of England," published in 1730, noticed the "Pig Cross," and the "High Cross" in his account of the siege of Bridgwater by the Parliamentary forces, A. D. 1645; and Monmouth's rebellion, in 1685. The "High Cross" stood on the Cornhill, and was pulled down about fifty years ago; the "Pig Cross" stood at no great distance from it, and not far from the parish church, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and nothing was more probable than that the cross should be dedicated to the same saint, and distinguished from the other cross by the name of the "Pig Cross;" or, as he presumed, the "Lady Cross." If we associated with the cross the Blessed Virgin Mary, all incongruity vanished; the "Pig Cross" became the "Lady's Cross;" "Pig's Hill" and "Pig's Ditch" became the "Lady's Farm," or "field," the revenue having been applied to the maintenance of the "Lady's Chapel," or of the priest who officiated. The sign of the "Pig and Whistle" threw much light on the meaning of "pig," when associated with sacred subjects; if we consider "pig" as the maid or the Virgin Mary, and "Whistle" as a corruption of "Wassail," from the Saxon Washæl (Johnson), "Your health"—the salutation—then the "Pig and Whistle" becomes the "Virgin and Salutation."

In respect to the "Pig and Whistle," we may here parenthetically remark that the wassail bowl may have been anciently called the wassail pig; because to this day bowls, cups and other vessels of crockery are commonly called "pigs" in the old English of Scotland. As for the Pig Cross, the Pig's Ditch, &c., a less recondite etymology than that converting a pig into a lady might lead one to suggest that at the Pig Cross a pig-market may at one time have been held, and that in Pigs' Ditch the swine may have heretofore loved to "wallow in the mire." "Please the pigs" is believed to have once been "Please the Pyx." Cast-iron "pigs" originated, we believe, in nothing more mysterious than the mode of running the metal into hollows branching from a trunk, the branches being figuratively called the pigs, and the trunk the sow.

THREE WITS ON ONE SUBJECT.—Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Theodore Hook and Dr. Maginn being together one evening, at the Garrick Club, shortly after the introduction of the penny postage system, a letter being delivered to Barham duly impressed with the royal profile, he, after a few minutes' cogitation, passed it across the table to Hook with the following quatrain written upon the envelope:

As a *saxonic* but very few betters
Has the Queen who o'er Britain presides,
For her head's more devoted to letters
Than the whole of her subjects besides.

"*Vive la bagatelle*," laughingly replied Hook, as he finished the verse, and in an even briefer interval he capped them with the following:

This disloyal invention I utterly hate;
For it sets every tongue 'gainst the head of the State,
Who thus oddly anointed, perhaps may be said
To rule only by rights *Spillie*-fields or *Spi*-head.

This effusion being in due course of rotation handed to Maginn he, with almost equal promptitude, contributed his quota to the collection by the following:

Though she to letters sticks, but little chance
Of fame Mæcenian hath the Queen of Britain,
Who for a penny gives her countenance
To any sort of stuff that may be written.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.—A gentleman, a member of the State Legislature, from a northern county, was challenged by another member for offensive words spoken in debate. The belligerent proposition was at once received by the "defendant," who, being the challenged party, was conceded the choice of weapons and of the ground. He chose broadswords, and the "position" was to be on each side of the St. Lawrence river, where it was not less than a mile wide! The idea was scouted as evasive and absurd by the sanguinary challenger. "Very well," answered the challenged party, "what do you desire?" "Why, that you should fight with the weapons of a gentleman." "What do you call gentlemanly weapons?" "Why, pistols, of course." "Very well, pistols be it, then; I shall not baulk your inclination." "Where shall we meet?" "On the top of Sugarloaf-hill, a mile from the village, at six o'clock to-morrow morning. We shall stand back to back, each march forward fifteen paces, then turn, and between the words one, two, three, we fire." "All right;" and the next morning they did meet as agreed upon, but the make of the ground was found to be peculiar. Sugarloaf-hill was almost a sharp cone, and when they had marched their fifteen paces, and turned to fire each was entirely out of sight of the other! The challenger marched back and roared out to his escaped "victim," who was walking from off the field of honor, "What new subterfuge is this? You are a coward, sir!" "I know that," was the instant reply, "and so are you, or you wouldn't have challenged me!"

The French poet, M. Amand, was one day at an assembly where a prominent figure was a man with black hair on his head, and a white beard to his chin. A lady inquired of M. Amand if he could explain the contrast. "I suppose, madam," he replied, "the gentleman's chin does more work than his head."

TOTTY'S CONSOLATIONS.

AN ART STORY.

Our little Tots, just six years old
Was living in an age of gold
Till three o'clock to day ;
Her cousin Fan had been her guest
Since Tuesday last, and all was blest :
Ne'er was the dreadful truth confess'd,
That Fan must go away.

Some threat, but dimly understood,
And scarce believed, that they for good
Must part at three o'clock.
They cared for much as you and I
Prepare us for Eternity :
At half-past one, they hung to dry
Their newly made doll's frock,

And plann'd innumerable games,
When lo, the nursemaid Fate proclaims,
" Miss Fan, 'tis time to dress !"
'Twas as the roll of Tyburn's cart
On ears condemned : salt tear-drops start ;
Each look'd the question, " Must we part ?"
Child's reason answer'd " Yes."

But bedtime's far till lamplight comes :
A cheery tune Miss Totty hums,
And runs to dress with Fan ;
'Tis plann'd that she shall walk a mile,
Past many a hedge and brook and stile,
With me and Fan, to meet Mat Lisle,
Her uncle's farming man,

Who has to fetch Miss Fanny home ;
But oh ! the fields we have to roam,
The lambs and flowers to view,
Ere comes the separation's pang !
The darlings romped, and laughed, and sang.
(Poor rogues, an hour before they hang,
Will breakfast—stoutly, too !)

I led them through the meadows green,
These maidens, each to each a queen,
All life and prank and smile.
They noticed every flower in view,
Ran, lolled, kissed—ay ! quarrelled too—
Until the cross-roads hove in view,
And there we saw Mat Lisle.

He sat within the old gig there,
Dozing behind the sleepy mare :
Miss Fan set up a shout,
Those well-known forms to see again—
That pink of drowsy serving-men,
That gig of twoscore years and ten,
That pony old and stout !

All thoughts, save those of home, adieu !
Impatient to my arms she flew,
Nor seemed an insect's weight,
As her I placed by Matthew's side :
A parting kiss, almost denied—
All things lost sight of but the ride
Home to her father's gate.

The gig drove off, its jangling round
In Fan's unceasing chatter drowned.
Lord help us grown-up fools !
I had supposed the child would grieve
Her playmate and her sport to leave,
Nor recked the spells home-thoughts can weave
In palaces or schools ;

And so pretended I was glad
To find she had not left us sad—
A sorry sophist Job !
Soon jealous pangs within me stirred,
That she was gone without a word
Of grief, when at my side I heard
A bitter, bitter sob.

'Twas Totty, with her large blue eyes
Distended to unusual size,
Left in the world alone !
The flowers dropp'd down she late had nursed,
Her twitching cheeks in tears immers'd,
She sobbed, as if her heart would burst,
" My cousin Fanny's gone !"

I clutched her up within my arms,
And strove to hush her young alarms—
Her Fan she'd see again !
No ! Here the poet's fearful power
That grasps all woe within the hour,
Nor sees beyond : the tiny flower
Quivered and shut with pain !

I bore her home : she sobbed and cried,
A mother's looks her eyelids dried,
She kiased us all around :
" She would be good ?" She kept her word ;
The little staunch, courageous bird
Shed no more tears ; but still was heard
That stifled, shuddering sound !

'Twas sacred grief we dared not blame.
(Alas ! she can but feel the same
When death her path shall cross).
With sad respect we could but view
The brave young spirit bent in two,
Yet gulping tears and murmurs due
To a loved playmate's loss !

We dared not offer sweets or toys,
Insult her grief with vulgar joys :
In anxious care we lurked,
To watch the first glad symptom shown
That the poor heart had overflowed.
No care had we ; but soon her own
The little maiden worked !

A gentle tap—its sound I knew—
Came to my door, which open flew ;
My little girl I saw.
Still shivering in her sorrow's brink,
She sobbed, " Papa—some pen and ink—
And—paper—if I had—I think—
That I should like—to draw !"

I seized the chance with ardor keen :
A sheet of cartridge, vast and clean,
Fit for a shipman's chart,
I spread before her on a board,
With pen and pencil amply stored,
Brushes and colors—in a word,
A stock in trade for art.

The bait was tempting ; down she sat
To draw her cousin Fan and Mat,
The pony and the gig.
The sorrows lulled beneath the charm
Of art, the sheet became a swarm
Of living stock, for field and farm,
Ck, donkey, horse and pig.

Her uncle's house (she'd never seen)
She pictured on its village green,
In wild perspective traced ;
With every sketch her heart grew strong,
And bit by bit its load of wrong
Cast off, until a humming song
The bitter sobs replaced.

The pencil sped, the sighs were stilled,
The hieroglyphic sheet was filled
A-blaze with blue and red,
Orange and purple, green and lake,
Till, finding head and fingers ache,
She gently asked, " Please, may I take
My drawings up to bed ?"

I've kiased her, smiling in her sleep ;
Her jealous fingers firm hold keep
Still on the pictured scroll ;
The little breast keeps heaving still,
The parted lips yet start and thrill ;
But pleasant, soothing memories fill
The embryo artist's soul !

" O Goddess Art !" I cried, alone,
" Who hast such saving comfort shown
To this my little child,
Thy gifts, that I have thrown away,
On her bestow, nor let her stray
From thine, the path of Wisdom's ray,
The pure and undefiled !"

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—When some one told Plato that he had been calumniated, " Never mind," replied the philosopher, " those who know me won't believe in it, and those who don't know me, 'tis no matter what they believe !"



JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

LIFE OF JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

It is truly refreshing to meet with such a man as Garibaldi! After contemplating the Metternichs, the Louis Napoleons, Palmerstons and such men, the presence of Joseph Garibaldi restores dignity to the human race. We see in him courage, hope, endurance and love of truth. Undismayed by misfortune, he is not elated with success; he computes everything at its real weight, and becomes a master of his kind and not its servant. These remarks will be fully borne out by the brief memoir with which it is our intention to accompany our portrait.

Joseph Garibaldi was born on the 4th of July, 1807, in the town of Nice, in Piedmont. He is therefore the born subject of the King of Sardinia, whose battles he has nobly fought during the last year. His father was an honest mariner, and his mother a woman of remarkable piety. After receiving the common education of the schools, the young patriot went on board his father's ship, where he made a trial voyage. Instead of disgusting him with the service, he became enthusiastically attached to it, and he has often declared that he never felt so "god-like an exhilaration of spirit as when on the boundless expanse of water."

After making several voyages in his father's vessel, he entered as mate in a vessel trading to Constantinople, and in his "Life," written by himself, he gives a vivid account of his feelings when passing the shores of Greece; for despite the poverty of his parents, he had a wonderful aptitude for storing his mind with the traditions of the past. While he was in Constantinople and waiting for the loading of the vessel, he

was taken ill of a fever, and was in such a hopeless condition that he was left behind in a state between life and death. The care and motherly attentions bestowed upon him by the widow of a Greek sailor eventually restored him to health, and here he remained for nearly a year, supporting himself by teaching the children of his benefactress, and by giving instruction to several other pupils.

Having amassed a little money, he bade adieu to them, and took passage in a trading vessel for Genoa.

After remaining there a short time, he accepted the command of a Marseilles brig, and made several voyages in the Mediterranean, gaining the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. About this time he made one of a small party who sailed from port to port on a mission of propagandism, which attracted the attention of the authorities. The result was that some of his companions were imprisoned, and he escaped with considerable difficulty.

On his return to Genoa he was arrested by the Sardinian authorities, but again eluded the vigilance of the guard, and made his way over the mountains to Marseilles, where he laid concealed for nearly two years, hidden for some time in the cottage of a peasant. When the pursuit was somewhat abated he opened a mathematical school, and devoted himself to the teaching of mathematics. But this tame existence ill suited a man of his active mind, and in 1836 he accepted a command offered him by the agent of the Bey of Tunis. In the service of this barbarian power he remained nearly eight months, when a romantic adventure rendered his flight indispensable. The story has been told in various manners, but we believe the facts to be these. Walking one evening on the seashore, not far from the palace of one of the bey's chief officers, his atten-

tion was called to an approaching group bearing on their shoulders a sack. He at once guessed the cause, and concealing himself behind some rocks watched the proceedings of the party. After throwing their burthen into the sea the men retired. Without losing an instant the fearless Garibaldi sprang into the sea, and dragged the sinking mass to the beach. It contained the body of one of those unhappy wretches, a dweller in the seraglio, who had excited the jealousy of her brutal owner. The natural gallantry of the young sailor was deaf to every consideration except that of humanity. Concealing the poor bewildered wretch he went to the port, and taking the boat of the vessel he commanded, he boldly put up sail, and steered for sea. Fortunately he was picked up next morning by a Sardinian vessel, which carried them to Marseilles, to which place it was bound with a cargo of fruit and merchandise. At this time he saw there was no prospect of engaging in the pursuit dearest to his soul, the struggle for liberty, and hearing of the gallant fight maintained by the Monte Videans against the tyrant Urquiza, he resolved, since his own country did not want his services, to embark for South America.

He therefore took passage for Rio Janeiro, and arrived there in 1837. There he met, accidentally, the second day after his arrival with Signor Rossi—their common nationality attracted them to each other—a friendship sprung up between them, only to end with the life of the gallant but unfortunate Rossi. The result of their acquaintance was the establishment of a trading firm, as commission merchants; but these fearless patriots were not fitted by either nature or education for the sordid requirements of commerce, and after a brief and unprofitable career as merchants they resolved to join the gallant Monte Videans in their efforts to resist the oppression of the infamous Rosas. They consequently engaged some kindred Italian spirits, and sailed from Rio on their heroic undertaking. They had got nearly to the mouth of the Plata when they fell in with a large schooner, sailing under the enemy's colors. She was captured, and being the largest vessel they removed themselves and their valuables into her, and sank their own little craft. They proceeded with their prisoner to Monte Video, and were received with great welcome.

It is needless to recapitulate the various battles that for ten years raged between the Oriental Republic and its enemies. In all these Garibaldi maintained a foremost position, and distinguished himself by his endurance, sagacity and valor. It is a remarkable fact that wherever he was present himself the enemy was foiled. Some of his escapes and achievements resemble more the acts of the heroes of old than a man of the nineteenth century, when war has become almost a matter of science. In 1842 he married his wife, a southern American lady, and a heroine after his own heart. From the day of their marriage to the hour of her death she shared his arduous adventures, and on one occasion was in the woods alone for five days.

After varying success, a truce was declared between the antagonistical governments, coincident with which arrived the intelligence that the war had broken out between Carlo Alberto and the Austrians. Without any delay the soldier patriot embarked with his wife and child for Italy, with the remnant of his gallant band, and landed at Genoa in 1848, just in time to partake in the glorious struggle. He was, however, very coldly received by the Sardinian monarch, and therefore he raised a legion himself, and distinguished himself by his guerilla warfare in the north of Lombardy.

After the fatal battle of Novara, Garibaldi offered his services to General Avezzana, then at the head of the Roman Republic, and with his band was enthusiastically received on his arrival at the Eternal City. Our space will not allow us to dwell upon this glorious part of his brilliant career. Suffice it to say, that after defeating the Pope's Neapolitan army at Velletri, he defended the city against the French army under General Oudinot, against the most desperate odds, with the most brilliant success; but a spirit of disaffection and despondency had crept into the Roman ranks, and despite the eloquent appeals of Mazzini and Avezzana, the besieged agreed to capitulate. This, however, was no part of Garibaldi's plan, and gathering his band, he told them that it was his intention to cut his way

through the French army. Scarcely a hundred of these noble men accepted the offer to capitulate. The rest swore to follow their leader, and with flags flying, and drums beating, with Garibaldi at their head, they forced their way through the French lines.

There is nothing in modern history superior to the retreat of these relics of freedom through difficulties sufficient to have appalled the stoutest heart. His heroic wife, Aniotta, marched by his side.

After escaping the Austrian flotilla, they entered the mountain passes of the Apennines, pursued by Austrian troops, who followed like bloodhounds on the heels of these devoted men. At last the wife of Garibaldi, worn out with privations and fatigue, sank exhausted. A litter was made for her, and with her husband at her side, they toiled on. At length she felt that her dying hour was come, and, in a goatherd's hut, she breathed her last in her husband's arms.

There was no time for vain regrets. A grave was prepared for her, and the Warrior Patriot had the melancholy satisfaction of consigning the most faithful and virtuous of women to her grave. After one terrible pang, he tore himself away from this sacred spot and pursued his solitary march. What followed we would gladly, for the sake of humanity, not record; but the duty of the historian is stern, and we therefore chronicle that the Austrian bloodhounds, ascertaining the facts, shot the unhappy goatherd, and dragged the scarcely cold body of one of the most exemplary of her sex from her tomb. Fortunately Garibaldi was ignorant of this crowning outrage of tyranny, which he only learnt on reaching Genoa. Here he was arrested, and the few remains of his band scattered. He was released upon condition of going to America, and early in 1849 he arrived in New York. With his usual simplicity of character, and hatred of display, he refused the honors of a public reception.

He here was engaged for some time in commercial pursuits, and finally accepted the command of a brig trading to South America. At this time he also made a voyage to California.

The late Italian war once more called him to his native land, where he was appointed to the command of the Italian legions. His exploits are, however, too recent to need any recapitulation. Bitterly did he avenge his murdered wife; wherever he met Austrian forces he overthrew them, and finally cleared all Northern Italy of those myrmidons of tyranny. He is now commander under General Fanti, of the Central Italian army, and has recently issued a proclamation indicative of the approaching struggle with the Papal and Austrian forces.

In person he is stoutly built, about five feet nine inches in height. Our portrait is an admirable likeness, and well conveys the determined aspect of the Liberator of Italy.

MY ADVENTURE AT SHINGLETOWN.

BY WALLER BYRNE.

I THINK it is Washington Irving who lays it down as a maxim that superstition enters into every man's composition. Now, with all respect for the great transatlantic's knowledge of his species, this proposition I beg humbly to deny. Up to the 1st of April, 1858, I was devoid of all superstition whatever. Understand me—*superstition*, not *fear*. There are certain things from which I have carefully abstained, owing to a smart appreciation of the consequences therefrom accruing. As a boy, for instance, I divided my schoolfellows into two classes: first, those who could thrash me; second, those who couldn't. I never *sauced* the former. I never liked orchard-robbing; I preferred purchasing the fruit at a reduced rate from those who did. On breaking-up eve, when pillow-fights raged in the bedrooms, I placed my countenance likewise beneath the clothes. In fact, I instinctively avoided everything that had the remotest chance of bringing me blows. The consequence was I passed through my curriculum without any experience of the cane, and each succeeding half obtained a prize, whose glory amply compensated for its being the only one I got—the reward of good conduct.

Without entering into any further details—details which might possibly be thought contemptible by those who do not understand my peculiar constitution—I would only add that this timidity, this fear of things *actual*, has accompanied me through life. But, as I before observed, with regard to things *imaginary* I have ever been bold as brass, and this by reason of sheer infidelity. I perfectly remember the day on which doubts of “Aladdin and his Lamp” entered my yet unbreeched understanding. I can trace minutely the progress of thought from this point to that on which I shocked the nursery by proclaiming my entire unbelief in its classics, from “Jack the Giant Killer” down to “Puss in Boots.” Since then tales of the wondrous and the wild have been my favorite provocatives of mirth. On a dull night, for instance, sitting up by myself and depressed in spirits, I wouldn’t give a downright real ghost story for the best thing in “Joe Miller” or the most side-splitting facetiae of the *Family Herald*. I have strolled comfortably through churchyards at the hour when “graves give up their dead,” and never saw anything whiter than an owl. I have slept luxuriously in a chamber across whose threshold not one of the family would have stepped for love or money. I don’t believe in ghosts.

That is, I didn’t—till the 1st of April, 1858. On the 1st of April, 1858, I went down to Shingletown a sceptic and a scoffer; on the 2nd of April, 1858, I returned from Shingletown a sadder but a wiser man.

Shingletown is a falsehood; there is nothing of a town about it. A cleaner, snugger little hamlet, on a wilder, rockier coast cannot be found in our seagirt-isle. A pretty wide bay gives shelter from the storms of the German Ocean, and terminates in a steep valley running up into the hills. A single street of thatched cottages stretches about half a mile up the valley—and this is Shingletown.

I had never been in Shingletown before, and need not now enlarge on the business which took me there then. Suffice it to say that the coach running on the coast road deposited me at the door of the Jolly Trawlers at half-past nine a.m., and covenanted to take me up again at six p.m. I had thus determined to stay in Shingletown nine and a half hours—but *l’homme propose, &c., &c.*

Mr. Wutts was not at home; Mr. Wutts had left word with Mrs. Wutts that he would not be at home till to-morrow.

Now, I do not like the country—I rather hate it. One can knock about for a week in a provincial town if the theatre is open, the cricket ground good, and the society sufficiently snobbish to render it amusing to an on-looker.

But Shingletown! ugh! A whole day to be passed in Shingletown—a whole night in the Jolly Trawlers! I mentally wished sore ill to Mr. Wutts. It was very clear, however, that all the ill-wishing in the world wouldn’t bring Mr. Wutts back in time for me to catch the six coach. It was palpable, too, that the further and more unpleasant the locality to which my angry feelings consigned him, the less chance was there of Mr. Wutts coming back at all. I had two days and a night before me in the wilderness of Shingletown—how to spend them?

I began by refusing an invitation on the spot, voluntarily depriving myself of a source of excitement. I refused Mrs. Wutts’s invitation to a farmer’s dinner. I resisted the lady; I resisted the savory perfume of the coming banquet. True, the former was of forbidding aspect, her gray eyes glaring over a beard and moustache far past the downy stage of infancy. But the latter—ah! Had it been the civic feast itself, however, I cannot dine at half-past twelve.

I therefore made my excuses, and giving the address of the Jolly Trawlers, set off to investigate the larder of that hostel. No necessity exists here to describe the Jolly Trawlers further than by saying it was a two-storied building with an ivied porch, an immense horse trough, and a swinging sign, on which some Tinto of bygone days had depicted three fishermen in an advanced state of intoxication. As I approached it, I tried vainly to conceive the landlord making bread by the speculation. The edifice was full thirty miles from a railway station, and the diurnal profit accruing from the two stoppages of the coach might, I calculated, amount to eighteen pence. No one ever got down to stay at Shingletown. Old Jim (who

held the horses’ heads, and who was enveloped in what had once been an ostler’s jacket) had looked faint and scared when I bade the coachman good-bye. There swung the sign in the sun and the sea-breeze, but nobody was there to look at it. The water in the trough slept still and placid, undisturbed by even the muzzle of a solitary cur. Yet, under these most disadvantageous circumstances, the Jolly Trawlers were, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, coeval with Shingletown itself; and the buxom landlady met me at the door with such a smile in her bright eye, and such a general look of smartness about her, that I felt sure that if the Jolly Trawlers didn’t get business in one way it did in another.

Presently my misgivings were strengthened. I was astonished to find that I could get a first-rate dinner, the which I ordered to be on the table at four precisely. Now, I frankly own that if I have a weakness at all, it is a good dinner, and with the good dinner a pint of good port, neither more nor less. Whatever may be my state of mind, whatever crosses and vexations the morning may have brought, after such a dinner I view everything *couleur de rose*, and my bosom glows with charity to all men. When, therefore, the before-mentioned Jim removed the covers at four o’clock I felt my vexation rapidly on the thaw, assisted, doubtless, by the beaming smiles of Mrs. Trawlers. The smiles emboldened me.

“Mrs. Trawlers,” I said, with, I am afraid, a slight dash of hopeless scorn in my accents; “Mrs. Trawlers, have you a good glass of wine in the house?”

“Well, sir,” she answered, not a bit put out, “we have some port, and it ought to be good, for a deal it cost.”

“My good madam, bring me a bottle immediately.”

It was brought and decanted with the hand of a mistress. I tasted it; I finished the glass. I tasted and finished another. I tasted and finished a third. I set it down and looked at the landlady, who put in the stopper and looked at me. To the slight interrogative raising of my eyebrows a smile of intelligence was the response.

“This is — Mrs. Trawlers?” I asked.

“Yes, sir, it is; and it’s vintage of ’15, sir.”

I decline stating how long that bottle lasted. The cloth being drawn, I settled myself comfortably in my easy chair, and pointing to the empty decanter, addressed Jim in these words:

“Jim, another of the same.”

“Aye, sure, this is wine,” soliloquised Jim, decanting it with a tender and loving hand; and nodding mysteriously, “I reckon ee dunna git sich stuff as that Lunnon ways for nought.”

“Try a glass, Jim.”

The rascal drained a mighty bumper, winked his eyes, nodded again, and left me to my reflections. Alas! for the fleeting nature of all mundane things, there are dregs even to a bottle of port of the vintage of ’15! and those dregs I speedily became aware of. I don’t smoke; most men at that juncture would have lighted a cigar. Shall I order another? No. It is a glorious spring evening; I feel the sharp sea-breeze through the ivied window; I’ll take a walk and see Shingletown.

There was something to be got out of Shingletown after all: there was vintage of ’15; there was incident and excitement; smuggling in the nineteenth century; perhaps every man in the place was a smuggler? As I strode over the cliffs, on which the sea-breeze blew strong and fresh, a sort of feeling came over me—half Will Watch, half Dirk Hatteraick. Countless stories flashed through my mind of deadly boat-fights by dark midnight; of runnels of brandy mysteriously left at trustworthy thresholds; of caves full of rum puncheons and powder barrels, with smugglers sitting pistol in hand, ready to blow the place to shivers at a moment’s notice. And, as if in consonance with my thoughts, at every step the scene grew wilder and wilder. Black boulders and masses of rock, round which the path wound with increased difficulty, shot up perpendicular, overhanging. Past the sheltered point of the bay, too, the wind came in with a loud, sonorous murmur; and the waves, dashing about their white manes, rattled in almost to my feet through the shiny seaweed and tangle.

Lost in thought, I wandered on and on, without taking any note of how the time was speeding. At length, coming to where a pretty wide fissure divided the path, it struck me,

from the gloom, that it must be getting late, and pulling out my watch I was astonished to find it already eight o'clock, and that I had come some miles from town. That was not the worst, however. On turning my face homeward, the first thing I saw was a heavy bank of black cloud covering the whole easterly horizon. The wind, after a sort of suppressed sigh, fell in a moment. A strange whispering stillness succeeded; the sea grew darker and darker; and scarcely had I made a dozen steps to return when the whole sky below the cloud was lighted up, thick large drops fell pattering on the rocks, and a peal of thunder truly deafening hurtled over where I stood. Other three minutes and I had been drenched. Looking hurriedly round, my eye caught a small aperture in the rocks beyond the chasm already mentioned. To leap this last was the work of a moment; the next I had crept into shelter.

I am minute in nothing down these trivial circumstances, in order that there may be not a shadow of doubt as to the veracity of my narrative. The impertinent sneers and incredulous smiles of my acquaintance are unwarranted by the slightest confusion in the events of that terrible day. My memory loses no point of it, from the moment when I alighted at the Jolly Trawlers to that on which — But let me proceed regularly.

The hole into which I had crept was somewhat in the similitude of a cavern, for it increased in size as it penetrated the rock. For half-an-hour, however, I let this pass unobserved, being entirely engrossed with the grandeur of the storm. I never saw such lightning or heard such thunder before or since. The solid adamant under me shook tremblingly; the entire sea appeared covered with blue flame, and I can give no better idea of the rain than by saying that it literally roared on the rocks and the sea-weed.

As near as I can calculate, at the expiration of the above time a blinding flash drove me backwards, and some minutes elapsed ere I recovered my sight. When I did, I sat down on a boulder, and with a feeling of awe mingled with deep vexation looked round the place which (there was every reason to think) might be my habitation for the night. As my eye began to penetrate its gloom, a new sensation rose in my breast—one of interest, which rapidly gave place to curiosity. As I have stated, the place grew larger as it penetrated the rock, so that at about eight feet from the entrance I could stand upright. As far as I could see anything the height appeared to have reached about twenty feet. There, however, the darkness became impenetrable, and how far the cave extended was left to conjecture. Certain fissures in the walls, too methodical to be natural, next attracted my attention; and I fairly started to my feet on seeing what appeared to be a ringbolt, yellow with rust, imbedded in the roof above me. That the place had once been used for some purpose or another I felt sure, and this conviction was strengthened by discovering, from evident tool marks, that the orifice through which I had entered was the work of man.

My whole nature was now excited. Where was I? In some old hole known to every clown in Shingletown? or had I made a discovery? What if I had found a hidden cave? perhaps a smuggler's haunt of old times? a storehouse for treasure? a magazine of costly stuffs—real cognac, vintage of '15, chests of dollars and Spanish doubloons, rolls of the Virginian leaf! Peugh! I fairly sank down, my pulse beating ninety to the minute, and wiped the perspiration from my brow. I was in a terrible state. With unabated fierceness the storm roared outside. My watch told me it was nearly nine, and my conscience that Mrs. T. would be looking anxiously from the door of the Jolly Trawlers. What was that to me now? Oh, for a light! Bitterly did I regret not being a smoker. Eagerly did I search the floor for a flint, a piece of rotten wood—anything from which a flame might be drawn. In vain. I would have to wait till to-morrow. To-morrow? How many people might find it out by to-morrow?

With a heavy heart I was thinking of casting myself down for the night, when it struck me that the light in the cave had increased: and fixing my eye steadily on the black distance, I was conscious of a faint glow in its centre. To this I immediately advanced, groping through, for all around was blank darkness.

The light was no Will-o'-the-wisp at all events, for the nearer I got the larger and brighter it became. At last I saw what it was. It was no daylight: it was the glare of a flame shed on the ground through an aperture in the wall. I stood still. Perhaps few who glance over this page would not have done the same.

I will not describe here the conflict of my mind during the half-hour that ensued. Several times I was on the point of silently retracing my steps: as often I went forward. During all this time the light burned steadily and brightly; but the stillness of the grave was there. My ear—intent even to pain—caught nothing but the beating of my own heart. At length I made a convulsive step forwards. Would to Heaven I had not! for no sooner did the dreadful scene open upon me than I felt powerless to speak, move hand or foot, almost to breathe. The light came from a large quaint horn lantern, suspended from the roof of a cavern to which the one I had just traversed was a mere passage. In the momentary glance I cast around, I perceived that this cave was literally loaded with spoil. Immense boxes, bales and barrels were piled high on the walls round and round it. Within these again were countless casks of a smaller size; while, stacked carefully in stands between them, shone a complete armory of flint firelocks, and here and there my eye caught the gleam of cutlasses and pistols, all of the same old fashion.

I have said that to see this was the work of a moment; for instantly my gaze was riveted on an object in the centre of the cavern. Half leaning on a mass of rock on which he rested a night-glass, with the rays of the lantern full on him, stood a man. Such a man! Even in his bent posture he measured full six feet, and his dress would only have passed unheeded in a Surrey melodrama. Ponderous boots, reaching to mid-thigh, were topped by a sort of kilt of coarse canvas; and over his rough jacket was slung a broad belt, from which hung a short heavy cutlass. Other weapons he had none; but a pair of enormous flint pistols lay on the rock beside him. Apparently keenly intent on making out some object to seaward, he moved the glass slowly along from right to left. His face was thus hidden from me; and all I could see of his head was a mass of thick grizzled locks curling over his jacket collar. At length, after an unusually prolonged peal, came a flash that lighted up the entire place as with a million jets. Suddenly, with a suppressed exclamation, the man shut the glass, drew him up to his full height, and stepped forward. Another flash and I saw him standing at the mouth of the cave, gazing at the lurid waters. A faint whistle came in, to which he instantly responded; and then, splash—splash—I could hear with increasing distinctness the regular dip of oars. A boat, seemingly full of men, passed between me and the shining tops of the waves; and the next moment her crew had leapt from her, and lifted her bodily into the cavern.

I cannot express myself better than by saying that they all seemed to turn towards me at once; and, by the strong rays of the lantern, I saw their faces—of a bluish white; the lips parted horribly; the eyes staring open, but without a particle of expression or life: they were the faces of corpses! I think—I am sure, but I think—among my emotions at that instant was a fear of their coming upon me; for they strode without a word to within ten paces of the aperture. There, however, they paused. The man whom I had first seen sat down on the rock beside his pistols, and the rest stood round him in attitudes of respectful attention. They were all dressed alike, and armed to the teeth; yet not a footstep, not the click of a weapon was audible, as they took up their positions. Not a word was uttered, not a sound could I hear, but, as before, the pulsation of my heart like the piston of an engine.

The man on the rock lifted up his head!

"You know our rules," he said, in a voice there is no describing: "Before liquor passes our lips—is it right or not?"

A smallish man, with shoulders of monstrous breadth and a beard that covered his chest, stepped forward, and replied:

"Right, cap'en."

"Beef and biscuit stowed, and topsails bent?"

"Yes, cap'en."

"Cutter off the Devil's Edge?"

"Yes, cap'en."

"Good! And that sucking admiral?"

"We took him, gagged, under the thwarts, with a sail over him. Off the Edge I took off the sail. I told him. He made signal he wanted to speak."

"You took out the gag?"

"Yes, cap'en."

"You were a fool! Go on."

"He said he was but twenty-four, and the only son of an old widow. He said he was to be spliced in a week. He swore on his soul to be secret, and offered us a hundred pound each to let him go. We sank him with a couple of round shot."

"Good! We'll weigh with the ebb at five, men. That will do, Goliath!"

A general breaking-up of the council ensued, the men sitting or throwing themselves down on the rocks. From the background advanced a small mis-shapen boy, who proceeded to a niche in the wall, and returned immediately with a huge leather cup in each hand, which he set before the man on the rock and the man with the beard. This was repeated till each had been provided, when, standing up together and joining in a simultaneous shout, they drained the vessels to the dregs, and again delivered them to Goliath. Then quaint pipes of every conceivable size and shape were stuck in their grinning mouths; the lantern shone dimly through a haze of smoke; and song, jest and laughter rang free and unrestrained.

How long the ghastly revel continued—how often the pipes were relighted and the leather bowls refilled—how many frightful sallies, garnished with more frightful oaths, obtained an applauding roar—I have no definite recollection. Reason and memory both fail me in trying even to guess. It was a time of horrid sameness—of agony unutterable. There they were, gesticulating, shouting, clinking their cups; and yet, save the sound of their voices, nothing could be heard; not a muscle of their white faces relaxed, not an eye moved—it was terrible, terrible.

"Now, men all, a toast! And drink it standing!"

The captain was on his feet; his goblet held aloft.

"Success to our flag, and death to traitors!"

With frantic cheers the toast was drunk, the man with the beard positively leaping with enthusiasm; till on a sudden his leader bent on him a look that seemed to pierce his soul, and produced a stillness as deep as it was lasting.

"What think you of the toast, men?" said the giant.

"What think you of the toast, Ralph Hennet?"

The bearded man made a motion forward, and then stopped as if shot.

"Death to traitors!" resumed the chief. "Ralph Hennet, do traitors deserve death, or do they not?"

The bearded man flung himself miserably on his knees.

"Ralph Hennet, have you betrayed us, or have you not?"

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Ralph Hennet, rise up!"

He got on his feet with a sob. Quick as thought the chief raised one of the ponderous pistols, and the report echoed through the cavern. When the smoke cleared away, I saw the bearded man stretched out on his back, his forehead shattered to atoms!

I have a remembrance of giving a scream, and then all consciousness departs. It is a time of utter blankness. Then a sort of indistinct light, and I saw shapes flitting around me. Suddenly I became aware of two things; first, that I was on a sofa, with my collar loosened; and second, that I was in the dining-room of the Jolly Trawlers.

"He's all right now, Jim," said one of the shapes; "bide wi' un a minute, though, while I see what them men wants. Poor gentleman! such a yowl was never heerd in this house afore."

And just as the shape was sailing from the room, I recognised in it Mrs. Trawlers. Wondrous! Inexplicable! How had I come there?

I rushed upon Jim. "Jim! what is this? How was it done? Who found me in the cave, with the ghosts and the pistols, and the man with his brains blown out?"

Before I had reached the last word something very like a

grin was over the entire vacant countenance of the stolid clown. He walked slowly to the table, subverted a decanter with each hand, so as to let the last drops fall out, put them under his arm, coughed, made a scrape, and withdrew.

Such was all the enlightenment I ever received with regard to this impenetrable mystery. How I was taken from the cavern I am to this day utterly ignorant. But when conversation turns on the invisible world, I become quiet and grave; my jibe and jeer are heard no more. And if any coxcomb, vain and conceited as I once was, attempts to scoff at its mysteries, I invariably silence him (often at the earnest request of my friends) by relating my terrible adventure at Shingletown.

LIFE IN CUBA.

A BREAKFAST AT HAVANA.—The restaurant, with cool marble floor, walls twenty-four feet high, open rafters, painted blue, great windows open to the floor and looking into the Paseo, and the floor nearly on a level with the street, a light breeze fanning the thin curtains, the little table, for two or four, with clean white cloths, each with its pyramid of great red oranges and its fragrant bouquet, the gentlemen in white pantaloons and jackets and white stockings, and the ladies in fly-away muslins, and hair in the sweet neglect of the morning toilet, taking their leisurely breakfasts of fruit and claret, and omelette and Spanish mixed dishes (*ollas*) and *café noir*. How airy and ethereal it seems! They are birds, not substantial men and women. They eat ambrosia and drink nectar. It must be that they fly and live in nests in the tamarind trees. Who can eat a hot, greasy breakfast of cakes and gravied meats, and in a close room, after this? I can truly say that I ate this morning my first orange; for I had never before eaten one newly gathered which had ripened in the sun hanging on the tree. We call for the usual breakfast, leaving the selection to the waiter, and he brings us fruits, claret, omelette, fish fresh from the sea, rice excellently cooked, fried plantains, a mixed dish of meat and vegetables (*olla*), and coffee. The fish, I do not remember its name, is boiled, and has the colors of the rainbow as it lies on the plate. Havana is a good fish-market, for it is as open to the ocean as Nahant, or the beach at Newport; its streets running to the blue sea outside the harbor, so that a man may almost throw his line from the kerbstone into the Gulf Stream.

PLANTATION LIFE IN CUBA.—At six o'clock the great bell begins the day, and the negroes go to their work. The house servants bring coffee to the family and guests, as they appear or send for it. The master's horse is at the door, under the tree, as soon as it is light, and he is off on his tour before the sun rises. The family breakfasts at ten o'clock, and the people—*la gente*, as the technical phrase is for the laborers—breakfast at nine. The breakfast is like that of the cities, with the exception of fish and the variety of meats, and consists of rice, eggs, fried plantains, mixed dishes and vegetables and fowls, other meats rarely, and fruits, with claret or Catalonia and coffee. The time for the siesta or rest is between breakfast and dinner. Dinner hour is three for the family, and two for the people. The dinner does not differ much from the breakfast, except that there is less of fruit and more of meat, and that some preserve is usually eaten as a dessert. Like the breakfast, it ends with coffee. In all manner of preserves the island is rich. The almond, the guava, the cocoa, the soursop, the orange, the lime and the mamey apple, afford a great variety. After dinner, and before dark, is the time for long drives; and, when the families are on the estates, for visits to neighbors. There is no third meal; but coffee, and sometimes tea, is offered at night. The usual time for bed is as early as ten o'clock, for the day begins early, and the chief out-door works and active recreations must be had before breakfast.

DON'T CURSE IT.—"I curse the hour when we were married!" exclaimed an enraged husband, to his better half. To which she mildly replied, "Don't, my dear, for that was the only happy one we have seen?"

THE SILENT POETS.

"Wanting the accomplishment of verse"—WORDSWORTH.

HAVE ye heard the poets singing
Songs of love and songs of mirth?
Heard their pleasant voices ringing
Through the gay green fields of earth?

'Tis not the builders only
Of the world's majestic themes;
Nor the bards who wander lonely
Through the kingdom of their dreams;

That sing the songs of glory,
The dear old tales of love;
That chant the great rhymed story
Of the Poet-World above.

No, there is quiet singing
By way-side and by hearth;
And sweet heart-voices ringing
Through the gay green fields of earth;

And poets in our dwelling—
In the toiling work-worn throng,
Men and maids whose lives are swelling
Into grand heroic song.

Their hearts, amid the chorus
Of bards, chant loud and high;
But their lips are sealed, and o'er us
Their words float silently.

For loud our earth is ringing
With the clamor, with the strife;
And we cannot hear the singing
Of the quiet bards of life.

But, they walk among the nations
With a poet's mighty love,
In their hearts the sweet vibrations
Of the hymns men sing above.

Then, weep not, O ye singers!
Though your brethren hear ye not,
God's benediction lingers
On the music-haunted spot?

Think not your hearts are pealing
With melody in vain;
Is not a poet's feeling
More than a poet's strain?

Oh friends! beneath our sadness,
Beneath our human wrong,
It flows in God-sent gladness,
The undertone of song!

NEWSPAPERS—THEN AND NOW.

THE first genuine newspaper or newsbook commenced 1597; it was entitled *New News*. The first of any regular series of newspapers preserved in the British Museum is dated 23d of May, 1622, and called *The Weekly News from Italy, Germanie, &c.* In 1640 the editorial management was adopted by the printer, who was the ostensible director of the paper, to whom all letters were addressed; this plan continued until about 1740, when they were sent to the author. About 1645 a crop of *Mercuries* arose—the name which the newspapers of the time then assumed. Some of them were remarkable for odd titles, as *A Preter-pluperfect spick and span new Nocturnal*; or *Mercury's Weekly Night News*! 1645. *A Wonder—a Mercury without a lie in his mouth*: 1648. It was about this time that the first advertisement appeared, a gentleman offering a reward for two horses that had been stolen from him.

The first illustrated paper appeared in 1643, with a variety of rude woodcuts. About 1647 the press was put under official restrictions, and a licenser was appointed. In 1665 appeared the first recognised court organ, called the *Oxford Gazette*, published now as the *London Gazette*. The first commercial paper was brought out by Roger L'Estrange, November 4th, 1675, and called the *City Mercury*; and the first literary paper was entitled *Mercury's Library, or a faithful account of all books and pamphlets*: April, 1680. The first sporting paper was published in 1683, called the *Jockey's Intelligencer*; and the first medical paper came out in 1686.

In 1682-3 the licensing and authorship of papers was abandoned for ever, and the news-sheets increased rapidly in number and quality. In 1695 another novelty was produced—a half-printed and half-written news letter, called the *Flying Post*, issued in the form of a sheet of letter paper.

With the advance in numbers and influence of the newspapers the advertising system became more fully developed. Some of the editors appeared personally to the public somewhat in this form:

IF ANY HAMBURG OR OTHER MERCHANT WHO SHALL DESIRE TWO hundred pounds with an apprentice wants one, I can help.
I want a cook maid for a merchant.
I want an apprentice for an eminent tallow chandler.

The first comic paper that appeared in England was *The Merry Mercury, or a Farce of Fools*, published in 1700. The first daily paper was the *Daily Courant*, in 1702. The first tax was laid upon newspapers in the shape of stamp duty in August, 1712. Then came a host of essay newspapers, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and others, in the time of Steele, Addison and Swift. In January, 1769, appeared the first, in the columns of the *Public Advertiser*, of the celebrated Junius letters, the last in January, 1772, sixty-eight letters having appeared in this interval. It has been the general opinion that they were received with furor, that they made the instant fortune of the paper they appeared in. The accounts of the paper still preserved in the family of the proprietor show that its circulation was uninfluenced until the famous letter to the king, February 7th, 1770, appeared, then seventeen hundred and fifty additional copies were printed. Next week the letter to the Duke of Grafton produced a sale of seven hundred above the usual number; the letter of the 19th of March three hundred and fifty copies, April three hundred and fifty, but no others increased the circulation as much.

Previous to 1772 the newspapers were denied the privilege of reporting the doings of Parliament, but after a severe contest a concession was wrung from Lords and Commons in that year, and from that time the press has been the acknowledged representative of the people. On the 13th January, 1785, was published the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*, a paper of four pages, which on the first of January, 1788, changed its name to *The Times*, which is now the great paper of the world. It was commenced by John Walter, in Printing House Square, Blackfriars. For twenty years it made no great progress, and its ultimate success was owing to the sagacity of its proprietor, who was the first to see the importance of cultivating advertisements as the foundation of a paper's circulation and influence. In 1814 *The Times* had distanced all its competitors, and it fixed itself in its new position by the introduction of steam-power in printing. Having taken his measures for securing the receipt of early intelligence, Mr. Walter began to be impatient at the slowness of the process by which it was issued to the public, and for some time after 1804 had been in silent confederacy with an ingenious compositor named Thomas Martyn, who had been visited with the idea of the practicability of working the press without manual labor. So evident was the opposition of the pressmen to any scheme of the kind, that the experiments had all to be made in the greatest secrecy. But the enterprise came to a dead lock for want of funds, the old logographic printer, who was still the principal proprietor, coming to a resolution to advance no more money for the purpose. Still his son, the manager, cherished the idea, and in 1814 had an opportunity of carrying out his plans. The machinery was set up in secrecy and silence; a whisper that something was going on had got among the printers, and they openly declared that death to the inventor and destruction to his machine awaited any attempts to introduce mechanism into their trade.

At last all was ready for the experiment—the pressmen were ordered to await the arrival of the foreign news, when about six o'clock in the morning Walter entered the room, and announced to them that *The Times* was already printed by steam. He then firmly declared that if they attempted violence he had sufficient force at hand to repress it; but that if they behaved quietly, their wages should be continued to them till they got employment. The men wisely saw that resistance would only lead to their ruin, and gave in to the power of steam. On that

morning, the 29th of November, 1814, the readers of *The Times* were informed that "the journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of *The Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and dispatch."

Mr. Walter, the original projector of *The Times*, died in 1847, devising his interest in the paper to his son, John Walter, M.P. for Nottingham.

BALZAC AND HIS LITERARY LABOR.

WHEN he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its minutest ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labor and self sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on his work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to insure truth to nature in describing a street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris, he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner, he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more.

His house door was now closed to everybody except the publisher and the printer, and his costume was changed to a loose white robe of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing dress was fastened around the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers and red morocco slippers embroidered with gold covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk the light of Heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they came, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was all over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued, with extraordinary rapidity, till six; then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him a cup of coffee. Before nine, his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done.

From nine till noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee. From one o'clock to six he returned to work. At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again, and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such, that when he appeared once more among his friends, he looked in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draught of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to an end, it had only begun for Balzac.

In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when

his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning, or the middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions.

With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp, experienced eyes in the printing office, it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eyes. When these were at last complete they were sent in on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time.

He now covered with fresh corrections, fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgments of that, not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indescribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were, his corrected proofs were more hopelessly puzzling still.

The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue at work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises"—that is to say, the proofs embodying the new alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, separate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors; and he himself described his process of work as a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was, in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said, "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied myself, when all is done."

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—A slight blow is sufficient to smash a whole pane of glass, while a bullet from a gun will only make a small round hole in it, because in the latter case the particles of glass that receive the blow are torn away from the remainder with such rapidity, that the motion imparted to them has no time to spread further. A door standing open, which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, is not moved by a cannon-ball passing through it. The ball, in passing through, overcomes the whole force of cohesion among the atoms of wood; but its force acts for so short a time, owing to its rapid passage, that it is not sufficient to affect the inertia of the door to an extent to produce motion. The cohesion of the part of the wood cut out by the ball would have borne a very great weight laid quietly upon it; but suppose the ball to fly at the rate of twelve hundred feet in a second, and the door to be one inch thick, the cohesion being allowed to act for only the minute fraction of a second its influence is not perceived. It is an effect of this same principle that the iron head of a hammer may be driven down on its wooden handle by striking the opposite end of handle against any hard substance with force and speed. In this very simple operation the motion propagates so suddenly through the wood of the handle, that it is over before it can reach the iron head, which, therefore, by its own weight, sinks lower on the handle at every blow which drives the handle up.



"IT REMINDED ZEB OF THE OLD FAIRY TALES HE HAD SO OFTEN SPELLED OVER BY THE LIGHT OF THE KITCHEN FIRE."

A NIGHT AMONG THE FAIRIES, OR ZEB HARDACRE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"ZEB, Zeb! I say, Zeb, why don't you answer me?"

Zeb, who was kneeling upon the great kitchen hearth engaged in bringing his Sunday boots to an almost miraculous point of polish, looked up at this appeal with a start, and regarding the little figure perched upon the extreme corner of the wide settee close beside him, with a glance of astonishment, exclaimed, in no very flattering tone of voice,

"Oh! there you be, be you? I thought you was abed and asleep two hours ago; reckon you would be if Mrs. Morris was to come along, in short metre!"

"Well, Zeb," replied the person addressed, "the fact is I was put to bed some time ago, and I suppose ma' thinks I am there still—that is, if any one who is snoring, as she is at present, can think of anything."

"Wall, you air a nice young man for a small tea party," said Zeb. "What in thunder did you get up again for?"

"Oh! I had several things to attend to before to-morrow; you know it is Christmas Eve; besides, I wished to ask you a question, which, by the way, you have not answered yet."

The child folded his hands together in weird and elfish fashion and advanced still closer. It was a picture—the ponderous form of Zeb, the farm hand, teamster, stable boy, general assistant, in fact, to every one about the place, in every operation, useful or ornamental, from shoeing a horse and ploughing a field to chopping mincemeat or making up the set in a cotillon.

Fashioned like an overfed Hercules and looking even broader than usual in the full light of the fire; and that tiny mite of a child, with his lithe, slender figure and piquant little face,

seeming almost fairy-like when contrasted with those of his companion.

One might almost have imagined that it was no mortal visitor who had intruded thus suddenly upon Zeb's reverie.

Something of this feeling, occasioned doubtless by the child's mysterious manner, stole through Zeb's mind, and he looked over his shoulder at the old clock ticking away on its shelf across the corner, and felt glad that the hands did not yet point to midnight, as the child continued,

"I want to ask you whether it is really true that fairies and goblins and all manner of little folks are abroad on Christmas Eve, and whether the cattle really do kneel at twelve o'clock, as every one says they do, Zeb?"

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Zeb, "what made you think of me? How, in thunder, should I know anything about it, young 'un?"

"Oh, only because you have been so much among them, Zeb."

"Among whom?" cried Zeb, starting to his feet, "among whom, you consarned critter you?"

"Why the cattle, of course," replied the child.

Zeb drew a great breath and appeared very much relieved.

"Wall, yes," he said, "I hev been a good deal among critters in my time, but I reckon mine were not of the pious sort."

"Then you don't believe it," queried the child.

"Can't say I du," replied Zeb—"at any rate I never saw none of it myself."

The child laid his tiny hand upon Zeb's broad shoulder.

"Would you like to go out to-night and try if we could see them, Zeb?" he said, peering sharply into his face.

Zeb jumped up as though he had been shot, and taking the candle in one hand, and the boots which were to do such execution on the heart of Sally Slocum, on the morrow, in the

other, marshalled little Ned Morris to the door of his sleeping apartment, and sought his own pillow in the room above.

It was a clear and quiet night, the starlight was intensely brilliant, and the long icicles which hung from the drooping eaves above Zeb's window glittered like gems wrought by some monster hand, to serve as pendants for a giant's earrings.

It may have been the frosty moonlight falling on his face and whitening the patchwork coverlid he wrapped around him, that kept Zeb from sleeping. Or perhaps thoughts of a blue eye and rosy cheek were as potent ministers of wakefulness to Zeb, the farm hand, as the same thoughts, albeit of loftier fair ones, were of yore to prince and belted knight. At all events, the sleep that usually visited Zeb the moment that his head touched the pillow stood aloof that night in a most unaccountable manner.

The old clock in the kitchen beneath was just on the stroke of twelve when Zeb's eyes closed for the first time. A drowsy lull crept through his mind, a warmth and comfort overspread his frame. With his long limbs drawn up nearly to his chin, and his head enveloped in the coverlid, the outline of his form resembled very nearly that of some gigantic squab pigeon, whom some one had very kindly put to bed. In fact, Zeb going to sleep presented a very singular appearance.

Some one on the sloping roof of the shed without the window thought so too. A queer, weird laugh struck on Zeb's ear, and its shrill cadence thoroughly aroused him. The peak formed by Zeb's knees in the bed clothes disappeared. Zeb's form assumed an upright position, and Zeb's voice ejaculated:

"Tarnation and thunder, what's a comin' now?"

It was time to ask, for the window, heavy and unwieldy as it was, was raised quickly from without, and a face which had been peering through the panes for the last ten minutes was thrust through the aperture, followed by a light form, which leapt noiselessly upon the carpetless floor, and advanced trippingly to the bedside.

The garb this figure wore was strange and elf-like. A coarse red cloak, with hanging sleeves, fell half way to the knees, and a peaked cap was perched upon the head; but the full red lips, ruddy nose and sparkling coal-black eyes were those of little Ned Morris.

This time Zeb's remark was, "Jerusalem!" whereat his visitor laughed again in the same unearthly fashion.

"Why, Zeb," he said, "you look frightened; one would think you did not expect me."

"Expect you!" said Zeb, "I'd as soon have expected the old boy. What in the name of wonder are you rigged up that ere way for? and what in all tarnation sent you here, I want to know!"

"Zeb, Zeb," replied his visitor, "don't use profane language; but please to remember you made an appointment to go out with me to-night. Don't contradict me, but dress yourself and come along."

"Why, you peaky brat, ef you calkulated I'm goin' to du any such a thing you're *petiklerly* mistaken. Get out, and 'tend to your own affairs; I never reckoned you was a fair and above-board feller-critter, and now I'm sure you ain't; get out; if you ain't got relations in t'other place, I don't know who has."

And Zeb raised the pillow above his head, with the evident intention of hurling it at his unwelcome visitor.

Nowise disconcerted, this personage seated himself upon the bedside and continued, "I shall wait here until you are dressed, Zeb, for come you must; you can't help yourself, my boy, and you know that as well as I do."

And so, in reality, it did appear. What power or fascination that little creature exerted over him Zeb never knew. But utterly against his will, in defiance of the protestations which he uttered, his unwilling hands were forced to perform the office of clothing his ponderous limbs, drawing on his boots, and even covering his straw-colored locks with something which was once a hat.

"Here I be ready," he muttered, as the last article was added, "but if you *calkilate* on mischief, you'd better remember that I kin lay you across my thumb nail and crack you like as if you was a flea, you consarned mite of humanity you!"

The same mocking, tantalising laugh which Zeb had heard

before was his only answer; and the child, or elf, as he appeared to Zeb far more likely to be, stepped out of the open window into the moonlight, which lay upon the roof, and beckoned Zeb to follow.

Zeb obeyed.

Down the sloping shed, through the dead branches of the wintry vines, over the frozen furrows of the field beyond. On he went—on, on, on, Zeb following as though led forward by invisible hands, while the little form before him flitted away, crowing a low elfish melody as he went.

They had reached the margin of a little stream within whose frozen breast the moon was mirrored, when the elf paused.

"Did you ever see me slide, Zeb?" he said, with a toss of his curly head and a wink of his sparkling eye, utterly indescribable. "Did you ever see me slide? I've a rare chance here. Look, see me now if you never have before."

Poised upon one foot, the little being shot from the bank upon the polished sheet of ice, which neither broke nor crackled beneath his fairy tread. Away across the stream, back again, along the bank, up and down, across, around in a mass of evolutions never yet surpassed flitted the little creature, his red cloak fluttering behind him, and seeming wing-like to bear him up. He paused at length, with another of those tor-



"AWAY, AWAY, IT WAS FOR LIFE AND SALLY SLOCUM: AND THE FAIRIES WERE HARD BEHIND HIM."

menting laughs which made Zeb's fingers tingle. "I can cut your name," he said; "or stay, you shall help me—skating is glorious sport."

He was on shore again, and had seized Zeb's long coat-tails in either hand as he spoke.

"Now hands off, you tarnation critter!" cried Zeb; "you kin conglomerate a feller's knowledge-box so's to make him get up when he orter be abed. But it's more than you kin do to make him drown hisself without showing fight. So lem me alone, or you'll repent it, I warn you."

It was no use. With Zeb's coat-tails grasped tightly in his hands the elf was off again, over the ice, his laughter drowning the ejaculations of his victim.

"Z is a hard letter to cut, my fine fellow," he cried. "First we go this way, and then we go that way, and then we go across again. Ha! ha! ha! Zebulon is a fine skater."

"Ha! ha! ha! Zebulon is a fine skater," was echoed by a thousand voices from the opposite bank; and the affrighted Zeb, who had closed his eyes as he whirled dizzily round, opened them to see standing upon the frosty slope a myriad little forms clapping their hands and tossing their bodies to and fro, as though convulsed with merriment, and closed them again in terror, while shrieks of unearthly laughter pealed through the air, mingled with mocking repetitions of "Zebulon is a fine skater."

Suddenly a lull fell upon the strange assembly. Zeb's tormentors paused, and Zeb himself stood once more upon firm ground. A faint sound like the echo of a trumpet blast stole from the woods beyond, then a beating of drums, a wail as of the melancholy flute, the sobbing of the violin, and from the shadow came ambling on an elfin cavalcade, the nodding of snowy plumes and the tread of silver-shod feet keeping time to the weird cadence of the music.

It reminded Zeb of the old fairy tales he had so often spelled over by the light of the kitchen fire, years before when he was a boy, and he watched the movements of the mimic throng like one entranced.

Foremost among them rode a fair, golden-haired youth, bearing as a trumpet a lily formed of pearl. "Hasten, oh, ye people," he cried, "your king awaits you."

With a whirl like that the wind makes among the dried leaves of the autumn forest path, the whole concourse turned with one accord and swept towards the woodland, bearing Zeb with them, who soliloquized as he went after this fashion:

"I've held my own agin bigger men than I be; even in school-days I've walloped twice my weight, and now here I be goin' I don't know whar, taggin' arter a parsole of bumble-bees that I could squash a dozen at a time with my boot-heel and not feel it. Consarn that pesky Ned Morris, I always knowed thar was something not right about him. I've knowed it ever since he was a red, unnatural-looking baby, and now—I wonder where I am agoin' now. I calkilate I shall be among the missin' to-morrow, for ef they walk into the sea I'm bound to follow. Well, it's all one; ef that critter hadn't a done it to-night, he'd have done it some other time. I wonder what Sally Slocum will say when she hears tell on't; take up with some other feller, I s'pose, and forget all about poor me. What ef they should take me under ground and keep me thar a thousand years, as I've heard tell of? Here I go now, by ginger!"

In truth, they were descending into a deep valley: the moonlight shone on the trees above, but the valley, deep and hemmed in with rocks, was as dark as midnight. As they reached the bottom of this spot a brilliant light flashed upon them suddenly from an aperture in the ground, and through this entrance poured the whole elfin concourse, treading in unison with the music which went before, and beckoning Zeb to follow. They stood within a hall of gorgeous splendor, odorous with fragrant perfumes; rainbow-hued forms flitted to and fro beneath the lustrous light which fell from a huge crystal globe, filled with a glittering fluid, which floated midway in the air; and upon a throne of marble, covered with a trellis-work of flowers, formed of rubies, emeralds and sapphires, was seated a tiny creature, clad in a robe of purple, with a coronet of starlight radiance upon his brow, before

whom every head was bent in reverence, while a clamor of music, song and vociferated cheers filled the hall with echoes.

Amidst the tumult Zeb felt some one twitch his sleeve, and looking down saw Ned Morris standing beside him.

"Zeb Hardacre," he whispered, "as you value your life, obey, without a question, the commands you will receive; remember, I warn you as a friend."

Zeb caught the little creature's arm.

"Who are you?" he said; you must tell me what you are—devil, imp or human being—out with it!"

"Hush!" whispered the child; "we must not be seen speaking with each other: I am the fairy king's own son; I was changed in the cradle for little Ned Morris."

"I knowed it," said Zeb, loosening his hold as he spoke. "I've heard tell of *changerlings*. I don't want nothin' more to say to you, you impostor. Go away with you—go!"

"Only mind what I tell you," whispered the elf, as he tripped away, leaving Zeb alone. But a few moments had elapsed ere two fairies, with white wands in their hands, approached the spot where Zeb stood.

"Mortal," they said, as they paused before him, "the king would speak with you."

Zeb followed them until he stood in the presence of the monarch. His majesty smiled graciously, and held out his hand, which Zeb took with his finger and thumb.

Mortal," said the king, "be seated; I have a favor to ask of you."

"Thank you kindly, mister," replied Zeb, with a low bow. "But if you'd jest as I lieve, I'm afraid I'd squash the throne all to flinders, and I'd ruther stand."

"As you please," acquiesced his majesty, "so that you listen to the request I have to make. Know then, O mortal, that for reasons concerning which you must make no inquiry, it is my will that a fire must be kindled in the midst of the valley through which you were just now conducted; and as it is one of our most stringent laws that no fairy shall touch or meddle with a fire, it becomes necessary that it should be kindled by a mortal. This, then, is the favor I require of you, and your reward shall be this purse filled with diamonds, and the goodwill of the fairy people for evermore. What say you?" And with these words the elfin monarch held aloft a purse woven of gold wire drawn to a thread, more delicate than that of which the spider weaves his web, and revealed, glittering among its silken meshes, jewels of inestimable value.

Zeb had never seen anything like it in all his life before; but he was too 'cute to say so, for be it known that Zeb prided himself on being a rare hand at a bargain, and the first principle of such business transactions is to depreciate the value of the goods offered; so, although Zeb thought to himself, "A fellow might stock a farm and start housekeepin' quite forehanded with them diamonds," he did not utter his thoughts aloud, but merely said, "Wall, seem' it's you, mister, ef you'll throw in that gold thingumbob round your waist to give Sally Slocum for a bracelet, I don't mind sayin' it's a trade." And Zeb spoke with the air of one who was performing a very self-sacrificing act of friendship.

"It is yours," said the king, unbinding the girdle from his waist. "Now, come with me and obey without a question."

Zeb put the purse leisurely into one pocket and placed Sally Slocum's bracelet as deliberately into the other, buttoned his jacket very carefully and followed at his case. In less time than it takes to mention it, they stood once more in the darkness of the valley.

Laboring with all the power of his muscular frame and brawny arms, Zeb hewed down sapling after sapling, tree after tree, and brought them to the spot indicated by the fairy king's tiny finger; then, after some search for dry combustibles, he drew a match from his pocket and set fire to the pile. It kindled finely, and in a few moments the long tongues of flame were licking the brown sides of the uppermost logs, while volumes of dun gray smoke ascended upward with every puff of air. It was a strangely beautiful sight—that low, bare valley, lit up by the red firelight—those dancing forms, so light and agile, flitting to and fro, their snowy arms and gem-beladen

robes glowing in the radiance and sending forth prismatic rays of light, as they advanced and retreated, clapping their tiny hands and singing in jubilant chorus, the dark pine trees standing, like sentinels, upon the rocks above, and the white moon just showing her broad silvery disc above their feathery edges.

As Zeb stood regarding the scene, a feeling which he had never before experienced filled his mind.

"Durned fool that I be!" he muttered, "who ever heard tell of a feller crying because things looked so pooty. I do believe if I had pen and ink I could write a piece for the paper."

Yet, even as he spoke, his reverie was disturbed—the king approached.

"Your task is accomplished," he said, "depart in peace, and tell what you have seen to no one."

Here his majesty beckoned to a little black creature who stood at no great distance.

"Attend this mortal to the entrance of the valley," he said; then turning to Zeb, with a move of the hand, he repeated, "You have done your duty—be silent and faithful and you shall never repent it. Farewell!"

And Zeb, led by his dusky conductor, departed.

At the top of the rising ground the little creature paused.

"Yonder is your homeward path," he said, "do not linger upon it. Adieu." And with one leap, like that of a squirrel, he dropped down the declivity, and was soon hidden among the bushes.

Zeb watched him until he was out of sight.

"I wonder if those fellows are up to any devilment," he said; "I've a mind to go back and take a peep anyhow," and acting upon his resolution, he stole softly down again toward the valley, and ensconcing himself behind a tree, looked, unseen, upon the odd assembly. From some hidden spot the fairies had brought forth an image, partly beautiful and partly hideous, which they had placed upon a pedestal before the fire. In regular procession, one behind the other, they advanced, each, as he came, suspending some article of value upon the neck or arms of the image, and chanting what sounded like a prayer.

When the last had made his offering they paused, and all were silent while the king addressed them as follows:

"Oh, ye people of the forest, you see plainly that the great Almusalah is offended with you. Ye know, likewise, the only offering which will propitiate him. Go, then, and procure the sacrifice ere the fire burns low, and lay it at his feet, that he may once more be appeased."

"We hear and obey," was the answer from every tongue, and in a moment more the monarch and his black pages were the only occupants of the valley.

"Lor', du tell ef they ain't idolatrous heathen pagans," whispered Zeb from his place of concealment. "I only wish there was time to run and tell Parson Potter—wouldn't he distribbit tracts among 'em!"

But already the tiny footsteps were heard returning, and in a moment the throng of elves once more entered the opening of the valley, bearing amidst them a woman faint with terror, and apparently insensible.

"Here," cried the chorus of voices, "here is the offering demanded by the great Almusalah; throw her upon the flames and appease his wrath."

As they dragged the unresisting form towards the blazing pile the light fell full upon the horror-stricken face, and revealed to the terrified and astonished Zeb the features of his lady-love, Sally Slocum.

"Throw her in, throw her in; offer the mortal maiden to the great and mighty Almusalah," chorused the voices.

"No you don't, by a long chalk!" cried Zeb, dashing from his hiding place, and snatching a blazing branch from the fire; with one hand he caught the fainting Sally in his other arm, and sped away with her, followed by the whole band of impish beings. Away, away it was for life and Sally Slocum, and they were hard behind him.

He saw the Slocums' farm-house in the distance; if he could but gain the doorway they were safe. At this thought Zeb redoubled his speed, and reached the step in two bounds. The door stood open. He rushed in, and placing his still insensible

burden upon a great armchair near at hand, stood panting for breath with one foot against the door.

The noise of pursuit had ceased, and, as Zeb's terror passed away, his curiosity overpowered him. He opened the door and peeped out. On the grass beyond lay one of the elfin crew, motionless as a statue.

"That feller is dead to a certainty," said Zeb. "Ef I kin pick him up I'll do it, ef it's only to show suthin' for the horrid night I've been through. Yes, I'm darned ef I won't pick him up, and have him stuffed and put him in a glass case to put on the mantling-shelf in our parlor."

As he spoke he advanced softly to the prostrate form, but with a shriek of laughter it sprang to its feet as he touched it, and made after him. Again Zeb sped along the road scarcely daring to look back, but hearing the pattering steps close, close, closer yet behind him.

He gained the shed below his window; the imp was after him. He flung his hat, and in his terror the purse of diamonds and the golden girdle at the round black head which shone so glossily in the moonlight below him, but the act produced only a succession of diabolical cachinnations; and with a shudder Zeb leaped in at the window. The imp leaped in beside him. Zeb flung himself upon the bed, hiding amid the coverlets, and the imp perched itself upon his breast, beating upon it with a little golden hammer which he held in his claw-like fingers. Zeb shouted with pain and terror, yet still the elf remained perched upon his bosom, with its long, black, pliant limbs twined around his neck, and still the blows rang from the golden hammer upon his breast with a regular and hollow sound. Mad with rage, Zeb by a strong effort tore the pillow from beneath his head, and crushed it with all the force that he could muster down upon the toad-like head and black, mocking face of his assailant. The blows ceased, and the imp fell backward beneath the smothering softness.

Zeb was sitting upright in bed crushing the pillow down upon his feet, the morning sun glittered upon the window, and the elf was gone, but at the foot of the bed stood little Ned Morris. "What is the matter, Zeb?" he said, "and why don't you get up this morning?"

"Matter," groaned Zeb, "matter—you ask me what is the matter, du you?" "I don't believe thar's a hull bone in my body, you chengerling you."

"Why, Zeb," laughed the child, "what have you been dreaming? Do you know where you are? it is Christmas morning."

"I know whar I was Christmas Eve, and that is enough for me, you consarned imp!" cried Zeb, springing out of bed. "I ain't to be took in no more, you idolotraton you, you woman-roaster, you chengerling! Git out; don't show your face to me; and tell that fairy dad of yours, I'll settle his hash for him next time I come across him. Clar out." And Zeb banged the door to and bolted it. When the sun sank behind the blue hills that bounded the prospect from farmer Morris's homestead, its last rays fell upon Zeb Hardacre as he passed through the gate with his "traps" in a bundle upon his shoulders.

"For sleep another night under the roof with that chengerling," said Zeb, "I couldn't for no money."

On the very last Christmas Eve which visited this world, just twenty years from the night on which Zeb Hardacre left his bed to go among the fairies, Zeb Hardacre and his buxom wife—once Sally Slocum, now Sally Hardacre—sat before the fire in their own snug kitchen, discussing an ample jug of hard cider.

"I am sure, Zeb," began the dame, "I don't see why you won't let our Polly have Ned Morris; he is good-looking and quite forehande l, and is a very nice young man too, and he is deep in love with her. I think you are very foolish, Zebulon."

"Look-a-here, Sally," replied Zeb, "I just put it to you, how would you like a parcel of chengerlings for grandchildren, goin' one day under the earth, and one day atop of it? Answer that, Sally, old woman, if you can."

"Ef it comes to that, Zeb," said Sally, "I tell you just what I think. You was a dreaming that night, old man; wouldn't I hev hollered out ef I had been took to be roasted? du you

suppose that it could have been done without my waking up or knowing anything about it?"

"Sally, old woman," reiterated Zeb, "haven't I told you that you was a swoondin' away the hull time; you was fainted dead off, and of course you didn't know nothin' about it while I was wide-awake, and seen the hull of everything. I tell you once for all, our Polly shan't hev that there changerling."

And she didn't.

BIRD MINSTRELSY.

BY ADA TREVANIUM.

'Twas in radiant summer weather,
Far beyond the smoky town,
Weary with a walk together,
Side by side we sat us down.
Giant trees bung high above us,
Ever looking grandly rude;
But the wild flowers seemed to love us
In that living solitude.

Sunbeams shining, green leaves dancing,
Charmed the heart, and filled the eye;
That which was our souls entrancing
Was the sweet birds' minstrelsy.
One by one, then altogether,
They broke out on every side;
O'er the fern and purple heather
Flowed their music like a tide.

'Twas as spirit tones of gladness
Threw a spell upon us there,
Banish'g each thought of sadness,
Wafting whispers on the air.
Hope and memory with their dreaming
Seemed to have usurped our will:
When the sunset hues were gleaming,
Hand in hand we lingered still.

What a host of strange sweet fancies
Came upon us then unsought!
Visions wild as old romances,
Lasting as a tender thought.
Ill eve closed, we sat and listened,
With a joy too deep for words,
While the dew around us glistened
To the music of the birds.

THE INQUISITION'S GALA-DAY.

CARCEL was a goldsmith in the Serf's street, Seville, and was arrested on the 2nd of April, 1680, at ten o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honor. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. In an ante-room, says he (I give it as far I can remember, in his own plain touching way), a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the ante-chamber to the inquisitor's table, as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-colored taffety. At one end, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and, on the central estrade (a table fifteen feet long surrounded by armchairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, on my right Francis Delgado Genados, the grand inquisitor, who is a secular priest. The other inquisitors had just left; but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw, on papers before their chairs, some names marked with red ink. I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me; but, when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the alcald; who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off and strip me of everything, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately sewn in my garters. I am then led bare-headed into a cell,

and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells. If any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the jailors who watch the corridors night and day warn him through the grating. If the offence is repeated, they storm in and load him with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep grave-like silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

Once every two months the inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought to them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the jailors. But this is only a parade of justice; for, if a prisoner makes complaints, these are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to, because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and then fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour towards the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that inculpated himself.

In the rope torture they tie a man to a horizontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only person present at these butchery scenes are the stolid inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hoods that hide all the face, but have holes for eyes, nose and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband; and, if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the tortured man can bear.

If all this fails, and soul and body are both of steel, the inquisitors try snares. They put apostates into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as one of the greatest scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and to pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

One Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I gave my linen, as usual, to the jailors to send to the wash, they would not take it, and a great, cold breath whispers at my heart, to-morrow is the Auto-da-Fé. Immediately after the vespers at the cathedral they rang for matins, which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast, and I knew that my horrid suspicions were right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralysed by fear, at the pile, perhaps already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal; but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? Do God's eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

I was just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing, when, about eleven o'clock, the great bolts of my cell ground and jolted back, and a party of jailors in black—in a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of Heaven—came in. The alcald threw down by my pallet a heap of clothes, told me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons. I had no tongue to answer, as they lighted my lamp, left me, and locked the door behind them. Such a trembling seized me for half-an-hour, that I could not rise and look at the clothes, which seemed to me, shrouds and winding-sheets. I rose at last, threw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and committed myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress; which consisted of a

tunic with long, loose sleeves, and hose drawers; all of black serge, striped with white.

At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery, where nearly two hundred men, draughted from their various cells, all dressed in black, stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long, plain, cold vaulted corridor; where, over every two dozen heads, swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral-train. The women, also in black, were in a neighboring gallery far out of our sight. By sad glimpses down a neighboring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black; who, from time to time, paced backward and forward. These, I afterwards found, were men doomed also to be burnt, not for murder—no, but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burnt or not I did not know; but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put two hundred men at once into one fire; though they did hate all who love doll-idols and lying miracles.

Presently, as we waited sad and silent, jailors came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of Saint Andrew. These were the Sanbenitos, that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, heathen or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Next came the gradation of our ranks. Those who had relapsed, or who were obstinate, during their accusations, wore the Sambarra; which is gray, with a man's head burning on red fagots painted at the bottom, and all round, reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I, and seventy others, wore these; and I lost all hope. My blood turned to ice. I could scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution, they brought us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (carrochas), painted with flames and devils, with the words sorcerer and heretic written round the rim. Our feet were all bare; the condemned men, pale as death, now began to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands, round which the beads were twisted. God only, by speaking from Heaven, could save them. A rough, hard voice now told us we might sit on the ground till our next orders came. The old men and the boys smiled as they eagerly sat down; for this small relief came to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

At four o'clock they brought us bread and figs, which some dropped by their sides and others languidly ate. I refused mine, but a guard prayed me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet have had need of it. It was as if an angel had comforted me. At five o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an under current of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda began to boom, with a funeral knell, long and slow. It was the signal of the gala-day of the holy office. It was the signal for the people to come to the show. We were filed out one by one. As I passed the gallery in the great hall I saw the inquisitor, solemn and stern, in his black robes, throned at the gate. Beneath him was his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry twitching hands. The room was full of the anxious frightened burghers; who, as their names were called, and a prisoner passed through, moved to his trembling side to serve as his godfather in the act of faith. The honest men shuddered as they took their place in the horrible death procession; the time-serving men smiled at the inquisitor, and bustled forward. This was thought an honorable office, and was sought after by hypocrites, and suspected men afraid of the church's sword.

The procession commenced with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition. Before them flaunted the banner of the order, representing in glistening embroidery, that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and, in the other, an olive-branch, with the motto justice and mercy. God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner came the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches; their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less

frightened godfathers, gay in cloak and sword and ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows were crowded with careless eyes. Children were held up to execrate us as we passed to our torturing death. The auto-da-fé was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices: it drew more than even a bull-fight; because of the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, wound on with its banners and crosses; its shaven monks and mitred bare-footed prisoners; through street after street, heralded by soldiers who ran before to clear a way for us, to stop mules, displace fruit-stalls and street performers and their laughing audiences. We at last reached the Church of All the Saints; where, tired, dusty, bleeding and faint, we were to hear mass.

The church had a grave-vault aspect and was dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar was veiled in black, and was lit with six silver candles, whose flames shone like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar—that seemed to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave-cloak—were two thrones, one for the grand inquisitor and his counsel, another for the king and his court. The one was filled with sexton-like lawyers; the other with jewelled and feathered men.

In front of the great altar, and near the door—where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy; but not for us—is another altar on which six gilded and illuminated missals laid open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as—God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity: these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery with bare benches; on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last; the more innocent first. Those who entered the black-hung church first, passing up nearest to the altar, sat there, either praying, or in a frightened trance of horrid expectancy. The trembling living corpses wearing the yellow and red mitres came last, preceded by a gigantic crucifix, the face turned from them.

Immediately following these poor mitred men came servitors of the Inquisition, carrying four human effigies fastened to long staves, and four chests containing the bones of those men who had died in the claws of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and demons, and the effigies wore the dreadful mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt, all aflame with typical paint. The effigies sometimes represented men tried for heresy since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies doomed to be burnt, as a warning for no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors and flaunting court—the provincial of the Augustines mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministrant, and preached a stormy, denouncing, exulting sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which his "burning eloquence" compared the church to Noah's ark; but with this difference, that those animals who entered it before the deluge came out of it unaltered, while the blessed Inquisition had, by God's blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut on, turning out—meek as the lambs he saw around him; so tranquil and devout—those who had once been cruel as wolves, and savage and daring as lions.

This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now, for the first time, known to them) and their sentences. We grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

As each name was called the alcaid led out the owner of it from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the pulpit, where he remained standing, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the altar, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there on his knees.

At the end of each sentence, the reader stopped to pronounce, in a loud angry voice, a full confession of faith, which he ex-

horted us (the guilty) to join in with heart and voice. Then we all returned to our places. My offence, I found, was having spoken bitterly of the Inquisition, and called a crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory. I was therefore declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the king, and I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havannah galleys for five years, with the following penances: I must renounce all friendship with heretics and suspected persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite five times a day, for three years, and Pater and Ave Maria in honor of the five wounds; I must hear mass and sermon every Sunday and feast day; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard or seen in the holy office (which oath, as the reader will observe, I have carefully kept).

The sentence once read, and the worst known, even the condemned seemed happier; and every one fell to eating the figs and bread he had no appetite for in the morning; for we were all worn out with our long fast.

The inquisitor then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and, followed by twenty priests each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church; and, with divers prayers, some of us were relieved from excommunication, each of us receiving a buffet from a priest. Once, such an insult would have sent the blood in a rush to my head, and I had died but I had given a return blow; now, so weak and broken-spirited was I, I broke into tears.

All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my anxious questions; now my sentence was commuted, he bowed, chatted and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with contempt and indignation. But he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

Now, one by one, the condemned, faint and staggering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened vacancy inconceivably touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them; so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

Every sentence ended with the same cold mechanical formula: That the holy office, being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners, on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself obliged to punish them with all the rigor of earthly law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy towards the wretched men; saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood. Hypocrites!

At the word blood, the justice hangmen stepped forward and took possession of their bodies; the alcaid first striking each of them on the chest, to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

A month before this auto-da-fé, the ministers of the Inquisition, preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in cavalcade from the palace of the holy office to the cathedral square, and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets and clashing of brass, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the good news.

Our present auto-da-fé was to celebrate the king's marriage, and was to be followed by great bull fights. They had erected in the square a great theatre, fifty feet long, raised to a level with the king's balcony. All around ran an amphitheatre of thirty steps, for the council of Inquisition and the king's ministers. Above these, and higher than the king's seat, was the grand inquisitor's place, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals sat and trembled. The fire shone on their pale faces. In the midst was a smaller scaffold, with two cages, for more penned-up criminals, to hear their sentences in. There were in front of this three special chairs, for the preachers and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a temporary altar, hung with black.

The king had the queen on his left hand, and the queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony; which, with their flowers and dresses, seemed as if

heaped with nosegays. There were also separate seats for the ambassadors, the city judges and the people.

The procession consisted of, first, one hundred charcoal men, armed with pike and musket, and laden with billets of wood; then the Dominicans, carrying a white cross; then the Duke of Medina Coeli, bearing, as is the hereditary privilege of his family, the great red damask banner of the Inquisition, which has on one side the arms of Spain, and on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel crown. Next came a green cross muffled in black, followed by nobles and familiars of the Inquisition dressed in robes, adorned with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The train was closed by fifty halberdiers, or guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the hereditary protector of the Inquisition in the archbishopric of Seville.

The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing hymns and thirsting for our blood, drew up in line, as the king and ladies at that moment appeared in the balconies, in a blaze of color and splendor, like a sun-burst.

This was at eight o'clock. The charcoal burners were placed on the left of the king's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were placed prominently at one end of the amphitheatre. Next filed in, sad and slow, the hundred men condemned to the fire; cords round their necks, the three-foot-high flame-colored mitres on their heads; their feet bare; the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

Next, each led between two familiars, came the commuted; and, last of all, the innocent. Some of the condemned had gags in their mouths, to prevent any outburst of blasphemy, and they were each of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to their eyes, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily, to repent.

Having passed under the king's balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre, between the familiars and the priests; who exhorted them continually to repent.

Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition council, the inquisitors, the qualifiers, and a long procession of secular and religious dignitaries, who placed themselves on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the grand inquisitor's chair. Last of all came the grand inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the president of the council of Castile; and when he (the archdevil) took his seat, the president bowed and retired.

Then mass was again said, and the priest, leaving the altar, sat down; upon which, the inquisitor, putting on pontifical robes and mitre, bowed first to the altar, and then to the king; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor bearing the cross, read aloud the oath by which the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom, the Catholic faith, to extirpate heresy, and to support the Inquisition. Then the king, taking off his hat (the great sword held unsheathed by a chamberlain at his left side), swore to observe the oath.

The inquisitor unrobed and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered to all present. Next, there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition, and denouncing heresy, and the procession moved towards the piles, now dry, piled and stacked with wood billets and fagots.

A few horrid moments of rivetting collars, blankets; a twist or two of the garotte for the least guilty; a struggle here and there, with a demoniac yell, soon stifled by cruel hands and driving blows. The fires were lit. Now the excitement in the boxes got greater and greater. The fans agitated in black waves; the silk dresses too, waved like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity; not a tear. The flame raged with cruel leaps and mounts; it drove up in great quivering pyramids, that the wind now and then drifted out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mounted the great twisted columns of smoke; now turning to roaring and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully and gluttonously hungering for victims.

NAPOLEON AND HIS LOVE LETTERS.

NAPOLEON, amid scenes of carnage, could abstract himself from the horrors around him, and sit down and pen those tender, playful epistles to Josephine, which excite our smiles and make us forget the soldier in the husband. No sooner is the battle lost and won, and the shout of victory raised, than a missive of congratulation, void of all the circumstances of war, is dispatched to the dear ones at home, without whose sympathy the hardest won victory would be barren. Napoleon greets Josephine from Marmirolo, and—sends a kiss to his wife's lap-dog. Nelson battles Copenhagen, and composes verses to Amala, his "guardian angel." Herein love, the great leveller, places the drummer boy on a par with his general, and the fore-castle Jack on a footing with his admiral.

The letters subjoined are selected from the numerous correspondence that passed between Napoleon and Josephine, when he was engaged in campaign in Italy, in 1798. Amid the perils of war, he could find time to pen only the briefest expression of his ardent love for Josephine. The letters given below are among the longest in the series. It is a matter of regret that none of her letters were preserved. They were probably destroyed as soon as read.

The first letter is from Napoleon to Josephine, when she was at Milan. It is dated Marmirolo, July, 1806 :

"I have received your letter, my dearest love; it has filled my heart with joy. I am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to send me all the news; your health is doubtless better now. I feel sure you are getting quite well. Let me strongly recommend you to take exercise on horseback.

"I have been dull ever since we parted. I never cease thinking of your kisses, of your tears, and your amusing little jealousies; the charms of the matchless Josephine ever keep my heart and feelings warmed. When free from care or business, what happiness to pass every moment with you, to love only you, to tell it and prove it to you! I shall send you your horse; but I hope you will soon join me. I believe I have always loved you, but I think I love you a thousand times better now than ever. This proves that *La Bruyere's* maxim, *l'amour vient tout d'un coup*, is false. Every thing in nature grows and increases. Ah! I beg of you to let me see some of your defects; be less beautiful, less kind, less good; but especially never be jealous, never weep; your tears distract me, set my blood on fire. Believe me, I have not a thought except for you, or that you might not know.

"Take repose. Re-establish your health quickly. Come to me, and at least before we die, let us say we had some days of happiness.

"A thousand kisses—the same to Fortune (Josephine's lap-dog), in spite of his naughtiness. BONAPARTE."

Josephine is still at Milan, but Napoleon's headquarters are removed to Brescia. This letter is dated August 10th :

I have arrived at this place, my dearest love, and my first thought is of writing to you. Your health and your image have occupied all my thoughts on my way hither. I shall not be at ease until I receive a letter from you. I expect them with the greatest earnestness. It is impossible to describe to you my impatience. I feel dull, sad and half sick. If the deepest and tenderest love can make you happy, you ought to be so. I am overwhelmed with business.

"Adieu, my dearest Josephine—love me, take care of yourself, and think often, very often of me. BONAPARTE."

Napoleon is now at Verona, and his letter bears date September 17th :

"I write very often to you, my dear love, but very seldom hear from you. You are a fickle, ugly, wicked creature. Perfidious! to deceive a poor husband and ardent lover! Must he forfeit his rights because he is far away, burdened with difficulties, cares and fatigue? Without his Josephine, without the assurance of her love, what remains for him on earth? What can he do?

"A thousand loving kisses. BONAPARTE."

Arriving at Modena, he writes under date of October 17th, and playfully reproaches her with not responding to his ardor :

"The day before yesterday I was all day in the field. Yesterday I kept my bed. I have a headache and fever, but that does not prevent me writing to my dearest love. I have received your letters and pressed them to my lips and heart, and the pains of absence and a hundred miles of distance have vanished. At this moment, I fancy I can see you, not capricious, nor cross, but kind and gentle, with that unction of goodness which is the exclusive gift of my Josephine. But it is only a dream, and you may judge from it that my fever has not left me. Your letters are as cold as if you were fifty. They are like fifteen years after marriage, they exhibit the friendship and feeling in the winter of life. Fie, Josephine! This is very wrong, very wicked, very treacherous of you. Why do you give me so much cause to complain? Do you no longer love me? Eh, is that the fact? Do you hate me? Well, I suspect so.

"A thousand, thousand kisses, as tender as my heart, BONAPARTE."
 "I am better: I start to-morrow. The English quit the Mediterranean. Corsica is ours. Good news for France and the army.

He is at Vienna on the 13th November, pleasing himself with the thought of giving Josephine a million burning kisses :

"I don't love you a bit; on the contrary I detest you. You are an ugly, wicked, stupid wife. You never write to me, and you do not love your husband. You know the delight your letter affords me, and yet you send me only half a dozen hurried lines.

"Pray, madame, what do you do with yourself all day? What important business is it that prevents your writing to your fond lover! What affection stifles and puts aside your love, the tender and constant love you promised me? Who can this new wonder be, this new lover, that absorbs all your time, tyrannizes over your days, and prevents you thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine, some fine night, the doors closed, and I'll surprise you.

"But seriously, I am very uneasy, my dear love, at receiving no news from you: write me four pages immediately, full of those charming things that fill my heart with tenderness and delight.

"I hope to embrace you before long; and then I will cover you with a million burning kisses. BONAPARTE."

EXHAUSTION OF CONVERSATION.—Count Gouffonieri, in his account of his long imprisonment, writes: "Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine, I was alone! I could never rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys for ever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than his pale, vacant face."

THE COMING MAN.—In the imagination of every young lady the coming man is a handsome young officer, with pearly teeth, coral lips, rosy cheeks, curly hair, blue eyes, and black moustache, who is dying desperately in love with her, and is coming some day on a prancing gray horse with a long flowing tail, to propose to her. Money is no object, for the thought of money does not vulgarly intrude itself into the young lady's imagination in connection with her coming man, only he must be beautifully dressed, and have a handsome riding-whip, and jingling spurs, and neatly rolled whiskers as tight as watch-springs. Alas! how many thousands are still waiting impatiently and yet confidently, for the advent of this coming man.

Men in general do not live as if they looked to die; and therefore do not die as if they looked to live.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we beheld deformity, and listen to harmony where we heard nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; we cannot sail on a summer coast for ever; yet, if we preserve a calm eye and a steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are travelling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal; we breathe the same air are subject to the same beauty, and shall lie down

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.—Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do you mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it and steers the ship through the storm? Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evades mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The



A VIEW AT SAINT-SAVIN, IN THE PYRENEES.

upon the bosom of our common mother. It is unbecoming then that brother should hate brother, it is not proper that friend should deceive friend, it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe a spirit of charity from our hearts—let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that the "golden age" will become no fiction, and the islands of the blessed bloom in more than "Hyperion beauty."

proud banker, rather than live to see his property gasetted, may blow out his brains and leave his wife and children to want, protectorless: loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be consulted and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.

IN THE PYRENEES.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
 * * * * *
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills.
 * * * * *
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The tollsome way and long, long league to trace,
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.—BRONX.

An opinion has gone abroad among the world of tourists that the Pyrenees is only a place of resort for invalids, a salubrious abiding place for disordered systems, a general hospital of Europe as it were. Hence it is that many a robust traveller denies himself the pleasure of a visit to these mountains, fearing that the fact of his presence there will be accepted as a proof of his illness, and that his friends (always annoyingly numerous on such occasions) will persist in troubling themselves (and him) about the condition of his lungs, his liver or his gastric juice.

We are convinced that instances of this self-denial would be much less common could the tourist but know beforehand the delights attendant upon a sojourn in these towering barriers between France and Spain, if he could be told something of the unrivalled beauty of the varied and majestic scenery in which the country abounds, of the characteristics of its peculiar people, and of the luxury of its delicious climate.

That the voyager, then, as well as the general reader, may here get a preliminary glimpse of the sight-seings of this romantic region is the design of the present article.

The Pyrenees range is two hundred and seventy miles long, and its breadth, at the centre, exactly one third of that distance, or ninety miles. Its highest point, Maladetta, has an altitude of eleven thousand four hundred and twenty-seven feet; the peaks generally range in height (near the centre of the chain, that is to say), from four to eight thousand feet.

There are seventy-five principal passes, twenty-eight of these may be crossed on horseback and seven in wheeled carriages.

So much for figures, from which we turn to a description of the mountains themselves.

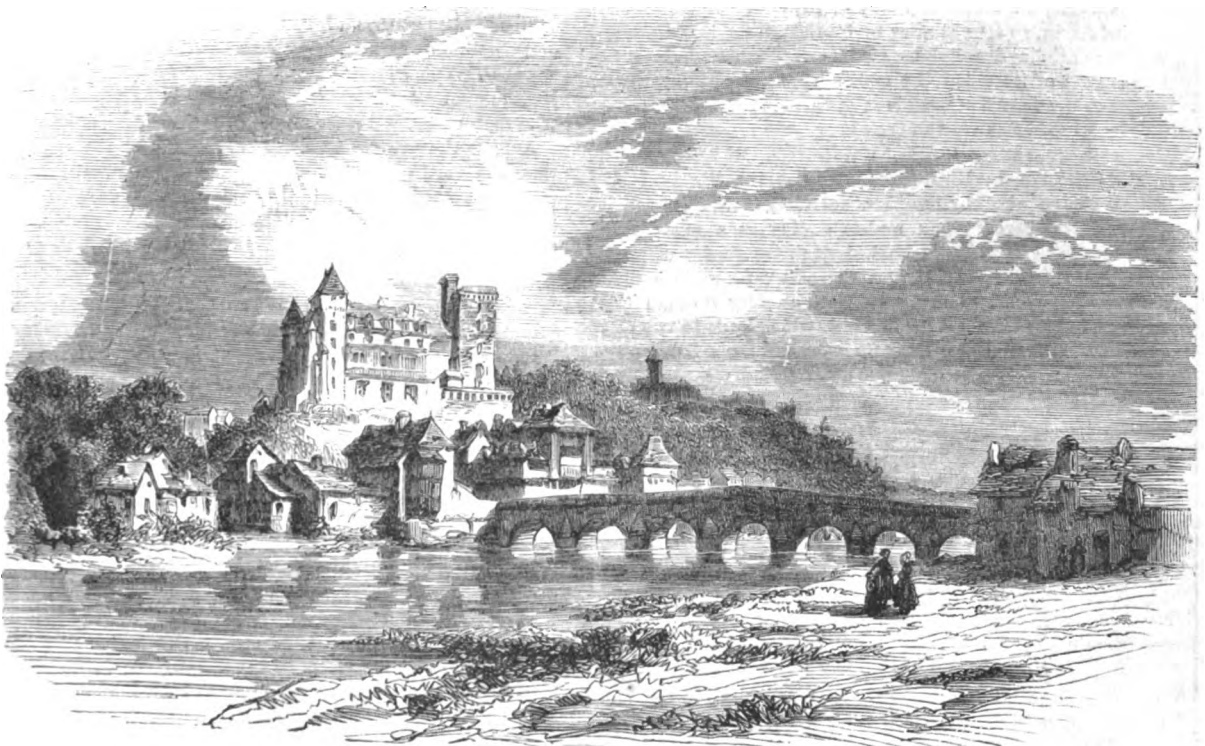
At first sight the Pyrenees terminating the horizon with a long line of blue, in broken and wavy outline, might be taken by the distant traveller for a ridge of clouds. This illusion, however, soon becomes dispelled, and, as it finally vanishes, he sees before him one of the most splendid mountain ranges in the world. That the reader may take his first look at these glorious mountains through the eyes of an accomplished traveller, we make the following extract from the journal kept by Mrs. Ellis, the talented authoress of "The Women of England," during the summer and winter that she passed in the Pyrenees:

"The Pyrenees are unlike our English hills, resembling in the distance a drove of giant cattle, each endeavoring to raise its head higher than the rest, still so varied in the coloring, and at the same time so rugged and massive, as to convey the idea of their having been the waves of a chaotic world, suddenly arrested in their foam and fury, and fixed for ever, a spectacle to wondering ages.

"The Pyrenees, too, differ from most other mountains, in rising almost immediately from a plain not much above the level of the sea; thus their real height suffers no apparent diminution by their being based upon elevated ground, or by rising in the midst of inferior mountains. As an object of grandeur and sublimity they stand alone, and from their situation as well as from their height, appear to belong to the purer atmosphere of another world—a barrier between earth and heaven, a pathway through the skies, which at that far distance it might well be deemed presumption for any human foot to tread."

Pau, a town in the department of the Basses Pyrénées, or Lower Pyrenees, is generally the first resting place of the traveller on his way to the mountains, and itself a noted watering place and invalid resort. It is situated on the River Pau, or Gave du Pau, a broad and shallow stream, whose perpetual low murmur, with the toll of the matin and vesper bell in the neighboring villages, and the faint tinkling which apprises one of the vicinity of the shepherd's flock, is the only sound that breaks to the patient's ear the universal stillness.

The valley of the Pau is bounded to the south by a line of vine-covered hills, running parallel with the Pyrenees. Of the villages



THE CHATEAU OF PAU.

here situate, Jurançon is at once the most picturesque and the most important, being justly celebrated for the richness of its wines. It stands at the mouth of one of the many lovely valleys which open up amongst the mountains, and has a fine background of oaks and other lofty trees, which separate it from the hills immediately beyond.

Beyond these hills, covered with vineyards, at a distance of twenty or thirty miles, rise the majestic Pyrenees, the most eastern groups of which are only visible in certain states of the atmosphere. With a fine background of rugged peaks and snowy pinnacles running to the south-west, and connecting it with the general chain, the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, as it is called, far surpasses in the beauty and sublimity of its outline all the other mountains of this range. This mountain is scarce ten thousand feet in height, but from the circumstance of its rising almost immediately from a plain, it strikes the beholder as being more majestic and lofty than it really is. "Its summit," says Mrs. Ellis, "is in the form of one corner of a triangle, and the descent on the northern side is so extensive and precipitous, that snow never rests upon it. It therefore seems to frown upon the world with a dark and inaccessible brow, though immediately beneath this descent wide tracts of silvery snow are sleeping, which catch the sunlight, and seem to melt into every possible tint of aerial beauty."

This Pic, on account of the extended view which it affords from its summit, is more frequently ascended by travellers than any other of the high Pyrenees.

The Bearnese have given the name of "Argéles Paradise" to a fertile valley in this same department of Bigorre, which is resplendent with picturesque beauties. The limpid waters of the *gave* of Pau and the *gave* of Anzun flow now over green meadows, now over beds of solid rock. Here the ridges of the Pyrenees rise one above the other, covered with a luxurious vegetation to a height where the region of snow commences, and, that nothing may be wanting to the richness of the landscape, the dwellings of man, after having served their time as villages and castles, have left here moss-covered ruins, towers half buried under the twining foliage, walls tumbled into dust, remarkable and picturesque debris, at sight of which, amidst these splendors of nature, the soul is filled with a sensation at once pleasant and sad.

The ruined abbey of Saint-Savin and the province of that name overlook, together with the ruins of the ancient Chateau de Heaucens, the beautiful valley of Argéles.

Saint-Savin, so sought after by tourists, owes its celebrity to the romantic and religious character which it derives from those parts of its old abbey which have escaped destruction, and from the nature of the views in its neighborhood. Our engraving gives a fine view of the abbey, and imparts an idea of its surrounding scenery.

The other Pic du Midi, that known as the Pic du Midi de Pau, is characterised by the beautiful vista through which it is seen from the Parc at Pau, a vista ending in a misty valley, with purple rocks rising in bold, dark promontories of precipitous descent on either side, and extending far up into distant heights of untrodden snow. This is the valley d'Ossau ("the valley where the bears come down"), which leads to two of the favorite watering-places, Eaux Chaudes and Eaux Bonnes.

The Chateau de Pau, as an object of interest to every Pyrenean sojourner, merits especial mention here. The old castle has its history, as most old castles have, though few have passed through such renowned vicissitudes.

The origin of this edifice dates back as far as the tenth century. The name of its founder is unknown. Having chosen this place to build a city, he assigned its limits by means of three stakes; the middle one marking the place where the chateau was to stand. The chateau was first called *Pal* and afterwards *Pau*.

The Bearnese word *pat*, which signifies *pieu* (a stake), is evidently the etymology of *Pau*.

The chateau was undoubtedly built before the city. It at first served as a military stronghold; in the course of time more peaceful habitations were successively established about it.

The Chateau of Pau had already been many years in existence

when, in the time of Jeanne d'Albret, a poet celebrated it in a ballad, of which we cite the first strophe, as a curiosity:

Sur des coteaux herbeux et dominant la plaine
Que, rapide, le Gave arrose en s'enfuyant,
S'élève le palais des roys de l'Acquaine,
Dont le toit s'illumine aux rais de l'orient
Asyle de grandeur, de force, de noblesse,
De léauté d'attraits et de sainte lieuse,
Où cil qui le requiert, en toute humilité,
De Christ et de sa loy apprend la vérité.
C'est là qu'auprès des monts de l'altière Pyr
Règne celle qui sçait avecque vérité
Faire chérir a tous sa grandeur souveraine.

Here flourished the viscounts of Béarn. Centullus IV., who lived in the eleventh century, was the first to declare himself free from all vassalage and elevate himself to the rank of a sovereign. The renown of his deeds was carried afar; his noble wife, the beautiful Gisle, bore him a son. But Gisle was a relation of Centullus; and by a severe decision of Gregory VII., the spouses were compelled to separate.

Centullus consoled himself with the glories of war. Gisle with prayer and adoration in a monastery of Cluny.

Gaston III., their son, however, came into possession of the paternal inheritance. He was a kind ruler, and confirmed to the Bearnese their ancient franchise. As brave as his father and as pious as his mother, he was one of the first to take up the Cross and fight its battles in Palestine. It was in the Chateau of Pau that he prayed to Heaven to bless his arms; they were blessed.

He signalized himself, with his Bearnese soldiers, at the famous battle of Antioch. It was to him, also, that Godfrey confided the construction of the machines which decided the taking of Jerusalem. At last, loaded with honors and glory, he returned to his chateau, which he decorated with the trophies he had taken.

Gaston III. equally distinguished himself against the Moors in Spain. He overcame twelve Moorish kings. On his return to Béarn he founded the abbey of Sauvelade, in token of his gratitude to the God of armies. From his castle heights he watched over the peace of his subjects, and was a just legislator no less than a valiant warrior.

The successors of Gaston III. were less fortunate, and all did not so firmly maintain Bearnese independence. The noble manor witnessed many revolutions. The people exacted more than once the re-establishing or the extension of their privileges. It was in the Chateau of Pau that the high court assembled; a court which was not only a council of state, but a judiciary tribunal. This court deprived the Béarn administration of its judiciary powers, and gave the right of judging to twelve barons, who represented the country.

Among the princes of following ages we might select more than one worthy of remembrance; but we are in haste to arrive at the celebrated restorer of the Chateau of Pau, to Gaston, surnamed Phœbus, either on account of his remarkable beauty, or in allusion to the sun, which he had taken as an emblem.

Gaston Phœbus was born in Béarn, in the year 1331. He was only twelve years old when he lost his father, who was killed by the Saracens. Gaston talked of avenging his father's death when only fifteen. At the age of eighteen he married Agnes of Navarre, sister of Charles the Bad. For some time a prisoner of the King of France, he afterwards went to the wars in the ranks of the chevaliers. After which, this man, who at a later day prided himself upon being the first hunter of his time, went to chase the reindeer in Sweden and Norway.

Returning to his domains, he was successful in his contest with his rival, the Count d'Armagnac, and the ransom of his numerous captives supplied him with the necessary funds to embellish the Chateau of Pau.

In Sir John Froissart's Chronicles we find an account of Gaston Phœbus' entry into Pau. Among the cavaliers who surrounded him, and whose different casques indicated the grades of their nobility, he was remarkable by the absence of all head covering. He never allowed a hat to be put upon his head, whose sole ornament was a superb chevelure. No one had a form so graceful and well proportioned. A fine color o'ermantled his face; his eyes were full of charm. His magnificence was seldom

equalled. He had the most beautiful horses in the world, and to the number of two hundred. He loved his dogs, and his pack numbered over sixteen hundred. As soon as the lord of the castle appeared, the portcullis was raised to receive him. He loved Centullus's old manor, which, though admirably situated, was a little mouldered by the action of time. He accordingly determined to erect in its place *un moult bel chastei*, to use old Froissart's quaint phrase.

It was among the *Cagots*, that proscribed race which is the object of so many learned researches, that the most experienced masons were shown. The contracting parties swore by the body of the living God to well and loyally carry out their agreements. The papers were drawn up in the Chateau de Pau, the 29th of October, 1375. The master masons were to procure numerous workmen, to be paid as follows: the men fourteen deniers (equal to about one cent and a quarter of United States currency) per day, the women half that amount. The count was to furnish three pairs of draught oxen, and supply all the stone necessary from the quarries of Pau. A term of two years was fixed for the execution of these labors, which won for Gaston Phœbus the title of founder of the chateau, though it is evident from this stipulation that he was only its restorer.

In Froissart, again, do we read details of the manners of this chivalric court, which has left so many brilliant souvenirs behind it. Gaston took delight in mental pleasures, and, at night, after a day devoted to the chase (instructions in which he has given in his book entitled "*Phœbus des déduits de la chasse des bêtes sauvages et des oyseaux de proie*"), he had read to him songs, ballads, rondeaux and virelays. No one dared to speak a word during the reading unless the lord asked for an explanation in the Bearnese dialect, or *en beau et en bon français*.

Alas! this same prince let his only son, Gaston, miserably perish in the tower of Moncado, on suspicion of parricidal projects.

Saddened by domestic misfortunes, ripened by age and reflection, the Count de Foix sought consolation in the care he took of his subjects. He maintained peace in his states when war was at his gates, and the clashing of the swords of the Guesclins awakened echoes in the Pyrenees. "I have done as much as you," said he to the young warriors; "but then my subjects paid higher taxes and my coffers were not so well filled."

After long negotiations he married his heiress, his youthful relation, the rich and beautiful Jeanne de Boulogne, with the Duke of Berri, brother of Charles VI. But he remained in his Chateau de Pau, while his cavaliers escorted the betrothed to Morlaas, where the Bishop of Autun married her by proxy.

The Count de Foix advanced in age, but still preserved the same rigor and the same tastes. Drawings, taken from manuscripts, and made under his own eyes, represent him, now initiating, as a musician, several persons in the use of the hunting horn; now, as a master of the art, laying down, to a numerous auditory, the rules of the chase.

One day Gaston had hunted a monstrous bear in the forest of Sauveterre. After the capture of the animal he went to Drein, where he was expected. He had been exercising severely in a hot sun, and was glad to find himself at last in a cool room. Surrounded by Yoain, his son, and his most faithful cavaliers, he devoted some little time to relating the incidents of the chase. Then, just before sitting down to dinner, he asked for some water to wash himself with. Hardly had he dipped his hands into the water than his face became pale, his knees trembled, and he fell to the floor, uttering his last words, *Je suis mort! sire Dieu, merci!* ("I am dead! thanks, Lord God!")

His death was a public calamity. Every one mourned their departed prince. "While he lived," they said, "neither English or French dared to insult us. Now our neighbors will wage war against us. Our franchises will be compromised. There is no one left to defend them. Land of Béarn, desolated and discomfited in your noble inheritance, what will become of you? You will never again see the like of the gentle and noble Count de Foix."

Among other successors of Gaston Phœbus, the names of Henri II. of Navarre and of Marguerite of Valois, his wife;

those of Jeanne d'Albret and of her two children, Henri IV. and Catherine, have rendered this royal residence illustrious.

Nevertheless its destiny seemed ever opposite to that of its masters. The Chateau de Pau arrived at its highest degree of splendor under Henri II. and Jeanne d'Albret, who were dispossessed of the kingdom of Navarre; it commenced to fall into abandonment under Henri IV., who had become King of France. Already Henri IV. and Louis XIII. had taken away a great part of its furniture. By a gradual decadence it came at last to be a prison under the empire and the first years of the revolution. One could not enter the Chateau de Pau then without seeing the sad faces of the prisoners gazing at them through the iron bars. The terrace of the donjon formed the prisoners' yard, and as they paced its short limits the criminals of state presented a sad contrast to the preux chevaliers and ladies fair who, in former days, had assembled on that very spot.

This sorry state of things finally ceased, and in the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign the chateau was magnificently restored; connoisseurs regret, however, that instead of scrupulously repairing it, they have, in a great measure, made a new chateau, that Henri IV. himself, were he to come to earth again, would scarcely recognise.

Among the objects which now decorate its interior, the tourist remarks, not without a reflection on human vicissitudes, great vases of porphyry of the form of those used by the Medicis; a chimney-piece of green porphyry, a table in marble mosaic, and another in rose-colored porphyry: these are presents from Bernadotte, that other native of Béarn whose talents and fortune raised him to the rank of kings. Then you recall to mind Abd-el-Kader and his captivity in this ancient manor, which furnishes a living text on the instability of things here below and the mysterious decrees of Providence.

Leaving Pau, let us go up the mountain to these famous spas. The valley just described takes us past Jurançon and the little village of Gan, beyond which point our route becomes more varied, and the humble river Neez, which we had seen pursuing its serpentine course through the meadows, has a chance of being more intimately our companion by the way.

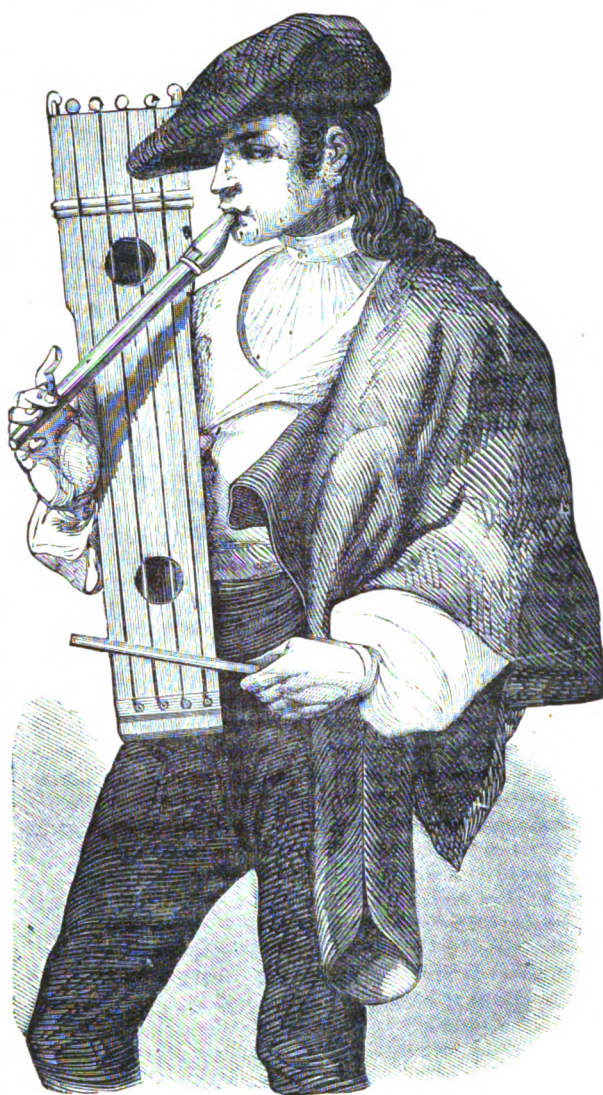
We now enter a wilder and more picturesque region, and the valley range of hills which extend to the southward until they blend with the Pyrenees, gradually exchange their chateaux for the humbler dwellings of the peasants, and their vineyards for the barren rocks or wastes of untrodden snow. Our view now becomes more closely bounded by the sides of abrupt and rugged hills, leaving little more than the excellent road on which we travel, and the now turbulent stream beside it, to occupy the valley between.

Not a breath of wind is stirring, though the rush of the rapid stream and the pace of our steeds gives to the air sufficient coolness. All is still above and around us, except the fierce, wild torrent beside our path; the vine-dressers busy at their work, their voices the while echoing from hill to hill. Here and there a peak of purest snow is beginning to be visible beyond the frowning crags above us, with which is contrasted the vivid green of patches of young flax in the valley, and the bright box and fern and ivy that hangs in rich profusion among the rocks.

At one part of the road we turn aside to see the source of the river Neez, which wells out of the solid rock, at once a considerable stream. We do not, however, lose this pleasant kind of companionship, for we soon find ourselves following up the course of another river, from whose banks we are only occasionally separated by rising ground.

Soon after, leaving Gan, we lose sight of the mountains, but the increasing freshness and coldness of the air, as well as the boldness and height of the crags over our head, indicates our approach to their vicinity; and at the little village of Rebenac we again behold a wider extent of mountainous scenery, though the Pic still remains hidden from our view. Much time does not elapse before we ascend a steep hill, and passing through the village of Seignac, come upon a magnificent view of the valley of Ossau.

It is here, for the first time, that we encounter the hardy mountaineer amidst his native wilds. These mountain people



THE MUSICIAN.

are a noble-looking race—tall, vigorous, and habited in a costume at once primitive and picturesque. The men wear a round cap or bonnet of brown cloth, their black and flowing hair being cut close in front and left to hang loose upon their shoulders. They usually wear a jacket of brown cloth, sometimes one of red, and a scarlet or crimson sash tied about the body. They are never known to wear trowsers, but always affect breeches of brown cloth, and worsted stockings of the same color and of their own knitting, not made with feet, but finished off with a kind of wide border of the same material, which hangs down over the great wooden shoe. These mountain shoes are commonly made in the shape of a canoe, only more curved underneath and more turned up at the toe. In addition to these, they generally have, somewhere about them, their wide woollen cloak, with its pointed hood.

The shepherds are always accompanied by a dog, of a kind peculiar to the Pyrenees, as large as the Newfoundland, but more like a wolf in shape, and always white, with a mixture of buff or wolfish gray. These dogs, though large and powerful, have the appearance of being gentle and docile, from their being thin and badly fed, but they have such a disposition to be otherwise, that it is not an unusual thing for a traveller to arm himself with pistols, to use in case he should be attacked by them.

A peculiarity of the Pyrenees shepherd's dog is that, like his master, he always leads instead of following the sheep. He is brought up entirely amongst them, and sleeps in the same fold. It is a curious sight to see the shepherd and his dog coming first out of a field and the flock following. The sheep are more

slender and taller than those of northern climes, with thick, curled horns, and long, fine wool, while the singularity of a long face, with a kind of Roman nose, makes them look particularly solemn.

Proceeding onward from the point we had reached, before we were drawn into this necessary digression about the Pyrenean shepherd and his dog, we soon arrive at Louvie, situated by the side of the river which waters the valley. At the inn here we make shift to appease our appetites, whetted to alarming keenness by the fresh mountain air, with the passable eggs and bacon and detestably venerable boiled rooster which the extortionate innkeeper provides for us.

After this slight repast, we mount our horses once more and ride on towards the mountains, the scene becoming at every step more bold, precipitate and wild, notwithstanding that our road lies along a lovely valley and by the side of the same river that waters that of Louvie.

A ride of several hours, and at the extremity of the plain through which we have journeyed, there rises before us an inaccessible mass of rock. Here, it would seem, our road terminates; not so, however, for it is through one of these rocks that the road has been cut; and here is the frightful gorge leading into the narrow defile of Eaux Chaudes.

As we approach the highest part of this hill, up which we walk our horses, a stormy sort of wind rushes past us, and we soon find ourselves in a narrow gorge or cleft, through which, upon the new world that opens before us, we look down bewildered and amazed. To our ear comes the roar of rushing waters and down, deep beneath us, lashing its way among



A YOUNG GIRL.

precipitous rocks, runs a river, apparently of emerald water and silver foam, which, at the depth of four hundred feet below this gorge hurries and buries itself in a seething cauldron, enclosed by rocks of the darkest purple and brown. It is said of a traveller, that in looking into this gulf, he exclaimed, "Beautiful horror!" And, indeed, this sentiment of awe is here universal.

The narrow defile along which we now wind our way is called the valley of the Gabaz, and derives its name from a little village, which is the last on this route before you enter Spain. Here, riding past the foot of one mountain and then another, each rising like a mighty barrier bolder and wilder than the last, we come suddenly upon a group of well-built houses (every one of which we afterwards find to be hotels, and very dear ones at that), and this we know is Eaux Chaudes.

Here, if we are "poorly," we will find the baths, the air, and the scene most conducive to health; if a well-conditioned traveller, we may enjoy adventurous rambles about the mountains with a guide, and feast our sense upon the ever varying panorama of nature for a week or two.

When the first fortnight is up, or the place has ceased to be attractive, we retrace our steps down the gorge until we reach the old town of Laurus at the foot of the mountain. Here we make a turn to the left, and walking our horses up a long and wearisome acclivity for more than three miles, we reach a point where the ascent becomes less arduous; and a few hours ride in this direction brings us to Eaux Bonnes, a town in miniature of which hotels and lodging-houses seem

to be the staple product. Here, too, we may drink of the waters, take a shower-bath under the cascade of the Gros-Hêtre if we will, climb dangerous crags, admire the scenery, recruit our appetites and take a new lease of life generally.

When we are tired of this romantic idling, or the waters have cured us of the ills to which Shakespeare has said the flesh is heir, and which those twin demons consumption and dyspepsia have maliciously put in possession of, we will go down the mountains again and get back to Pau; or, if we prefer a change of programme, take a run over to Bayonne, thence to Biarritz, the favorite sea-bathing place of the Empress Eugenie, to the spa of Cambo, and so on over the mountains to San Sebastian

and Tolosa in Spain, with a glance as we go at the "Bay of Biscay O!"

We shall find Bayonne to be a quiet old town, crammed full of historical associations, with a fine cathedral, an impregnable citadel, and a strong garrison. Saint-Etienne, one of its suburbs, is a perfect honeycomb of Jews, in whose hands lies the principal commerce of Bayonne, as well as the contraband trade with Spain. These shrewd Israelites also turn to good account the internal dissensions of that kingdom, by supplying the rebels, no matter of what party, with bad muskets, damaged powder, poor rations, &c.

In two days we can see all that is worth seeing in Bayonne, and then the best thing is to pack our trunks and start for Biarritz.

Biarritz is situated upon the seaside, about a league from Bayonne, in a corner of the innermost angle of the bay of Biscay, formed by the mountainous coast of Spain on the one side, and the low sandy shore of France on the other. Like Rome, "in this connection" only, it is situated upon seven hills; and its cheerful houses, pink, yellow and white, are grouped upon them in picturesque confusion. It is divided into an upper and a lower town; the latter is the new and aristocratic *quartier*; the former is the Biarritz of other days, consisting of a few lowly white-washed tenements, appearing from the sea like gulls perched upon the cliff. Almost all the inhabitants are lodging-house-keepers and bathers, for every summer the place is crowded with rich foreigners and French, in quest of amusement, change of scene and health.

Returning to Bayonne en route for Cambo, we pass



WOMEN AT A FOUNTAIN.

through the Landes; and, arriving at the first-named city, procure a horse to transport us to our new destination. Ascending the lowest spur of the Pyrenees, our route lying along the banks of the Nive river, we come to Cambo, the fame of whose mineral waters has converted an obscure hamlet into a fashionable resort.

Haut-Cambo is a row of houses of dazzling whiteness built upon a natural terrace, at whose base a valley, hitherto very narrow, suddenly widens, only to shrink, a few yards further on, to its former dimensions. Here the Nive shoots forward from a delta of stunted oak and pale pollards, and gliding along at the foot of Cambo is quickly lost to sight among the green hills.

Cambo is the first halting place, or rather step of the Pyrenean chain, which, as it ascends ridge by ridge, is alternately beautiful and fertile, grand and sombre; and always rich in historical associations, strange legends, minerals and wonderful fossil remains.

The medicinal water of Cambo is limpid, warm and colorless, and gives forth a faint odor of what Willis designates as "eggs that have outlived their usefulness." When the wind is northerly the smell is apt to be rather trying to those whose olfactories are delicately organized. The taste is similar to that of the Aix-la-Chapelle waters. The presence of iron is likewise distinguishable, and there is no acidity in it. When exposed to the air it gradually loses its transparency, minute yellow flakes accumulate, and after twenty-four hours the surface is covered with a thin scum, which reflects all the tints of the rainbow. The reservoir it falls into and the pipe it runs through are covered with a coating of oxide of iron.

The precipitous roads with which these mountains abound are frequently the sources of frightful accidents. In September of the present year, a too adventurous traveller, a young English clergyman of marked ability, slipped down a ravine and had his life dashed out against the stones, while at more remote periods several catastrophes of a like nature have occurred. Among these we cite one which might easily form the subject of a romance, though the incidents related are, unfortunately, only too true.

Many years ago there was an organized band of smugglers in the Pyrenees. Smuggling is not and never will be regarded as a heinous crime by the frontiersmen of any country, much less those of France or Spain; and Yvon Brunet, a stout, handsome young fellow was one of this band. Moreover, by one of Cupid's contrarities, Yvon was madly in love with Marie, only daughter of M. Noiraud, one of the custom-house officers of the place.

One night in mid-winter, when the snow covered the ground, the smugglers resolved upon a *coup*. Six large packages of the costliest silk were to cross the frontier into France that night without paying a sou of duty. Six men were chosen for this expedition, among them Yvon Brunet. They were all to dress in white and thus confound themselves in color with the snow, a *ruse* by which it was thought the officers of customs would be completely outwitted.

But, before the execution of the project, one of the gang, getting fuddled in a wine-shop in the village, betrayed the secret to a hanger-on of the place, who, with an eye to the reward, hastened off to communicate it to the commanding custom-house officer.

At seven o'clock that same evening, the lieutenant—such was his rank in the department—knocked softly at old Noiraud's door, and a moment after mysteriously entered the house, dressed in plain citizen clothes.

Noiraud rose to salute his superior, who, approaching him, requested him, in a whisper, to send Marie out of the room. A sign from the father sufficed for that; but the poor girl's heart went thump-thump in her breast, for she knew of the expedition in which her lover was to take part, and already foresaw some misfortune.

Were the smugglers betrayed? Had the lieutenant learned of the expedition planned for that night? How could she ascertain? Listen at the door! No, she could not become an eavesdropper. So she wandered about the little house like a soul in pain. The interview between the two men was quite long. At last the lieutenant went away, and Noiraud called back his daughter.

The father's face shone with a joy which was not unmingled with bate.

"To-night," said he, "we will put an end for some time, I hope, to the operations of these rascally smugglers. Give me my fur cap, Marie, and then my cloak."

He then explained to his daughter, who strove to conceal her uneasiness under a tranquil exterior, the plan of the smugglers, and the measures the officers had resolved upon to entrap them.

It was fortunate for the young girl that her father was in a

hurry to join his comrades, for she trembled as she went with him to the door, and her face wore the paleness of death.

Noiraud took his flask of brandy, wrapped himself up in his cloak, put on his fur cap, and went out, saying "Good-night" to his daughter.

Marie let herself fall upon a chair; her mind was so overloaded with dismal thoughts that the cry she now uttered was one of relief. She did not know what to do. One thing alone seemed clear to her—the loss of her dear Yvon. In case he was not shot down like a dog, nothing but the galleys awaited him.

The young girl wrung her hands in agony; cold beads of sweat stood on her forehead. Was there no means to save him? She threw herself on her knees to implore the assistance of heaven. A sudden inspiration gave her life again.

"It is for me to save Yvon!" she exclaimed—"for me! happen what may. I know the road; I know the hour of the expedition. May God protect me!"

Her eyes shone with a holy exaltation. She put on warmer garments, took her father's cane, and remembering the *ruse* of the smugglers, enveloped herself in a sheet to avoid being seen, in case she should have to pass by the custom-house officer's post.

Her resolution once taken, all fear was banished from her mind. Could she not, when once arrived at the short cut through the mountains which the smugglers were to take, warn them of their danger, and make them take another road by which they could elude the government officers? And if they should lose their merchandise, what mattered it?—she would have saved the lives of six men, and, above all, that of her dear Yvon.

She started on her mission of love, and passed through the village without meeting any obstacle. Like a timid hare, she hurried past the houses to regain the highway beyond. The snow, which covered all the country round about, gave forth in the middle of the night a sort of light, which guided the young girl.

Arrived near her destination, she stopped to look about her. The stone quarry where she had counted upon meeting the smugglers stood out against the snow like an ink spot on white napkin. The cold was excessive; the wind blew from the north with almost irresistible violence; but Marie heeded it not: how could she think of the cold when her lover was in such great danger?

Until now her road had been an easy one, but the difficulties were about to commence. The foal from the village is here bordered with perpendicular rocks, thirty or forty feet in height, then by steep banks of earth, hardened by frost and covered with snow. Here and there only a bunch of hazel or of hawthorn seems to hold out its arms to any one who wishes to scale the bank. Higher up the shrubbery grows thicker and thicker, and the ascent becomes easier. At length you reach a slate quarry; this quarry seems to have been worked for more than half a century, though never very deep down into the earth. The rock, which descends like a perpendicular wall, is about eighty feet high and as many wide. A narrow footpath runs by the side of this dangerous precipice, situated exactly in the middle of the mountains, and the pedestrian sees nothing between himself and the abyss but some clumps of shrubbery, and not always even these. An inhabitant of the plain would shudder at the idea of passing by such a place, and would be seized with a vertigo if he even attempted it. But Marie, the child of the mountain, used to such perils, did not so much as trouble her head about them, but walked along singing a gay refrain with as much nonchalance as if she had been upon the open road.

This was the path chosen by the smugglers, and the poor girl, already pierced through with the cold, must needs take it too. She at length reaches a place where a sloe tree extends towards her its frail branches. She seizes them and makes a spring upwards. Alas! the branches break under her weight, and Marie falls back to the foot of the declivity.

A second time she makes the attempt, and with better success. Little by little she reaches the place where the shrubbery commences to form a thicket, and there rests herself, for

she is much fatigued with the efforts she has been obliged to make.

At this moment the clock of the village church sounds the hour. It is three quarters after nine, and at ten the smugglers start. The thought of this makes Marie forget her fatigue and her bleeding hands. She begins again to toil upward, aiding herself with her stick and the branches of the stunted trees. After inexpressible hardships she arrives at the edge of the precipice. An icy shudder runs through her frame when she sees the yawning abyss at her feet, only guarded here and there by a little shrubbery.

It is ten o'clock ! but how, in her exhausted state, can she climb that steep and perilous path ? She looks all around her to find, if possible, a detour which will render that exertion useless, but there is no other means of accomplishing her ends. "Yvon is in danger," she says to herself, as if to draw new strength from those magic words. And she presses forward in this road of horrors. Drops of blood stain the snow from step to step, for often are Marie's hands torn by the thorny bushes which hedge her from the abyss.

At length she reaches the place where the mountain road crosses the footpath ; here she will warn the smugglers in time of the trap that is set for them. But the wind blows here with a terrible violence and almost turns her face to ice. She is heated by her difficult ascent, and cannot remain exposed to this cold air. A little farther on are some young oak trees which are yet covered with their dry leaves. Hither she directs her trembling steps, and sits down at the foot of a tree, for her limbs refuse to support her. She now clasps her bleeding hands and utters a fervent prayer to Him who can shape our destinies howsoever He listeth.

It was ten o'clock when Yvon and his companions, each in his suit of white, with spiked shoes on their feet, an iron-pointed stick in their hands, and the bundles of silk strapped to their shoulders, safely crossed the high road near the hut where the custom-house officers were watching for them. In doing this they bent close to the ground, and walked so carefully and noiselessly that the officials, though on the look-out for the slightest moving thing, failed to discover them.

With the skill acquired by long practice, and the safety common to all children of the mountain, they climbed the declivity and directed their steps to the left towards the quarry. The way was extremely difficult ; but thanks to their shoes and iron-shod sticks they advanced and arrived at the narrow footpath which borders like a perpendicular wall the abandoned quarry. They necessarily marched in single file, each one putting his foot in the track of the leader, who sounded the ground before him with his stick.

Long had Marie waited for them seated under that oak tree. Her heart beat louder every moment, for all sorts of dreadful suppositions passed through her mind. Had the officers concealed in the hut made the contrabandists prisoners ? At this thought she shuddered with terror. Little by little the biting cold made less impression on her ; her ideas became confused, and she felt an unconquerable desire to sleep creep over her. Yet she still retained, at intervals, a consciousness of her situation.

At one of these intervals she sprang to her feet, remembering that this drowsiness and numbness were but the precursors to death by freezing. She armed herself with the resolution to remain standing, but such was her fatigue that she was soon forced to sit down again.

Presently she heard the snow cracking under advancing footsteps, and she felt herself animated with a new life. She looked fixedly in the direction from whence the noise came, and soon distinguished white phantoms slowly and cautiously advancing ; she then threw off the sheet in which she had enveloped herself and walked towards the smugglers.

Their leader who sounded the way before taking a step, had his eyes fixed on the ground, suddenly perceived a dark shadow before him, raised his eyes, and recognized to his horror a human figure.

"Treason !" he exclaimed, " treason ! Brothers, back on your steps."

But in turning back, overpowered by sudden fright, they

forgot where they were, and all precipitated themselves in the abyss.

Marie, sole witness of this horrible spectacle, fell inanimate on the snow.

That night, at about eleven o'clock, the leader of the smugglers knocked at several doors in the village, imploring help in the name of God, saying that a horrible accident had occurred. His own face was all bruised and bloody, and served as a corroboration of his story. Several of the villagers followed him to the pit of the quarry, and there they found five men stretched out on the snow, one dead, and four seriously wounded. The latter were carried to the village in perfect silence, and their bundles put in a place of safety ; but the dead man they left there.

The dead man was Yvon Brunet ; he had his skull broken in.

When the custom-house officers left their hut to reconnoitre, they came across Marie still lying inanimate on the snow. Her father was in despair, and bore her quickly in his arms to the village ; but the doctor said she had frozen to death.

EMILY VALE.

CHAPTER I.

"IS THIS ALL ? Oh ! is this all ?" and the speaker lifted up her bowed head. The light of the candle reveals her face, and what a fair young face it was ! There was the white brow of intellect shaded by tresses of black hair ; the sweet mouth, and the dear, earnest eyes, so unutterably beautiful.

Many times has Emily Vale walked up and down her room to-night, her white hands clasped over her bosom, trying in vain to reconcile herself to what must be on the morrow ; but the tears will gather in the large, dark eyes, and the sweet mouth tremble with grief. And why ? Hers is a beautiful home, and she its only mistress. True, her mother sleeps in the silent grave ; but a proud and loving father is still left her. But it is not this the young girl is thinking of now. Her soul is wandering back over the dead years of the past, and she is re-reading on their snowy scroll joyous hopes and blessed dreams written there in the old days.

Her memory is hovering over the earliest, happiest part of her life. It was only two years ago, when she had reached her seventeenth summer, that she first met Charles Marcus. He was their pastor : and faithfully he ministered to the people of his charge. Seldom found in the halls of mirth, he was often in the halls of mourning. Was a soul passing from time to eternity, his deep voice, so powerful in its sublimity, and again so soothing in its low music, was heard in prayer or cheering the dying pilgrim nearing the grave. Sabbath after Sabbath he stood in the pulpit, a radiant light resting upon his countenance, proclaiming the word of Life, till he became very dear to his people. But in his teachings of heaven, that summer, he learned, with Emily Vale, a sweet earth-lesson which neither could forget. Thrown in each other's society, with souls attuned to harmony, was it a wonder they loved ? She realised in him all that was great and good in man : and he thought her the loveliest of women. And so the bright summer days, so fraught with bliss to them, wore away and brought at their close a parting ! for he was destined to go as a missionary to a far-off land ; she to await, in her young heart's love, his return. The parting was full of bitterness and pain to both.

"I must do my duty," said Charles. "Have you nothing to give me, to keep in remembrance of you, while I am gone ?"

"I would offer you my Bible, Charles, but I know its holy truths are laid up in your heart, so I will give you this," she replied, and a curl of hair dropped into his hand.

"Bless you, darling !" he whispered. "It shall be prized by me as dearly as life."

"Oh, Charles !" she cried, "how can I give you up ?"

Gazing through tears upon her, he answered, "I know not, Emily, but I may fall in the ranks of death on that far-off shore."

"Then you will be lost to me," murmured the weeping girl.

"If the soul was not immortal," he said—"if there was no awakening from the sleep of death—no bright heaven beyond the stars—then, indeed, we might be lost to each other for ever!" Then folding her to his bosom, he pressed a last kiss on her pale cheek, and was gone.

But, strange to say, though absent so long, he had never written; and now, for months, Emily had thought him false. No wonder her voice rings out so mournfully to-night, "Charles! Charles! How I loved you! How I trusted you, as I can never trust again—you, whom I deemed so noble, so good and true! How I dreamed of a glowing future, a peaceful pathway, oh! so blest, which our feet would tread together, you guiding me by your earnest spiritual life to a home in heaven." And she burst into tears.

But the apparent treachery of Charles was not her only grief. A week before that her father said, "Emily, my child, Louis Vernon has asked of me your hand." And when she answered, "I will stay with you, father, while I live. I esteem Louis, but do not love him;" he replied, "Emily, must I tell you all?—must I tell you that I am a bankrupt, that I shall be ruined unless you marry him? He is wealthy—he will save me." Then Emily started to her feet. "I will brave poverty," she cried, "even death itself for you, father, only spare me this trial. My love is buried in a living tomb. Though Charles be false, I love him still!"

A pallor like that of death spread over the old man's face. He did not tell her that when he saw his ruin he intercepted her letters; but he did say, in a hoarse voice, "I shall be ruined, Emily! My honor, peace, all lost! And when you see your old father groping about in a prison-cell, the snow of sixty years resting upon his head, remember you could have spared him this bitter trial."

Then Emily sprang towards him; her arms were around his neck, and from her white lips there came a cry—what a cry! so full of tenderness, and yet wailing with despair. "Father! father! I love you! For your sake I will wed him."

All this now passes before the young girl, who wanders up and down her room to-night. To-morrow she is to be the wife of Louis Vernon. He is a slight, delicate man, and said to be consumptive; and happy might be the woman who could love him and appreciate his dreamy, poetic nature. Emily knew

his worth; but she was one that, loving once, could never forget. After treasuring up in her heart such beautiful dreams for the future, such a holy love for truth, is it not natural that, in a voice of touching sadness, she should say, "Is this all? oh! is this all?"

It was near midnight when she turned from that room to seek her couch. What a night of torture to her! In her great love for her father, sometimes the sacrifice she was about to make appeared but naught; and she would walk up and down, her soul wrapped in a feverish joy, that she was doing this for him; but it was only for a moment, for into her heart would steal the bitter truth, "Sold, sold to buy back lost wealth!" Then the

scorn on that young face was pitiful to behold. The last words that lingered upon her lips that night were "Charles! Charles! how could you slight such love as mine? How could you so blight my peace? Oh, Charles!" It was the last time his name was on her lips for years.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years have passed. Near the city of Chester a splendid home is situated. How beautifully it rises there on that green knoll, in the last flush of the sunset! The trees surrounding it are snowy with blossoms, and the sweet perfume glides in at the open windows, where all bespeaks refinement and luxury. This is the home of Louis and Emily Vernon.

Louis sits upon the portico, his chair leaning against the white post, while little Willie, their child, plays at his feet. If Louis Vernon did not realise what he expected in his married life, he knew before that he was not loved. If the soft hand of his wife had seldom wandered lovingly

through his hair, or rested on his broad, white brow, it had never been raised in defiance to his will. If her sweet lips were pressed to his less often than he wished, they had never spoken one unkind word to him.

I know not if a sad presentiment is hovering over his mind; but he is dreaming of death. Consumption had made rapid strides in his delicate constitution. The earnest, beautiful light in his eye, and the quick flush proclaim that he was the victim of that fell disease. Yet he is not awed at the approach of death; he shrinks not appalled from the coffin and the shroud. His eyes are turned from the beautiful landscape before him to the evening sky, so dazzling in the flush of the



THE MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD.—SEE PAGE 513.

sunset. A smile, wherein is mingled much of peace and joy, flits over his countenance.

Emily, who has been wandering in the garden, beholds this scene. Her father has been dead some two years; and if he had not told her of his deception and Charles's constancy, the old love might have been blotted out; but Charles, she now

a kiss on his brow, saying, "Dear Louis, if the years I have spent with you have not been rife with tumultuous joy, I bless you that they have been full of peace. I have ever cherished in my heart a sacred tenderness for you, Louis; and your sickness has rendered you dearer to me than you could have been in health."



IN THE PYRENEES.—"OVERPOWERED BY SUDDEN FRIGHT THEY FORGOT WHERE THEY WERE, AND ALL PRECIPITATED THEMSELVES INTO THE ABYSS"—SEE PAGE 513.

knew, had been true to her. This was the thought that followed her through all these years: yet still she is attached to her husband. It might have been a terrible fear that smote her heart when she gazed on Louis's pale countenance, or perhaps it was the spiritual radiance resting there, that filled her soul with a sudden tenderness, for she went to him and pressed

"I have been happy," he dreamingly murmured. A week from that evening he slept the sleep of death, and Emily and Willic were alone in the world.

CHAPTER III.

IN one of the rooms of a large hotel, in the city of Chester,

Charles Marcus sat; his head was bent over his hand, where lay a long black curl of hair, and tears were falling on it.

"If the thought that she was false had not prevented me," he murmured, "I would have been here long ago. How I dreamed of her on that far-off shore! And sometimes I feared it was sin; for when I wrote my sermons, I saw her eyes! and when I knelt to pray, her form was before me! How the sweet voices of the olden time whisper in my heart to-day! I was so full of hope and joy once that I do not murmur; but my soul will weep over the beautiful dream, shattered for ever."

He brushed the tears from his dark, spiritual eyes, and passed from the room. As he was entering the ladies' parlor he heard the murmur of a name that made his heart throb wildly; and pausing, he listened to a conversation between two ladies in the parlor.

"Poor Emily Vale! you remember her, Alice?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," said the other, "she married to save her father from ruin, when she loved a young minister, a missionary in a foreign land. Her husband has been dead a year; and by the negligence or fraud of her trustees, all the property has been lost, and now she is in the depths of poverty. Did you see that sweet child in here a moment ago? That was Emily's! and he was asking alms."

Charles waited to hear no more. Turning the corner of one of the streets, he saw a little child. "Emily's!" he cried, and hurried on. "What is your name, little boy?" he said, kindly. The child looked up, with a wondering glance, into that proud, noble face, and his sweet voice answered, "Willie Vernon." He was folded to the minister's heart. "I should have known you were her child, among a thousand, by those lustrous eyes. Won't you take me to your mother, darling?" The child's voice quivered. "Mamma is very poor," he said. "You won't like to go to our home. I stole away awhile ago, for I thought God would make somebody give a little boy like me something, and He did!" and the tiny hand was opened, and there lay a shilling, given him by the lady who had spoken of Emily in the parlor.

"Take me to her, Willie! take me to her, and you shall never want any more while I live," said Charles.

The little fellow obeyed, and soon they reached his home. Emily, weary and wasted, sat leaning her head on one hand, sadly dreaming of what might have been, what had been, and what was now. "Will there no bright morning ever come again?" she thought. "Will eternity alone brighten my sorrows?" There was a step on the stairs; the door opened, and a deep voice broke the stillness. "Come to me, my Emily!" it said; "come to the heart that has mourned you as lost." That voice, that lofty form, that smile of unutterable peace and joy were Charles's!

A week later, that old room was desolate, and the home that had been Louis Vernon's became Charles Marcus's. Coming up through the green lane, one June evening, were a group of three. They paused beneath the shadow of a lofty tree.

"The night was very dark, husband," said the lady, "but a morning, brighter than I ever dreamed of, has dawned upon me."

A little curly head was lifted up, and a sweet childish voice murmured, "I knew God would be good to us before long, mamma."

"No wonder," said the gentleman, with reverent tenderness, his dark eyes resting on the little boy, "no wonder, for hath not the Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven?'"

A RAILROAD JOURNEY.

"Will you mind having the window up, old fellow?" said I to Charley Howard, one foggy afternoon as we were travelling down to Scotland together; "it is a precious raw day this same twenty-ninth of February."

"Twenty-ninth of February!" repeated Charley, like a par-

rot, pausing with the window half up in his hand, "is it possible?"

"Possible, albeit improbable, I admit, seeing it comes but once in four years. But what on earth is the matter with you, Charley? It is leap-year, certainly, but what of that, unless you have been trilling with the affections of some fair damsel who will pursue you to make you an offer, which she is entitled to do this year! Is she after you? By Jove! I believe you are afraid she will come after you here."

"Fred," said Charley, in a subdued, quiet way very unlike himself, for he is a noisy fellow is Charley, six foot high, and always in the open air. I believe he thinks a house need only consist of a bed-room and dining-hall, with perhaps a lean-to for a billiard-table on a wet day. "You know I am not a fellow to take nervous fancies into my head; don't laugh now, if I tell you a very strange thing that happened to me on this very line, four years ago this very day."

"You nervous! well, I should not have thought it, certainly, although I wish my best ties were ever as white as your blessed face is at this very moment. Go ahead, Charley! But let me light my cigar, to keep my spirits up. Nothing like a story for sending a man to sleep—particularly yours"—which last utterance was *setto voce*.

"Four years ago, to-day," began Charley, in such a solemn tone, upon my life, I felt rather inclined to kick the fellow for making me feel drowsy before my time! "four years ago I was travelling on this very line——"

"You told me that before," said I; "get on, do!"

"And as I wanted to have a quiet smoke——"

"No harm in that," said I, approvingly; "a thing I am not averse to myself."

"I bribed the guard to lock me in a carriage by myself——"

"Your foresight was good," said I again, "though tampering with the company's servants is forbidden."

"I had performed about half the journey in much comfort," resumed Charley, "when the train stopped at a junction station about five o'clock in the afternoon. There was a good deal of crowd on the platform, and, secure in the purchase I had made of the guard's promise, I amused myself by watching the people elbowing and pushing each other about. There was one figure, however, which attracted my attention by the contrast it formed to the rest; it was a lady, wrapped in a long white burnous, which looked cold and chilly that foggy afternoon."

"Possibly her dressing-gown," said I; "an ill-judged costume, certainly."

"She was apparently young, for the tall figure was very slender; but she had so thick a veil on her face that I could not distinguish the features. She alone seemed to know neither bustle nor hurry; she moved slowly along, with a sort of undulating motion, and with the utmost unconcern walked up and down until the bell had rung and the train was just starting, when, to my surprise, she stood opposite my carriage, gently opened the door, and placed herself on the opposite side to me. 'Hang the fellow,' said I to myself, 'I thought he told me the door was locked.' But there was no time for remonstrance then, for the train had started. She sat quite still with her veil down, and I began to wish very much to see her face."

"Very pardonable, as you thought she was young," muttered I.

"There was a long bright curl hanging from beneath the veil which took my fancy very much——"

"I should have taken the curl, I think," said I.

"So, to begin a conversation, I said I was afraid she might find the carriage smell of smoke. As I spoke she turned her head towards me. 'I am afraid then, sir,' she said, 'that I am a most unwelcome intruder in your carriage, for I must have interfered with your smoking.' As she spoke, she lifted the thick veil, and upon my life, Fred, I never saw so beautiful a face: it was a perfect oval, with beautiful soft brown eyes, very delicately traced eyebrows above them, and long lashes that rested on her cheek when she looked down."

"How they must have tickled," I once more interpolated.

"The only fault of her face was perhaps a want of color."

"Result, probably, of dissipation, hot rooms," interrupted I, but Charley got impatient.

"Positively, Fred, I will tell you no more, if you won't attend."

"Attend, my dear fellow! my little remarks are all to show the unflagging attention with which I am listening. But go on, Charley, I won't say much more if I can help it."

"What more I have to say will soon be said," continued Charley, speaking more to himself than to me—which was rude, but I forgave him. "I have seldom had a more witty and intellectual companion. She could talk of every subject below the stars, and some beyond them. I can't talk to women generally, for I can't pay compliments, and never go to the opera; but this woman was as reasonable as a man, while she was as quick as a woman."

"Ah, intellectual women!—wisdom and water, I know," suggested I, but this time so low that he did not hear me, and went on.

"It had meanwhile got dark; but there was a young moon, and by the uncertain light of the lamp I could only see the soft outline of her figure and the dazzling whiteness of her face, supported by her hand, on which I, for the first time, noticed a wedding-ring; but, to my surprise, the hand was streaked with blood. 'Good gracious! madam, I am afraid you have hurt your hand,' I said, starting forward."

"I have not hurt it," she replied, faintly, "it is stained."

"She did not attempt to move it or to change her position, and I sat looking at it and at the wedding-ring, and wondering what her history was, *i. e.*, thinking it must be a mournful one, for she never once smiled—not even the shadow of a smile—all the time we were talking, though we were witty enough, as I have told you—"

"I heard you say *she was*," I replied, "and don't deny the possibility of that; but from what I know of you, can scarcely credit it of you *both*."

"When a sudden gust of wind coming whistling down the cutting extinguished the lamp—"

"What a disagreeable smell it must have made," said I.

"And left us in perfect darkness. 'How very unfortunate,' said I to the lady, 'just as we were coming to a tunnel, too.' I thought I heard a faint sigh and her dress rustling. I remember thinking how cold it was in that tunnel, there was such a rush of cold, damp air over us. Then we began to emerge, and I wondered, with a kind of childish speculation, how soon, by the feeble moonlight, I should be able to trace her outline on the opposite seat. I sat with my eyes fixed on it, but could see nothing. It is too dark, thought I to myself, though I could distinguish the divisions of the seats and my cloak and rug on one of them. 'We must get the lamp re-lighted,' said I, aloud, but there was no answer, and I shivered at the sound of my own voice. I bent forward and felt over the seats; I could feel nothing there. I spoilt match after match of my cigar lights as I endeavored to make one burn. I thought we should never stop again; at last, however, we came to a station, and I hallooed to the guard to light the lamp. 'The door is not locked, after all your promises,' said I to him; 'take it out that way.'"

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' said a porter, 'the door is locked; and he lighted the lamp from the top.'"

"I was *alone* in the carriage. 'Good heavens!' said I, 'where is the lady?'"

"The men stared at me. 'I tell you there was a lady here,' I repeated: 'she must have got out in the tunnel.'"

"'There was no lady, sir,' said the guard; but the porter, with a very serious face, shook his head, and said, 'Ah? you've seen her too, sir, have you?'"

"The train, however, went on at that moment, and I had no time to investigate the subject further. Well, Fred, what do you think, Fred? Don't think me mad, for it is true."

"Mad! certainly not, my dear fellow, only a little sleepy, as indeed your most interesting story has made me."

"I was not asleep, Fred," replied Charley; "I was as broad awake as I am now. Besides, the porter evidently knew there was a mystery."

"Oh, if you are going to make the whole thing turn upon

the porter's shaking his head, I have done with you," said I, incredulously. "I could make as good a romance, and call it the Porter's Wink, if that is all that is necessary. Seriously, Charley, how can you be such an old fool? You had been dreaming, or else eating cat-pie at the last station."

Charley shook his head and began murmuring something about never eating cat-pies at stations.

"Well, at any rate," said I, "I did, the very last time we stopped, and I think it must have been an old Tom; the remembrance of it makes me so uncomfortable that I must go to sleep at once." Thus speaking, I wrapped myself well in my rug, as I naturally did not believe a word of the narrative with which my friend Charley had favored me.

CHAPTER II.

I MIGHT have been asleep half an hour and more when I suddenly woke up, feeling thoroughly chilled and uneasy, and, looking up, saw Charley who was sitting opposite me, with such a look of terror and amazement on his pale face that I immediately put down my uneasy slumbers to his account.

"Good heavens! Charley," said I, "how the dickens do you expect a fellow to sleep if you sit pulling such long faces opposite him. No wonder I couldn't keep quiet. What is the matter now? Still thinking of your mysterious fiddlesticks?"

"Hush!" said Charley, "there she is!"

I jumped round, sure enough next the other window on my side sat a lady, wrapped, as Charley had described, in a white burnous; the curl of which he had spoken escaping from under the thick veil which concealed her face from us. I'm not such a fool as I look in general, but I must say I was a little staggered for a moment; my next impulse was to enter into conversation with her.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said I, raising my hat, "I am afraid you must have thought I used strong language just now, but I felt myself aggrieved by my friend, as I am a very light sleeper, and I considered he had disturbed me by the very disagreeable face he was making."

"I should not have thought you so light a sleeper, either, sir," replied a sweet low voice, as the lady bowed in return, "for you did not seem to heed the bustle of the Junction on my getting in." So saying she raised her veil, and the identical soft brown eyes Charley had spoken of gazed sadly at me from her astonishingly white brow.

"Take some sherry, Charley," said I, handing him the flask, for I saw his whole frame quivering. "And may I offer you some, madam?"

"None, thank you," she replied.

Charley's hand shook so he dropped the stopper, and it rolled towards her. She picked it up, and restored it to me. Her glove was off.

"Heavens, madam! is it broken? It has cut your hand!" I exclaimed, "it is bleeding."

"I have not hurt it, it is stained," was the quiet answer.

I was getting very uncomfortable; how was this? I know one often has a feeling when a thing takes place. I have done this before. I know exactly what is going to happen next; but it was something more than that now. Was I dreaming? surely not, for I heard the train go whizzing on through the evening air, the occasional whistle, the flash of a light as we passed a station, stopping sometimes, and hearing feet crushing the wet gravel; while all the time Charley sat opposite, pale and strange looking, and I could see his lip tremble when the light shone on him. Beside me sat our silent companion, still and motionless, her face resting as Charley had described it, on the stained hand. I tried to shake off the feelings of dread that were creeping over me, and turning to her began a conversation with her. I found that Charley had indeed not exaggerated her powers of mind, and we were still talking (she and I), when I became aware of a singular movement of the carriage in which we were, which increased till we were swung violently backwards and forwards. Then there was a tremendous crash, the carriage upset, and all seemed going to pieces. An immense spar struck the lady violently on the head; I heard a crunching of delicate bones, saw Charley sinking under another; I myself was stunned by the concussion. When I

recovered, there seemed nothing round me but a mass of broken timbers; but after a time I distinguished Charley, lying bleeding and insensible under the debris. The greater mass, however, seemed on the lady's side. I groped my way to her, and shuddering to think what I should find there, with no expectation of there being any answer to my question, remembering what I had heard and seen against the small head, I asked how much she was hurt?

"Not at all, I thank you," replied the sweet low voice I never thought to hear again. "How is your friend?"

"He is insensible; I cannot, I fear, extricate him. Can I assist you?"

"Do not mind me," she answered; "go at once for assistance for your friend."

"But I cannot leave you so." I was trying to remove the spars that lay over her; how she could breathe under such a weight astonished me, for I could not move one, and they lay right on her chest.

"Only assist me to extricate my hand, and then hasten away," she answered; "you cannot help me otherwise."

With the greatest exertion I managed to effect an opening, through which she passed her hand. I started, for the blood seemed fresh on it. The next moment I remembered the singular stain. I took hold of it to pull it through; it was deadly, heavy, cold, and sent a shiver to my very soul.

"Now go," she said, "you can do no more for me, and your friend's life may be at stake. Oh, go!"

I had indeed been neglecting poor Charley. I now freed his head and chest as much as I could, and then crept out to see if I could get help. It was a frightful scene as I made my way out; there were a few glaring torches, brought from the next station, which we were near, and people running madly up and down; whilst among the broken timbers you saw mangled, bleeding bodies, helplessly, hopelessly entangled. Another train running into ours seemed to have caused the accident by throwing us down an embankment. I was fortunate enough to fall in with the guard of our train (who happened to be an old servant of our family, and knew me well), directing some fellows with spades to dig for the passengers, and prevailed upon him to begin with our carriage.

I set them to work on poor Charley, who was still insensible, and climbed over to the other side to encourage the lady. I found her as I had left her.

"Make haste, my lads," said I, "the lady is still conscious."

"What lady, sir?" said the guard, coming towards me.

"There was no one in the carriage you recollect, Mr. Frederick, but you and the poor gentleman. You told me to lock you in."

"But there was a lady, I tell you, got in afterwards; there is a lady, here under our feet; help me to move these timbers, man."

The man stared at me, as if he thought me insane; but helped to remove one or two spars, and she raised herself on her arm.

"Gently, gently, man," said I. "You will let that fall on the lady's head again. Can you rise now, madam?" and I held out my hand.

"My good sir, my dear sir, there is no one there," said the guard, catching my outstretched arm. "By Heavens, I think he is gone mad! Mr. Frederick!"

"No one there—what do you mean?" said I, shaking him off. "You must be mad. Come, madam;" and as I touched her cold hand she rose to her feet, as if she cast the timber off her like water. "You will set her cloak on fire, man!" I exclaimed, rushing on the guard, who was waving his torch so close to us, I thought the light garment of my companion must catch the flame.

"Now do'ee come away, sir, there's nothing there, nothing but the broken timbers," replied the man, soothingly. "I believe the poor gentleman's head is turned," he added to one of the other men.

A fearful sensation overpowered me, was she then invisible? By this time Charley was extricated, and with the assistance of one of the men, whom I retained to help me, we carried him to the station-house. The lady walked noiselessly by our side. I do not know if the other man was aware of her presence. I

almost thought that Charley felt it, unconscious as he appeared, for the expression of his face changed as she came to his side. It was a mournful walk; but we reached the station-house at last, and placed him on one of the sofas in the waiting-room. The lady stood by his side, like a tall statue, still wrapped in her white cloak. She was still standing there when I came back from inquiring for the nearest doctor; one had been sent for, and was expected to arrive immediately.

"A doctor is coming," I said; "perhaps we can do something meanwhile. Can you chafe his hands?"

"Is this likely to warm them?" she replied, softly laying her icy hand for one moment on mine; the touch almost paralyzed it.

"You are ill yourself!" I exclaimed. "What can I do? Rest yourself."

"Rest. Oh, Heavens!" she answered, waving me away. "Do not think of me. I cannot rest; attend to your friend."

The advice was good. I knelt down by Charley, loosened his cravat, and endeavored to staunch the blood that flowed from the wound in his head. She stood at a little distance from us, her arms folded on her breast, and an expression of intense agony on her pale face. I was still busy with my friend, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs outside; the door opened, and at the same moment a dreadful shriek rang through the air, and turning, I saw the lady had disappeared, and a stout, middle-aged man standing in the doorway. That dreadful shriek had penetrated even to Charley's slumbering brain; he opened his eyes, and faintly asked where he was.

Meanwhile, the new comer, who proved to be the doctor, advanced hastily towards me, and in agitated tones inquired in the name of Heaven who the lady was?

"I know nothing of her," said I, "except that she travelled with us part of the way. Where can she be gone now?"

"Do not go. Do not go after her," exclaimed Charley, faintly detaining me, as I was rushing from the room. "Is she gone? It must be about the time she disappeared before."

In spite of his remonstrances, I, however, went out, and inquired of the people in the outer room which way the lady in the white cloak had gone? They all denied having seen any such lady either enter or go out, and even the man who had helped me to carry Charley evidently thought I was delirious in talking of the lady who had walked by our side.

I returned to the waiting-room, where the doctor was binding up Charley's wounds, and told him of my fruitless researches, and asked what he knew of her? He replied that he did not know her; but was struck by her likeness to a lady whom he attended in that neighborhood some years before, whose husband had been killed in a railway accident, not far from this very station.

"What became of the lady?" I asked.

"She died," was the short answer.

I fancied I heard a moan run through the building as he spoke, but it might have been merely my excited fancy. He was not at first disposed to communication on the subject; but Charley's hurts were severe; for some time he was under Dr. Healall's treatment, and from him we at last gained the history of the lady whose mysterious likeness had disappeared so suddenly on his arrival with us. She had confided it to him on her deathbed.

It appeared she had married a rich cotton-spinner, many years older than herself, and in order to save her favorite brother from disgrace and ruin, she had forged her husband's name to cheques for an amount which freed her brother. The husband, however, had discovered the fraud; he put the police on the track of the brother, and carried her off with him, intending to take her to Glasgow, to confront her with the manager of the bank there on which the forgeries had been drawn. They seemed to have had a frightful quarrel in the railway carriage, he reproaching her with her dishonesty, and she fiercely upbraiding him with wishing to deliver her brother to justice.

"Sooner than you should succeed!" she cried in her passion, "may we never reach our journey's end—may I rather see you dead at my feet!"

He started up, saying he would travel no longer in the same

carriage with her, and thrust his head through the window to call to the guard that he wished to change his seat at the next station.

As he stood with his head and part of his body out of the window, she saw they were coming to a tunnel! They were on the line next the wall; she saw it coming—and coming; but she would not speak. The next moment there was a blow—a crunch, and her husband's corpse fell heavily across her lap with the skull fractured by concussion against the wall. How she travelled miles in the darkening afternoon of that awful 29th of February, with that dead body on her knee, her fair hand stained by his blood; how when they found her at last, she was almost paralysed to idiocy; how she lingered but a few weeks after him, and then faded away a prey to the deepest remorse, time and space failed to tell me here; but Dr. Heal-all's narrative was as solemn as it was thrilling, and both Charley and I left M——, sobered and saddened men.

TARRAT'S GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

"HALLO, Warren, rouse yourself; it's somebody's birthday, and Dr. R. says we may have a holiday."

"Oh, he can't hear—such a studious youth! cuts out the whole school. Dr. R.'s pet and favorite, wake up!"

"He is thinking of his cousin, the little princess kept locked up so tight in old Tarrat's Grange, that one can't get a wink at her," said a lanky boy, in blue spectacles.

"You had better take care, Barnacles; he's dux."

"Don't care if he's drakes," responded Barnacles, preparing to shy an inkstand at the student.

Suddenly Warren's book was thrown down, a form overturned, the inkstand snatched from poor Barnacles, and a shower of blows peppered about his light yellow head.

"Go it, Warren! pitch into him! There, by George, he has smashed the gogs."

"There's half-a-crown to buy a new pair," said Warren, flinging a coin after the broken spectacles.

"Ho! he's flush to-day."

"The old miser has stumped up," sung out Barnacles, still game, though very red and heated from his castigation.

Paul Warren took no notice, but passed on steadily through the school yard and along the high road until he reached the drive gate of Tarrat's Grange.

"They may well call it Old Tarrat," muttered Paul; "but as for my uncle being a miser—umph! I wish he had anything to hoard."

"Good evening, Paul," said a voice in the rear. "Mr. Warren in?"

"Is he ever out?" was the answer. "You are the only visitor at Tarrat's Grange, and you see a good deal more of him than I do, Mr. Wedgewood."

"They don't teach manners at your school, Paul."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Paul, clenching his fist as his uncle's visitor passed on, "I should like to shake you till your fat body rattles again. No good in you, I know; nothing but good living and pride and sound. Stop though, my stout friend, you are not going to be first always; I want to speak to Mr. Warren."

With one spring he passed Mr. Wedgewood, entered the house and the parlor, locking the door after him. In ten minutes he came again, nodded triumphantly at the visitor, and having ushered him in, proceeded leisurely up the wide, scrambling old staircase, traversed a long gallery which led to a room once probably either a chapel or a dormitory, as it had a row of doors on either side opening into square compartments, which might have been either sleeping cells or confessionals.

"Ruth, where are you?"

A small voice issued from the queer old bay window.

"Here I am; what brings you back so soon?"

"A holiday." Paul went up to the window. "What do you coil yourself up there always for, Ruth? I expect to find you grown mouldy some day. There is company below."

"Who is it?"

"As if you didn't know! Old Wedgewood, to be sure; who else ever comes?"

Ruth uncoiled herself, and a gray kitten escaped from the folds of her pinafore.

"Ruth."

"Well."

"I am going away—going to get my own living."

"Are you? I hope it will be a good one. Where to?"

"London."

"Paul, I shall grow mouldy then: there will be no one to come and stir me up."

Paul leaned against the window, and folded his arms with a cynical expression.

"You don't care, Ruth. All the time you are playing with that ugly cat, and looking as if something had pleased you. I believe you are glad."

"About what?—you going away? Oh no! I shall have no one to interfere when Mr. Wedgewood teases too much; no one to get me water-lilies; oh, and a great many things! When are you going?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon! Kitty, kitty, you may well round out your back and look savage, to-morrow he will be gone, and we shall be found all covered with blue and brown mould—dirty mould, pussy."

Paul turned away.

"Come and tell him we are sorry to lose him, puss."

Ruth got up. She was fourteen years old, and very tiny. She just managed to rub the cat's soft back against the long schoolboy's chin.

"Get away!" said Paul, angrily.

"Oh, Paul! Love me love my cat. Dear old Paul, you are not savage?"

"Not savage—vexed, Ruthie; I thought you would have cared."

"So I do; I dare say I shall cry dreadfully when you are gone; but it would be no use to cry now, would it?"

Paul looked down with grim satisfaction upon the little fingers curled round his big arm.

"I am glad my uncle mews you up here," he said; "I don't want you to see anybody, or to be seen. Ruth, you must never love any one better than me!"

"How should I? I never see any one."

"And you don't want to? You are not dull?"

"Dull! Isn't there a library crammed full of books, and a pool, and a kitten? And when my dragon, as you call her, comes, I have lots to do—lessons, such hard lessons." Ruth shook her head at the remembrance.

"Come down, Paul; if Mr. Wedgewood is there tea will be early, and papa scolds so if I am out of the way."

She let the cat go, and put her fingers again into the great schoolboy's hand, which closed over them with a gripe of satisfied approbation.

CHAPTER II.

Four years are gone. Tarrat's Grange is grim and desolate as ever; the drive is as much neglected, the gate swings on one rusty hinge, and the house door has lost a pane from the top.

Tea is over. Mr. Wedgewood, now a constant visitor, takes himself and his hat away; and Mr. Warren sits in the twilight thinking. At least Ruth, nestled down on a low stool with the gray kitten—now a matronly old cat—on her lap, and a book in her hand, fancies he is thinking; but his foot moves along the bright oak floor nervously, and he looks at his daughter, a little creature—a child still. She can have had no trouble; her eyes are bright, her color fresh and clear: her one hand holds the book, while with the other she strokes the sober, motherly old cat.

"Ruth!"

"Yes, papa."

"Mr. Wedgewood wants to marry you."

"Does he, papa? But I don't want to be married."

She did not blush nor look confused. No tumult of feeling

was stirred by the words: she had been kept out of the world; had seen no one but the old servant, Mr. Wedgewood, and the rector. She was indeed a mere child. Mr. Warren fidgeted; he did not know how to deal with such utter childishness.

"Ruth, you like Mr. Wedgewood?"

"Yes; he is a good-natured old gentleman."

"Old gentleman, Ruth; nonsense, he is just forty-five. You have seen no one you would like better for a husband?"

"I have never seen any gentleman that I know of, besides the rector; and he is quite gray, and has children."

"You will marry Mr. Wedgewood, Ruth?"

Ruth mused.

"No, papa; why not let it be as it is? He almost lives here now, and he can come oftener if he likes. I don't want to be married."

"You would not like to be turned out into the street?—to see me turned out?"

"No, papa."

"Then you must marry Mr. Wedgewood. This house is his, and he wants to live in it."

"He must be a very bad man to wish to turn you out."

"No, Ruth. I am very poor; I cannot pay the rent. As long as your cousin lived here he paid me handsomely for his board—at least it was willed so; now I have scarcely anything."

He did not think it necessary to tell his daughter that this gallant suitor for her hand had induced him to speculate, and thus ruined him.

"I can go out and work, papa."

"And leave me to starve! I am an old man, Ruth, and feeble; my hands tremble, and my hair is white. I cannot work; save me!"

A long pause.

"Papa, then if it must be, it must."

Ruth's book was shut, and her hand mechanically stroked the gray cat; but a few tears were falling on it—very quiet tears, but they were not to be checked.

A fortnight afterwards she was Mrs. Wedgewood—a child wife. Her father cried during the service; but she did not. Her eyes wandered to the stained window, where rays of light came streaming in, tinting her white glove with many colors. She spoke when she was told to, but never looked at her book. Poor Ruth! she did not know what she was doing.

CHAPTER III.

It is autumn, and the leaves are falling. Ruth has visited the rectory, and seen a little of this village world. She is very quiet and grave. The sun is setting. Mr. Wedgewood sits over his papers, and the white-haired old father dozes in his chair at the fireside. Ruth wanders into the hall. There is a cloak there, and she takes it down, wraps it round her, and goes out into the chill air. The drive is better kept now, and the gate has two hinges. Ruth lingers; she can see no one stir, and she gazes up at it with a look that was not in her eyes when the drive was overgrown, and the gate swung on its rusty hinges. A footstep echoes behind her, and she turns quickly.

"Paul—dear Paul!"

"Mine own Ruth—at last!"

She had given her cheek for the usual kiss; but Paul took her in his arms, and held her there. With a strange misgiving, she broke from him, gently.

"Paul, have you heard?"

"Heard what? I care for nothing but that I have thee here, safe, near me."

He would have put his arm round her again, but she stood back.

"Dear Paul, they have married me to Mr. Wedgewood."

She put her hand on his shoulder; for his face frightened her. He shook it off, and turned away.

"Dear Paul!"

He laid his head down on the old gate, and answered:

"For four years I have worked in faith and trust; I have never doubted or wavered. You promised never to love anyone better than me; now you are perjured; for either you have

lied to me or to him, your husband. I am rich—I came to claim you. Ruth, Ruth!"

"Paul! how could I know?"

"Not know?"

"My father would have starved: he told me so. He said I should kill him if I refused."

Paul turned towards her suddenly:

"My poor bird! And was there none to save thee—none to help thee, then?"

"Forgive me, Paul, and go away."

"Ruth, Ruth, my heart is broken."

Again Ruth's little hand touched his shoulder. He drew it down and held it his lips. Another moment, and the gate closed after his retreating figure. Ruth went into the house. Mr. Wedgewood was still busy over his papers. He grumbled that he could not see. She lighted a candle and put it near him. He looked up at the unwonted attention, but did not speak. Ruth sat down by her father. She felt as if he must know all; but he never even looked at her.

"Snuffers," grumbled Mr. Wedgewood.

Ruth rose and gave them; then she took a candle, and went to her own room, a child no longer—she was a woman, now.

"Perjured," murmured Ruth; "he said perjured."

She read over the marriage-service. She knelt before the open prayer-book; drops of agony and remorse cold on her forehead. What were these terrible vows she had taken before God Himself? Oh! why did not some one tell her? Why had she been so careless? Could such a sin be forgiven? She had sworn obedience—reverence—love, to this man whom she can neither respect nor love. She kneels there before a merciful Hearer, broken words of prayer on her lips, tears of penitence falling quietly from her eyes: "Though the future looks dark and sunless, I can try now to do my duty. I will not murmur: I will not say that I can bear it; I will pray for content—for cheerfulness!"

A peevish voice breaks upon her solitude:

"Ruth, why don't you come down? What can you be doing up there?"

Yesterday Ruth would have answered with childish impatience, and perhaps lingered; to-day she went at once.

"It is supper time," said Mr. Wedgewood; "why do you mope up-stairs? Ring the bell."

Ruth obeyed.

"I have been telling your father, Ruth, that I must sell his annuity. It is a mere nothing, and I want ready money. It will make no difference to him, as I receive it all now for his board."

"Papa knows best," said Ruth, gently; "but I should think——"

"Ruth!" interrupted her husband, savagely, "go and ask for some hot water. I want no supper. You can bring some brandy-and-water to my bed-room, I have a cold. This old house will be the death of me."

When Ruth came back, he was gone. She went up to her father, who was crying childishly, and spreading out his hands over the grate, which had no fire.

"Papa, you must not sell the annuity."

"I told him I would not, and he swore at me. He will kill me. He says I am a drivelling baby, Ruth. Am I? I have been very cruel to you."

"Dear papa, we will take care not to vex him. Perhaps he means kindly. I try to think he does. He is not well to-night."

He was not: nor the next day—nor the next. Ruth was so gentle and patient that he would look up at her in mute surprise, the angry complaint, and sometimes the oath, dying away upon his lip. A week passed. He was no better. He would lie in bed.

Ruth went down, to order some delicacy for his breakfast; her father met her at the parlor-door, his hand trembling with eagerness as he held out an envelope.

"See, Ruth; open."

It contained a cheque for one hundred pounds, and on a slip of paper was written: "In part-payment of an old debt."

Ruth glanced at the seal. Ah! did she not know it? Had

she not often held it in her hands?—played with it? Dear Paul! Generous, noble Paul! Ruth turned away quickly:

"God sent it, papa. Thank him for it!"

Mr. Wedgewood grew worse. He had rheumatic fever, violently. Ruth nursed him night and day; and when it abated, he insisted on getting up and going into the village. The sharp wind drove him back, shivering and swearing, to his bed, worse than ever. Day by day his strength waned; but not his power of swearing. There was no hope—he was dying.

One night, Ruth had been watching by his side and listening, horrified, to the blasphemies which he uttered with increasing difficulty. Gradually they ceased, and she fancied he slept. Ruth knelt and prayed. It was a terrible thing to sit and watch the spark of life going out in blasphemy and cursing. Suddenly his hand (grown thin and bony) drew aside the curtain.

"What are you drivelling there for? Get up and give me some physic. Not that: brandy—I will have it!"

His voice had sunk to a whisper; nothing could hurt him then, bodily. Ruth would have sent for the rector; but her husband swore if he came near, there should be murder.

Even now, while she held the glass to his lips, he sank back—his eyes starting from their sockets, nostrils distended, and mouth open—a ghastly corpse.

Ruth knelt at the bedside. Here, in the presence of the dead, were the painful records of the past reopened, laid bare before a mighty judge. Was she forgiven? Had she not labored, with all her feeble might, to do her duty, and would not One who was all merciful forgive? Now, in the long, dreary years which might be awaiting her, would not He be with her, to strengthen and comfort?

CHAPTER IV.

TARRANT'S GRANGE is for sale. Mr. Wedgewood has left little but debt behind him, and father and child must turn out into the wide world, to seek a living as they can. But when the old man wanders to himself, in his shrill querulous tones, a soft voice comforts him; hopeful words of another home, and plenty and happiness, falls on his ear, and he grows calm. Then the little figure at his side clasps her hands, and murmurs—"One will help me!"

But the sale is completed, the day draws near when they must leave the old house, and as yet there is nothing but hope. A very tiny lodging would do, and she will stitch those small fingers to the bone, if only she can make her father happy and at rest. She walks up and down in the twilight, thinking of these things. Her father grumbles that it is cold; she takes off her shawl, and puts it round him; she kisses the worn-out old face. A little pale and anxious, she walks on, and clasps her hands again.

A footstep crosses the oak floor, and a dark form stands beside her in the dim light. It is Paul.

"Ruth, my poor pale bird, you have suffered. Come to me, now."

She turns, with a faint cry, at the tones of kindness. He takes her into his arms again; and her head rests on his shoulder, like a weary child. He goes up with her to the old man (cowering over the fireless grate), and begs his blessing upon them; and Mr. Warren turns, with a vacant smile, and gives it. He has but a vague idea of the meaning of all this; but the heart which has lain like lead in his bosom grows lighter as he looks in Paul's bright face, and puts his hand into the one held out to receive it. He knows that comfort is at hand.

RUSSIA LEATHER.

THE tanned hides of oxen and other kine are denominated by the Russians "youfts," or "juffs," a designation said to be derived from their being generally manufactured in pairs. Russia leather is soft, has a strongly prominent grain, a great deal of lustre, and a powerful and peculiar odor. It is principally either red or black; the former is the best, and is largely used in this and other countries in bookbinding, for which

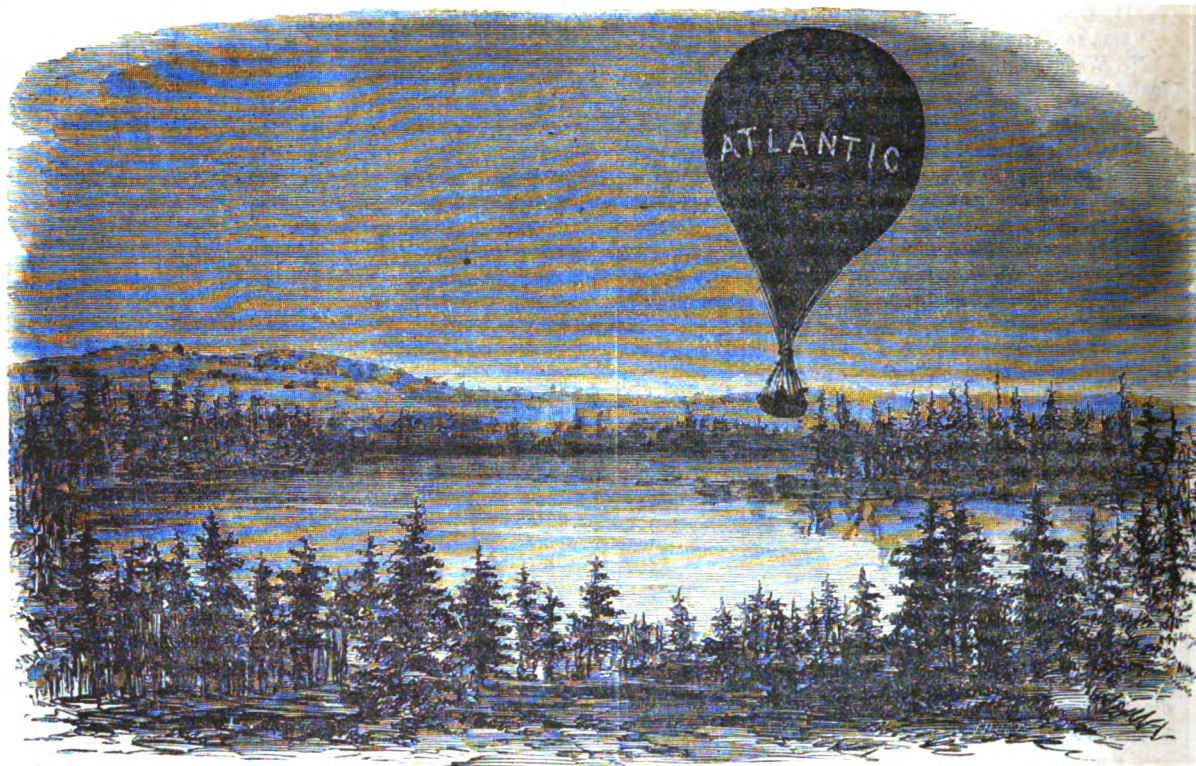
purpose it is superior to every other material. The black is, however, in very extensive use in Russia, large quantities being made up into boots and shoes. The process followed by the Russians in the preparation of this valuable commodity has been frequently described; but notwithstanding this circumstance, and the fact that foreigners have repeatedly engaged in the business in Russia, with the intention of making themselves masters of its details, and undertaking it at home, the efforts made to introduce the manufacture into other countries have hitherto entirely failed. One of the best tests of genuine Russia leather is its throwing out a strong odor of burned hide upon being rubbed a little.

Juffs are assorted, or "bracked," according to their different qualities, into Gave, Rosval, Malja and Domashna, and the first three sorts are again divided into heavy and light Gave, heavy and light Rosval, &c. Domashna is the worst, and consequently the cheapest sort. It often happens that juffs are bought unassorted, and then the prices are regulated according as the quantity of Domashna contained in the lot is greater or less. Persons well acquainted with the nature of Russia leather prefer purchasing it in this state. Juffs are sold by the pood, which consists, as it is commonly expressed, of 4, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5½, 5¾ hides. By this is understood that so many hides make a pood, calculated upon the whole lot, and the lightest juffs are esteemed the best in quality. They are packed in rolls, each containing ten hides, and from ten to fifteen of these rolls are packed together in a bundle, which is well secured by thick matting. There are red, white and black juffs, the red being most in demand. Their goodness is determined by their being of a high red color, of equal size, and unmixed with small hides; they must also be free from holes, well stretched, and equally thin. If spots resembling flowers are seen on red hides, it is an additional sign of their good quality, and they are then called bloomed juffs. The inside should be clean, soft and white, and when taken in the hand, should feel elastic. The best connoisseurs of Russia leather can nearly determine the quality by the smell alone.

HOW DID CHARLES XII. DIE?—A letter from Stockholm says: "By permission of the king, and on demand of M. Fryxell, the historian, the tomb of Charles XII., in the church of Riddarholm, has been opened in order to ascertain exactly in what manner the Swedish hero died. The king, Prince Oscar, the ministers, Professor Fryxell, three physicians, and some other personages were present. The medical men examined the body, and the result at which they arrived was that the king must have been struck by the fragment of a projectile in the left temple, and that it came out at the right one. As at the moment he was killed the king was in the trenches before Fredericksteen and had his left side turned towards the enemy, there is some reason to suppose that the story of his assassination was unfounded."

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—Galignani announces a discovery in photography. It consists in the invention of an artificial light, so wonderfully luminous and steady as to completely supply the effect of the most brilliant noontide sun in all photographic operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus portraits can be taken at private residences, even in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere; and those parts of cathedrals, or other picturesque architectural monuments, where the light of the sun never penetrates, and which, in consequence, have been, until now, wholly shut out from the photographer, will be as accessible to the artist as any part of the exterior.

A POWERFUL PERFUME.—The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfume, and, above all, of musk. Her dressing-room was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted, but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.



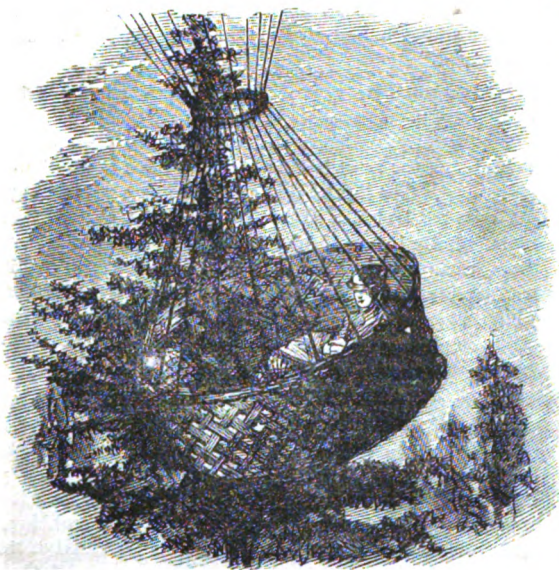
1. THE CAR OF THE ATLANTIC TOUCHING THE WATER OF THE LAKE.

VOYAGE OF THE ATLANTIC BALLOON.—MR. LA MOUNTAIN'S NARRATIVE

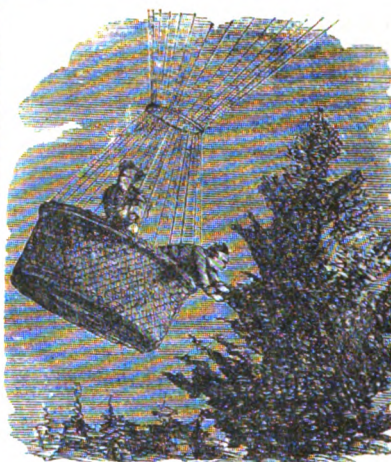
PERILS, PRIVATIONS AND HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES OF THE AERONAUTS.

With Illustrations from Original Sketches by Mr. La Mountain.

OUR readers will remember the great excitement and sincere anxiety which pervaded the whole country in reference to the missing aeronauts, Messrs. La Mountain and John A. Haddock. As day by day passed by without revealing any tidings of their fate, universal anxiety was expressed, and parties of bold, humane men started in pursuit and scoured the country far and near in the direction which the balloon had taken. Some asserted that they had stolen a march upon the New York enterprise, and that our first news of them would be from the other side of the ocean; some felt that they would never be heard



3. LA MOUNTAIN FASTENS THE BALLOON BY THE CONCENTRIC HOOPS TO A SPRUCE TREE—THEY TRY TO GET OUT OF THE RAIN.



2. LA MOUNTAIN CATCHES HOLD OF THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.

somewhat longer and more exciting trip than either of us imagined at that moment, took his place in the car with me.

An overcoat was handed to him by a kindly provident friend; another, equally regardful, passed into the car several items of "creature comforts," including some unnecessary liquids; hands were shaken and merry good-byes exchanged; the word to "let go" was given—and like an arrow from a bow, the aerial courier shot up into the untracked and unbounded regions of space.

We ascended about three thousand feet, so great was our ascensive momentum, without varying ten feet from a perpendicular line—the broad square, with its thousands who were gazing hea-

from again. However, just when the most sanguine had given up even hope, the glad news flies by telegraph all over the country that the brave and hardy men are safe and on their way home. Their perils, their sufferings must be told in their own words:

At half-past five o'clock, Sept. 22, Mr. John A. Haddock, editor of the *Watertown Reformer*, who was to be my companion in a



4. THE BALLOON FAST IN THE TREES—LA MOUNTAIN AND HADDOCK ABANDONING IT.



5. THE VOYAGERS COMMENCING THEIR RETURN JOURNEY.



6. FIRST SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION—THEY FIND A MARTEN-TRAP IN THE CLEARING.



7. LA MOUNTAIN THROWING AWAY HIS HAT AND TRADING HIS PANTS.

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ward to watch our course, remaining still beneath our feet. After attaining this altitude, the balloon struck the north-eastern current, and was drifted along with it at about the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and still ascending very rapidly. This current was one of great depth, as, although we went up to the height of three and a half miles, we did not lose it. After reaching an altitude of three miles and a half, we took a still more easterly course. As some journals

have argued, judging from the point at which we landed, that the easterly current is not always reliable, I pause here to remark, that I never found it more so than that on Thursday afternoon. I thought then, and still continue to think, that had I maintained an altitude of two and a half miles, I could have crossed the ocean in thirty-six hours, and without using any more ballast than in making an ordinary local ascension. It must be remembered that it was when we left this ever-reliable stratum, and descended into the local currents, that we were carried in a northerly course.

We remained at an altitude of three miles and a half about



8. THEY POLE ACROSS THE CREEK ON A SINGLE LOG.

half an hour. At a quarter past six we were still about three miles and a half above the earth, which the clouds entirely shut out from view, and still going almost due east. We continued in this course for a few minutes, remaining almost in equilibrium, when the sun left us, and as the gas became somewhat



9. THE HUNGRY VOYAGERS COME UPON TWO WHITE FROGS—THEY CATCH THEM AND EAT THEM.

more dense, we commenced to descend. After getting as far as the top of the clouds, I supposed that we had left the easterly current, and were travelling due north at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. I did not think we had journeyed more than twenty-five miles north-east of Watertown, and if the current was going in the direction I supposed,

by keeping it a little while we would have crossed the St. Lawrence, landing near the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, on the direct route for Kingston, where my next ascension was to have taken place.

Those who have read my accounts of previous voyages will understand the fact, but as others do not, it is well to remark here, that when above there is no sense of motion or of direction. The clouds in which we were sailing were very dense, and extended over a mile, within a short distance of the earth. We were drifting with these, as we afterwards learned, at the rate of over one hundred miles an hour.

We remained upon the surface of the clouds—floating on them as a ship does on water. I opened the valve. The sun had but just left us above, and it was hardly early twilight above there. But as we went down, it became densely, impenetrably dark, "a darkness that one might almost feel and cut with a knife."

After we got clear of the clouds, we found to our astonishment that we were not more than five hundred feet above the earth, and it was exceeding dark. This last fact was all the more singular, because when we left the upper regions it was light enough to read fine print. On nearing the ground we saw a glimmering light apparently from a house at some distance, but—for reasons I have before given—we could not tell in which direction. But directly under us, and as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken, unpeopled wild. We were able to tell that we were over woods and not water very readily, because we settled down until so near the tops of the trees, that when I threw out a small quantity of sand we could hear it rattling among the leaves and dry branches. It was at this time about half-past seven o'clock—a perfect calm.

We held a consultation, which resulted in the conclusion that we were mistaken, that we had not travelled as fast or as far as we supposed, and had settled over the north-west corner of the famous John Brown tract. If this was the case, by throwing out ballast and gaining a short distance further, we should pass the woods and reach a cleared district. I requested Mr. Haddock to discharge some sand, which he did, and we rose very quickly into the clouds again. At this time it was raining very slightly, and it was interesting to observe the changing phenomena as we passed up above the point whence the shower was descending, and reaching an altitude where the clouds seemed nothing more than thin vapors or fogs. The rain had no effect whatever upon the balloon, and did not affect its ascensive power in the least.

We made six different attempts to land after this, at intervals ten or fifteen minutes apart—the object being to ascertain whether we had passed the woods as yet or not. On the third descent, we came down upon the bosom of a little lake, shut in amid the almost impenetrable extent of trees around. The car even touched the water (Cut 1), and we had our life preservers ready for emergencies, but the discharge of a small quantity of ballast changed the course of the balloon, and it quickly rose again. On the fourth attempt we came down beside a very high tree, and caught hold of its branches (Cut 2) for a moment to look around; but there were woods still as far as the eye could reach in the dark; and right before us a frowning mountain raised its beetling head, until it seemed lost in the clouds. So up we went again, journeying for a few moments very close to the tree tops. On the sixth attempt, we came down very near the top of a tall tree, of which Mr. Haddock caught hold. I reached out my hand and felt it. It was spruce! A very messenger of evil tidings. No spruce grew in the New York wilderness that I knew, and the hardy tree was a native only of colder climates. We must therefore be over Canada. If this was so, we were above the great wilderness. This I knew was almost unbounded—its only known limits being the Arctic circle. Therefore, if there we were, the sooner we staid where we were the better. With this very simple logic we very soon came to the conclusion—the luckiest one we had reached so far during the trip—to lodge where we were until morning, and after day broke we should be able to see what was what. So I made fast by the concentric hoop to the top of the spruce, and we composed ourselves as well as possible for a night of rest—crawling down in the bottom of the car and going to sleep. (Cut 3.)

About three o'clock we were awakened by the pattering of

the rain, which was falling heavily upon the trees, and on the balloon above us. We very soon had a realizing sense of our situation, which was very far from agreeable. After the water had thoroughly saturated the net, it concentrated upon the neck, which served as a sort of gutter through which the water poured in a continuous stream upon us, as we lay curled in the bottom of the basket, quite as fast as it would have done had it been thrown on us from buckets. Notwithstanding, the noble Atlantic still swayed proudly above the tree tops, without losing a bit of gas or sinking a foot from its position.

Daylight came—none too soon to satisfy the two somewhat anxious individuals who were awaiting its first glimmers. The rain had ceased, leaving us thoroughly soaked in our perch, but the clouds above drooped very near the earth. We had on board about fifteen pounds of ballast, which we threw out, as well as one blanket, one overcoat, an anchor rope, two or three porter bottles, and other small articles. This was necessary to give us an ascensive power, because about one hundred pounds weight had been added to the balloon during the night, by the deposit of rain in little reservoirs upon it, and the soaking of the net. When we arose, we ascended at once so as to pass through the stratum of clouds, which had so thinned out during the rain, that it was probably not more than a thousand feet in thickness. Once more the earth was out of sight, and the sunshine was upon us. We found ourselves going still due north. As the sun's rays fell upon the balloon, the drying off of the water, and the expansion of gas, increased the ascensive power very much, and we shot up rapidly, to the height of a mile, before it was possible for me to check the upward tendency. I knew the sooner we reached terra firma the better. Drawing the valve, therefore, we came down below the clouds.

And here, what a view! As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, one unbroken sea of forest limbs; massive trees, shooting their tapering bodies far up towards the clouds, and relieved with very little foliage; the broad, cheerless and forbidding prospect broken only by a mountain at some distance, and one or two small sheets of water near by. I knew there were no such growths in the United States, save in the northern district of Maine. I remembered that we struck the forest when we first landed in the night; that every time we descended we had found trees beneath us; that we must have been passing along with some rapidity—and that, therefore, we were not only over the great Canada wilderness, but had journeyed over it perhaps for a hundred miles. I told Mr. Haddock what I believed, and remarked to him, "My friend, we are over the Canada woods; I have got done travelling with this balloon, and if we get out with our lives, we may call ourselves lucky fellows."

Discharging gas as rapidly as possible, we came down—the balloon settling between two tall spruces. The globe caught in the limbs, but as it collapsed with the discharge, our weight settled the car within eight feet of the earth, enabling us to drop out without difficulty. (Cut 4.) It was fortunate that our descent was made just at this point—the balloon barely crowding between the trees. Else we might have been impaled, or thrown out from a very great height, by concussion.

After jumping out, I knew that it was necessary to abandon the balloon, as we should have all we could do to find our way out of that almost impenetrable wild without any incumbrance. There was no alternative—the work of the Atlantic was done. I have known what it was to be shipwrecked at sea, and to behold a vessel I had learned to love as my home engulfed in the foaming waters, but I never experienced anything like the emotion that filled my heart as I exclaimed, "Good-bye, old Atlantic, we shall never meet again." It seemed like parting from an old friend in perfect health, with the full knowledge that he would never be seen again alive. Tears blinded my eyesight; and it required, I suppose, the same effort to enable me to leave the cherished companion—for so I had learned to look at it—of so many perils and so many pleasures, as it does for a father to tear himself away from the coffin of a beloved child. Perhaps it was foolish and nonsensical; if it was, I can only say, I could not help it.

But the departure must be made; so off we started to seek

for civilization, deliverance, safety, home and friends. We shaped our course south of east—supposing that if we were in Canada that would bring us out on the Ottawa; or, if in the New York wilderness—which neither of us believed possible—that we should leave it on a direct line for Watertown. We soon found that we could only make a snail-like and most laborious progress. The bottom was soft; the bushes closely grown together and loaded with deposits of the previous night's rain storm; and a dense mass of rubbish lining the way in every direction, having fallen from the trees, never, perhaps, cut since God first planted the wilderness upon the soil. (Cut 5.) Every foot's progress cost us labor; and we began to appreciate the very marked uncertainty whether we should die far from the balloon or not.

After laboring along about three quarters of a mile we came upon a creek, the general course of which was to the northwest, but exceedingly tortuous. Here we found a rude wooden trap used for catching martens; a little clearing, with indications of a fire lit some past time, and a half barrel, with the marks, "Mess Pork—P.M.—Montreal." (Cut 6.) This apprised us that civilized man had been upon the spot before us, and also removed whatever uncertainty we had as to being in Canada; more than this, it buoyed us up in the hope—in which we were destined to marked and severe disappointment—that we were about to come upon human habitations.

A brief debate decided us to follow up the stream on its north side, it being much easier to walk in the grass and water along the bank than to crowd our way through the tangled bushes and over the underbrush. After following the creek about two miles, finding my weight uncomfortably increased, so much so as to fatigue me, by saturation with water, I removed my woollen drawers and woollen socks, tore off about six inches from the bottom of my pants, and threw away my hat, which was a serious impediment in going through the bushes. (Cut 7.) Having on light gaiters, I retained them as protections for my feet.

Here we found a small, round stick of timber in the creek, which we both mounted, and, cutting some alders, poled across the creek, landing, wet enough and somewhat "blown," upon the other side. (Cut 8.) We here left the water-course and entered a tamarack swamp, in which we very soon found a blazed path—that is, a road marked by cutting trees—which bore to the westward, following the general course of the creek. There are human tracks here, but they were very old, having evidently been made in the spring. Nevertheless, the walking was the best we had seen since leaving the balloon, and we made up our minds to follow the route.

We journeyed in this direction about five miles, when we suddenly struck the creek again, and upon its west side there was—could we believe our eyes!—a lumber shanty. Joy! Deliverance was at hand. Eagerly we rushed forward, expecting to meet a human welcome. Oh, misery!—it was deserted, and plentiful indications existed that many storms had beaten upon it since its residents had occupied it. Here, too, we found several lumber roads leading into the woods, all of which we followed to their ends, supposing we might find some men cutting timber. Disappointment again: all the roads terminated in those impenetrable wilds, and there was nothing to indicate human presence.

In one of these roads we found two tiny white frogs. (Cut 9.) They were the first "food" we had seen in twenty-four hours. Perhaps they were not eaten—probably they were; not hind-quarters alone—we were not dainty—fore-quarters, head, bones and all. I never tasted a sweeter morsel in my life, and my companion came to the conclusion that Soyler could not have fabricated a more tempting morsel. Yet the unsatisfied, longing cry of our stomachs was, "Give! give!—more! more!" But no more dainty little frogs, nor even a snake responded, and we went without. We thought we knew what it was to feel hungry then; we found afterwards that we were only taking the first rudiments in our lesson.

We made up our minds to lodge in the shanty all night; and as it was evident that the creek had been used for drifting lumber—probably to the Ottawa—in the morning we would build a raft and follow its course as far as we could, living on clams and

frogs on the way. Alas! it was easy to talk about clams and frogs, but it was not easy to get them. I crossed on a small raft and sent it back to Mr. Haddock; but he was the largest man, the raft rolled heavily under him, and he was precipitated into the stream, having to swim for dear life to the shore. (Cut 10.) This was very uncomfortable. We had no means of kindling a fire to dry the garments of the drenched *voyageur*. We found in the shanty some straw that had been used by its occupants for beds. I tried to strike fire in the Indian fashion, by rubbing two sticks together, and by drawing a small piece of rope we found rapidly across a peg, but both failed; after using all my strength I only got up a heat of about one hundred degrees. So we crawled under the straw, piled it about us, and made the best of circumstances. (Cut 11.) But we were both very wet, and as a consequence our rest was much broken by dreadful cold and chills.

In the morning we took the scooped boards from the roof of the shanty, lashed four of them together with grass ropes, and started down the stream. (Cut 12.) At this place, as we afterwards learned, we were within less than three miles of a cleared tract of two hundred acres, in the heart of the woods, used for raising food for the lumbermen of Gilmour & Co. If we had only been aware of the fact then, how much subsequent suffering we might have avoided.

After going about twelve rods from the shanty we came upon a pine tree which had fallen directly across the creek, and rendered it necessary to take our raft apart. While I was doing this, we heard two distinct shots from a gun, apparently not far distant. We shouted repeatedly with all our might, and getting our raft together as soon as possible, hastened down the stream, but came upon no one. We concluded then we must have been mistaken; but afterward learned the shots we heard were made by the cook of the farm who was killing partridges in the woods.

After travelling about three miles down the creek, we came upon a lake. We paddled in search of an outlet entirely around this lake, a distance of about five miles; then found it turning to the right, about four rods from the point where we started. Entering this, after travelling about four miles, we found that we had been retracing our steps, as we came upon a signal on the bank erected to indicate the point where we had abandoned the balloon. (Cut 13.) We continued poleing down the creek all day; weary, exhausted, almost broken down with effort, and yet seeing nothing to indicate any probability of relief for our sore distresses. As night approached, a cold, drizzling rain commenced falling. But there was no life for us there—our only hope, if hope there was—was in pushing on, and still on. So the poles splashed in the water, and we crowded upon them our heavy weight, until half-past ten o'clock at night. Then we were obliged to stop, and having selected on the forbidden bank a spot more favorable for landing than any other, we pushed our impromptu vessel ashore, climbed over the clayey soil, and curled ourselves up, muskrat fashion, under a projecting and partially protecting shelf of earth—our backs poorly serving as umbrellas, to shield the rest of our bodies from the storm that would beat upon us. And so ended the second day of our experience in the woods.

We could not sleep. We were too weary, too chilly, too sad, too anxious. Soon after twelve o'clock the rain slackened, and we took advantage of the pause to pole a short distance, when the floodgates were reopened, and the storm beat upon us once more. Again we were obliged to stop; again we courted sleep in vain. The winds sighed mournfully through the branches of the trees, like the wailing of a funeral dirge; and the feeble rippling of the creek was in mournful harmony with the ebbing flow of our lives and spirits. We could not stand the dreariness or presages of our own thoughts; so up and off again. Daylight found us poleing down the creek; dripping with water; chilled to the very marrow of our bones; pale and hollow-eyed, and with those terrible sensations of ringing in the head, dryness of the lips, and parching of the throat, that precede starvation. We had not slept over an hour in the night, and only the most extreme exhaustion could have insured us so much rest.

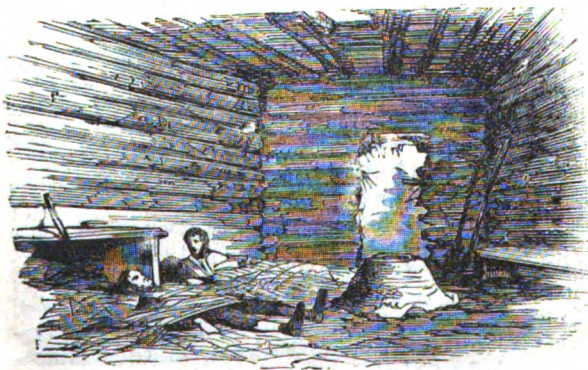
About seven o'clock we reached a rapid half a mile in length,



10. THE RAFT ROLLS HEAVILY UNDER MR. HADDOCK AND PRECIPITATES HIM IN THE WATER—HE SWIMS ASHORE.

bottomed with rocks. We abandoned the raft here, but after walking a mile found our salvation depended upon going back, and getting it down the creek. We soon had it apart, and floated it down stick by stick; wading up to our waists on the slippery stones of the rapids, to dislodge the timbers there. Mr. Haddock fell three times in doing this work, at one time breaking the compass, and rendering it completely useless. About half-past ten o'clock the raft was below the rapids, together again, and we were poleing down the stream. It was Sabbath, but in these woods Sabbath was eternal and unbroken. Might not it presage a never-ending Sabbath for us? However, we dismissed gloominess, and with a prayer of thankfulness to the God who amid so many hazards had spared us, toiled wearily on.

At twelve o'clock we entered a large lake. Never more cheerless prospect opened on mortal vision. Perhaps weeks must pass before we would find the outlet. And then—what then? Never mind; on we went, striking to the right, close to the bank, and poleing—poleing—poleing, along the numerous bays and indentations. Eye never looked upon more magnificent scenery. Embosomed in a great basin scooped out amid noble hills; surrounded by beautiful evergreen trees; dotted with little islands, and reflecting in its pellucid bosom the deep blue of the sky—a painter could not have had more noble study. But where was our brother man?—the curling smoke of human habitation?—the welcome face of sympathy?—the beaming eye of intelligence? Alas! alas! without these, cold, dreary and sombre, to two worn, starving men—lost in the trackless wilderness—would have been the most matchless scene in Nature's broad domain.



1. THEY SEEK FOR WARMTH BY CRAWLING UNDER SOME STALE STRAW IN A DESERTED CABIN.

So we strained on. Night found us not more than one-fourth of the way around the lake, and still no signs of its outlet. We had eaten nothing but highbush cranberries, acrid and destitute of nutriment—an injury rather than benefit. About seven o'clock the wind commenced blowing, and as we were on the lee-shore, we decided to travel no further that night. So we drew our raft up on the bank, went into the woods and lay down. We had nothing else to do. No supper troubled our digestion. Another awful, shivering, dreary night—and a gray, hazy, comfortless morning. We were dying—starving—perishing by inches. And yet something whispered to me that we should be saved. It seemed as if I could hear a voice telling me that I must live to cross the ocean with a balloon. And my hopes so encouraged me that I could not help singing a simple refrain, with which sailors cheer themselves in times of storm and danger:

Cheer up your hearts, my men,
Let nothing fright you:
Be of a gallant mind—
Let that delight you."

There was an awful stillness around and about us, save when the wind wailed fitfully through the trees as it swept over the bosom of the lake. A deep and saddening sense of utter solitude had fallen upon our hearts, the influence of which was



13. THEY ERECT A SIGNAL ON THE BANK OF THE CREEK



12. LA MOUNTAIN AND HADDOCK STARTING UPON THEIR NEW-MADE RAFT.

growing stronger and stronger, though neither acknowledged it to the other.

My song, or rather chant, sounded strangely at this moment, for though hope and faith sustained me, almost unconsciously, my heart was not in the song. The words arose to my lips involuntarily; they were the faint echo of the hope which was within me.

I could hardly muster more than a whisper; but the sentiments were wonderfully encouraging to both myself and my companion.

We started on again; the sunbeams breaking for the first time in two days. Three miles' progress brought us to what appeared to be the outlet of a river opening into a smaller lake. This cheered us. We began to hope we had reached a large stream. But when we reached the end—misery!—there was no outlet—a small creek set into the lake. With hope almost gone, we started wearily back towards the large lake we had left. Mr. Haddock here began to look upon our fate as sealed. He was brave as man could be. The thought of death had no terrors for him. But he mourned to think of the desolation of his wife and family. How little we knew what God had in store for us. I cheered my friend as well as I could, and with great regret, we turned back. We had gone but a mile when we heard the report of a gun—quickly succeeded by another.

How the blood bounded in our veins. Hope revived within our breasts. We hallooed as loudly as our feeble strength would allow us, but beginning to despair again, when Mr. Haddock called my attention to smoke curling over the trees near the opposite shore of the lake. (Cut 14.) His sight had become dim, and he could not surely distinguish it from fog. But mine was better. I knew it came from a fire. And as I looked, oh, joy! there was a canoe hauled upon the bank—though it looked like a log at first. We were strong men again. Noiselessly we paddled across, fearful if the fire was that of an uncivilized Indian, he might be frightened away without assisting us. The canoe was turned bottom side up on the bank. Under it was a gun, two coats, and a sack containing a dead duck. Mr. Haddock started to hunt up the owner, and I seized and commenced stripping the duck (Cut 15), intending to eat it uncooked. But that was not necessary. In less than five minutes, an Indian boy appeared upon the bank. I addressed him first in English, then in French. He answered in the latter, and asked me to follow him. I did so, hardly able to drag my body along. About twenty rods from the shore, amid the woods, I entered the shanty (Cut 16) from which the smoke had curled. God be praised! There was my companion, conversing with a generous-looking Scotchman; around him a number of athletic timber cutters; and near by a table laden with carrots, potatoes,



14. JOY! JOY! SEE THE SMOKE CURLING OVER THE TREES!

pork and so forth—all the heart could wish for. The revulsion was almost too much—but Providence was kind. Everybody can imagine the rest.

At first, food had no more taste to us than chips. We ate sparingly at first, as our stomachs were able to bear, and were more ravenous as we became stronger. A few words will tell the story. The party was under the direction of Mr. Angus Cameron, who was selecting timber for Gilmour & Co., of Ottawa. He was as noble-hearted a man as ever breathed. All the party, whites and Indians, were of like stamp. We were one hundred and fifty miles from Ottawa and civilization. Those woods we should never have left alive had we not found the party. They only happened there at that time. The woods were destitute of roots, animals or nutritious vegetation; and in about two days we would have perished from hunger. We remained with our generous preserver two days, then accompanied him to Desert fifty miles distant, passing the balloon, which had been torn to a perfect wreck on the trees; and as it could not have been removed in less than several weeks, and at a great cost, it was again abandoned. From Desert, we were accompanied by Indian guides fifty miles, to a horse conveyance, and by making all haste, travelling night and day, we reached Ottawa at half-past five o'clock Monday afternoon, decidedly "used-up men," but wonderfully glad to "get out of the wilderness." From Ottawa to Watertown was one scene of excitement and triumph. The public are already apprised of our reception there. And so end the records of this memorable voyage. To all with whom we came in contact, our warmest thanks are due; and of Mr. Haddock, I can only pause to say that a more generous, heroic, self-sacrificing and resolute man, under every circumstance of trial and danger, I never met. He will always have a warm place in my heart.

JOHN LA MOUNTAIN.

MAD JACK.

EVERYBODY has heard of Captain Percival, of the United States navy, familiarly known as "Mad Jack," a most consummate seaman, bold and fearless, and with a will as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Although noted throughout the navy for his eccentricity, yet he was seldom or never known to recede from any course of conduct that he had once resolved on.

When Mad Jack commanded the sloop-of-war ———, on a certain station, a number of midshipmen and petty officers incurred his displeasure by some riotous conduct ashore. Calling them before him, he administered a severe rebuke, and swore a mighty oath that not one of them should put foot on shore again during the cruise. The lads were rather inclined to laugh in their sleeves at getting off so cheaply, for the cruise was nearly up, and they were daily expecting "orders for home." But the business became serious when, soon after, news arrived of a diplomatic row, or a case of oppression, somewhere (we won't be too particular in the details), and the vessel received orders to sail in that direction, and prolong her cruise for several months. The vessel sailed for her destination, touching at several fine ports, and affording frequent opportunities to the senior officers and crew to indulge themselves ashore; but the midshipmen, with daily lengthened visages, were confined to the ship. Finally the sloop dropped anchor in a port famed for its lively society, its lovely women, the beauty of its natural position, its walks, its drives, and the brilliancy of its places of amusement; in fact, the Paradise of a naval officer. Here it was announced they were to remain some three months. All hands were rejoiced, except the midshipmen, who, as the days and weeks passed away, and no permission reached them to go ashore, suffered all the horrors of Tantalus.

The ship had been some two months in port when their sufferings reached the culminating point, and they held a meeting to discuss their condition. They argued that when their punishment was pronounced this prolongation of the voyage was not anticipated, and as they had already been sufficiently punished by confinement on board when in port

for a long period, surely Mad Jack would, on a proper representation of the facts, relax his iron discipline in their behalf and annul the sentence against them. So it was resolved that they should proceed in a body to the captain and ask permission to go ashore. A spokesman was chosen, and they advanced, caps in hand, a melancholy procession, to the captain's cabin, and before that potentate they feelingly represented the hardship of their case, announced their deep contrition for past offences, and wound up by a request to be allowed to go ashore.

"So, so! young gentlemen: want to go ashore, do you?"

"Why yes, sir; we thought—"

"Humph! Yes! Well, I expected an application of this sort; but I'm afraid you'll misbehave yourselves."

"O no, indeed, sir! We'll be very circumspect."

"And you won't get drunk?"

"Oh no, sir! we won't drink a drop."

"And you won't go to any dance-houses, or low theatres, or anything of that sort?"

"Certainly not, sir; we'll seek the very best society we can find."

"Yes, yes! It might improve your health too, you are looking rather thin; but I trust I shall hear no bad report of your conduct."

"You will not, indeed, sir!"

"And you will be off aboard the ship at an early hour?"

"O yes, sir! we will be very punctual to any hour that you may fix."

"Humph! Yes! Well, young gentlemen, you CAN'T go!"

AGONIES OF STARVATION.

RESPECTING the agonies endured by starving men we have little accurate information. When those who have undergone the horrors of starvation are preserved, and attempt to recount them, they cannot do more than give vague indications; for there is nothing more difficult to describe than the sensations of the digestive organs, even during the continuance of the sensation; and how difficult it is to describe them when past may be conceived by any one who attempts to do so in his own case. Most of the narratives we have are recorded by men little accustomed to analyze their sensations, and we must be content to fix our attention on the general characteristics of these narratives. From these cases two may be selected.

Goldsmith says that the captain of a wrecked vessel told him that, "he was the only person who had not lost his senses when they received accidental relief. He assured me his pains at first were so great, that he was often tempted to eat a part of the men who died, and which the rest of his crew actually lived upon. He said that, during the continuance of this paroxysm, he found his pains insupportable, and was desirous at one time of anticipating that death which he thought inevitable. But his pains gradually ceased after the sixth day (for they had water in the ship, which kept them alive so long), and then he was in a state rather of languor than desire; nor did he much wish for food except when he saw others eating. The latter part of the time, when his health was almost destroyed, a thousand strange images rose upon his mind, and every one of his senses began to bring him wrong information. When he was presented with food by the ship's company that took him up, he could not help looking at it with loathing instead of desire; and it was not till after four days that his stomach was brought to its natural tone, when the violence of his appetite returned with a sort of canine eagerness."

It will doubtless seem very strange to the uninitiated, that a man, after prolonged fasting, when his system is in such need of food and his appetite so keen, should be nevertheless in no proper condition to eat that food, and can only arrive at the proper condition by degrees, by eating a little at a time. The fact is, however, that like all other organs, the stomach suffers for want of regular work. In fasting, the glands no longer secrete; the blood quits the stomach; the regular activity is interrupted; and when food again calls upon the stomach to do its old work, there is not the old vigor at command. Gradually

the stimulus of food recalls the vigor of the secreting glands, and then appetite may be safely indulged.

The next case is peculiarly valuable, as being the daily record of a man who voluntarily starved himself. He was a merchant, whose losses so preyed upon his mind, that he resolved on suicide; and after roaming about the country from the 12th to the 15th of September, 1818, he dug himself a grave in the wood, and remained there till the 3rd of October, when he was found, still living, by an innkeeper. Hufeland, who records the case, says that after an abstinence of eighteen days, the man still breathed, but expired immediately after a little soup had been forced down his throat. On his person they found a diary, written in pencil, from which the following are extracts:

"Sept. 16.—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury it, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation because bad men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since I have said I die of starvation.

"Sept. 17.—What a night I have passed! It has rained; I am wet through. I have been so cold.

"Sept. 18.—The cold and rain forced me to get up and walk; my walk was very feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms. How nasty that water was!

"Sept. 19.—The cold, the length of the nights, the slowness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering.

"Sept. 20.—In my stomach there is a terrible commotion; hunger, and, above all, thirst, become more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. Would that I could lick up the water from the mushrooms now!

"Sept. 21.—Unable to endure the tortures of thirst, I crawled with great labor to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump, near the inn where I bought the beer.

"Sept. 22.—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. To-day thirst made me go to the pump; the water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions until evening; nevertheless I returned to the pump.

"Sept. 23.—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could scarcely trace these lines to-day.

"Sept. 24.—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me. I bowed to him. He returned my salutation. It is with great regret I die. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time——"

This pathetic case illustrates, as indeed all other cases do, the truth that thirst is far more terrible than hunger. The man's resolution was not strong enough to resist the desire for drink, yet he never seems to have faltered in his determination to refrain from food. It will be further noticed that he ceases to complain of the cold when thirst sets in fiercely, because then fever had also supervened.

NOT IN THE STATUTES.

JUDON C—, of Vermont, was fond of a joke, when it could be "done" without special injury to public or individual rights. On one occasion, as he was travelling towards the southern part of the State, to hold a term of court in the county of W—, he came to a public-house where a justice's court was in session. As it was late, and the weather cold and wet, he concluded to put up for the night. Sending his horse to the stable, he entered the bar-room, which he found crowded with people, who seemed greatly excited about the case on trial. He had thrown off his outer garments, and was composing himself before a good old-fashioned blazing fire, when a young man came up to him, and, bowing respectfully, asked his assistance in the case.

"The evidence," said he, "is all agin me; but they say yer honor is death on desperit cases, and mine ain't so bad as it might be, after all."

Upon inquiry, the judge learned that his applicant had been arrested for wantonly upsetting a churn of sap in his neighbor's sugar-lot. The youngster had been caught in the very act by two respectable witnesses; and thus the evidence was, as he said, "clear agin him."

After hearing all the facts, the judge informed him that it was really a desperate case; but he added, "I will watch the progress of the trial, and if an opportunity presents itself I will help you." Accordingly he threw open a door leading from his apartment to the room where the trial was going on, and sat a careless spectator of the proceedings. The counsel for the State put in his testimony, and proved the charge conclusively. Thereupon the magistrate turned toward the respondent, and, with a stern voice, asked him if he had "got anything to say to all this 'ere evidential testimony?" The prisoner was dumb, but looked imploringly toward the judge, who at once rose and approached the table at which the justice was sitting.

"Ye needn't think ye can do any kinder good here; for the mind of this court is eternally made up about this consarn, that I can tell ye, mister."

"May it please your honor," said the judge, bowing very gracefully, "it is no doubt true that the charge made against the respondent is fully sustained by the testimony. I do not deny it; but for all that, he has a defence."

"A defence! What on airth is it?" growled the court.

"And, your honor, it is this: I profess to know a little about law, having practised in that profession more than thirty years past, especially the statute laws of Vermont. Now, your honor, I may be mistaken, but I am confident there is nothing in the statutes of Vermont against upsetting either an empty churn or a churn full of sap. I beg the court not to rely upon my word; but if your honor is not satisfied upon this point, I would recommend an examination of the statutes."

The counsel for the State rose to reply.

"Stop! stop!" vociferated the court; "this pint must be settled before we move another inch." And thereupon, seizing the statute-book and turning to the index, he began searching under the letter C for the word Churn. Not finding it, he next looked under S for Sap. Not finding "Sap," he continued his search under the letter U for Upsetting. Still unsuccessful, he looked under the title "Crimes and Misdemeanors." Finally, he rummaged the book from beginning to end, and finding it silent upon the subject of "upsetting churns," he arose, and, addressing the prisoner, said:

"Young man, this 'ere court is satisfied that there aint nothin' in the laws of Vermont agin tippin' over a churn full of sap. There aint nothin' about churns any way, nor sap nuther. But I want ye should remember one thing, that this 'ere court has made up its mind that it's a very naughty trick, and it's a shame that there's so many maple trees in the State, and no law agin tippin' over sap." Whereupon the prisoner was released.

TAKING NOTES IN JAPAN.—At Simoda, as at Nangasaki, every one seemed to be eternally taking notes of what everybody else was doing. Each Japanese had his breast pockets full of note paper, and convenient writing apparatus stuck in his belt, and everything that was said, done, and even thought, was no doubt faithfully recorded. In Japan, men do not converse with one another, except in formal set speeches; there is no interchange of thought by means of the tongue, but the pen is ever at work noting down their observations of one another. Sometimes we saw men comparing their notes, and grunting assent or dissent from opinions or facts recorded. At first we rather felt this as a system of espionage, but we soon became accustomed to it; and provided every man wrote down what he saw and heard, it may be more satisfactory in the long run to have to do with a nation of Captain Cuttles, who have "made a note" of everything, and so have more than memories to trust to.



15. LA MOUNTAIN, QUITE STARVING, TAKES FORCIBLE POSSESSION OF THE INDIAN'S DUCK. PAGE 528.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

MARRIAGE OF MISS FRANCES AMELIA BARTLETT TO DON ESTEBAN SANTA CRUZ DE OVIEDO.

RARELY has our metropolis been the theatre of a greater excitement than that of Thursday, October 13, at St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was a gigantic social excitement, affecting our beauty and fashion to a marvellous extent. Crinoline was more victorious than the Zouaves of France; poor mortal man

was snubbed, pushed and trampled upon like a very worm. A marriage like that of Thursday is indeed a rarity. True, marriages are every-day occurrences, and so are deaths; but the world moves on its course, society attends to its various duties, and the bonds of wedlock or the pall and shroud hardly excite a comment. But when the pomp of wealth, the majesty of loveliness and the splendor of gems are banded together, we must of necessity recognise something worthy of an excite-



16. EXTERIOR OF THE CABIN OF MR. ANGUS CAMERON. PAGE 528.

ment for the fashionable world. For many months there had been whispers of a coming wedding; of a bridegroom whose wealth was untold; of one who scattered pearls and diamonds around of oriental magnificence, who brought with him millions of dollars and lavished them upon our storekeepers. Then we heard of a bride, fair, young and beautiful, who was to be decked out in all this splendor. So the world talked and the press announced it; stories were told fabulous in their nature, and the people wondered and some doubted. At last the cards were issued, the fashionable Gimbrede receiving a very large and original order for stationery. We received the following cards:

MR. AND MRS. BARTLETT
request the pleasure of your company at the marriage ceremony
of their daughter,
FRANCES AMELIA, with DON ESTEBAN SANTA CRUZ DE OVIEDO,
On Thursday, the 13th of October.



17. HADDOCK RELATING HIS ADVENTURES TO MR. CAMERON—THE INDIAN ARRIVING AT THE CABIN WITH LA MOUNTAIN. PAGE 528.



T. J. OTTEND AND BARTLETT WEDDING—JEWELS PURCHASED TO THE BRIDE BY TIFFANY & CO.

The card of admission to St. Patrick's Cathedral was as follows:

Blue B.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,
THURSDAY, October 18, at TWELVE o'clock.

This card to be presented at the Vestry door in Mulberry street.

THE SCENE AT THE CATHEDRAL.

An occasion of this kind suggested the propriety of our being "got up regardless of expense," which duty we performed, and then wended our way towards that most unclassic of neighborhoods which boasts of such localities as Mott and Mulberry streets. A vast mob blocked up the streets, carriages were jammed in together, ladies lined the sidewalks and elbowed with beggars and misery; every window was decorated with a crowd of heads; people with tickets shouted for a passage, but the great multitude swayed to and fro, and the unlucky ticket-holder made no progress. But perseverance will conquer in the end: our patent leathers were trod, our corns were painfully pressed, our polished beaver was smashed out of shape, and our immaculate black suit was soiled beyond redemption—but we gained admittance into the Cathedral. Here was another frightful crush of crinoline. In the aisles, standing on the backs of the pews, on the steps of the altar, in the windows, crinoline squeezed itself, perspired, suffered and fainted, all from curiosity to see their fellow-creatures bonded. Everybody whispered and some talked aloud; Miss James pushed her elbow into Miss Marshall's ribs, while Mrs. Richards trod on Miss Pettitoe's delicate foot; Mr. White would hold his beaver in front of Miss Unadilla, and Miss Unadilla considered Mr. White no gentleman. But there is a lengthened buzz, an extra move of fashionable fans, an elevation of opera glasses, and from the side door enters the bridal party.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The bride's mother, Mrs. Bartlett, and the bridegroom, Senor Oviedo, entered first, then came the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, Captain Bartlett, and accompanied by her little brother, Master W. S. Bartlett, then six bridesmaids and groomsmen, two and two. Archbishop Hughes was already at the altar, accompanied by the Reverend Mr. Starrs and the Reverend Mr. McNiery. The bride is nineteen years of age, tall and *distingué*, possesses a peculiar beauty, and would be pronounced by any one a fine-looking, handsome person; and to those who have not seen her we can only say she is the exact counterpart of the Empress Eugénie—the same style of face, the same drooping of the eyelids, the *spirituelle* aspect of countenance, the same color and manner of wearing the hair. She was dressed not only royally but in the most exquisite manner. As we had the privilege of examining the *trousseau* previous to the wedding, and also the privilege of sketching, we are enabled to describe them thoroughly. The skirt of the dress was a fine, heavy white silk, over which was a superb double-tunic point Brussels lace dress, of the most magnificent pattern ever brought from Europe; the lace dress alone costing five thousand dollars. From her head was suspended a veil of the same magnificent material, and which cost one thousand dollars. Her head was also decorated with a wreath formed of orange blossoms, white roses and lilies of the valley. In her ears she wore a pair of pearls of enormous value; while around her neck was hung a quadruple row of pearls of matchless purity and size, to which was suspended a lover's knot, composed of pure diamonds. She also wore a costly brooch composed of the same precious jewels. It is needless to say that never in this country has there been seen a bride dressed in more royal robes than those of the bride of Thursday.

Senor Oviedo was dressed, as all groomsmen should be, in a black coat and pants, with an elegantly embroidered white satin vest; the only ornament he wore was a *solitaire* diamond breastpin of enormous value.

The bridesmaids—the Misses Bartlett, Stark, Parker, Yzquierdo, West and Howland—looked as charming and lovely as young girls beautifully dressed do look: all wore dresses of white tulle with double skirts, trimmed with three or four rows of puffs. Two were dressed in pure white, two wore

white and blue, and two cherry color and white. The groomsmen were groomsmen, and that is all we can say: men are poor articles for adornment.

THE CEREMONY.

The Archbishop was splendidly robed; he wore a violet cassock, cape and stole, while on his head was placed the golden mitre, studded with emeralds and rubies.

The usual form of Catholic service was then gone through with, and was conducted with great solemnity. Mr. Bartlett during the ceremony was affected to tears, as also was his wife. After the ceremony the Archbishop delivered the following address:

"The contract you have now entered into is for life; it can never be broken. 'What God has joined let no man put asunder.' Our Lord himself raised it to the dignity of a sacrament, and his church in all ages resisted every attempt to lessen the sanctity of the matrimonial contract. The Catholic Church has never granted divorces—never, never. You may have heard that she has done so, but believe it not; 'tis a mistake: she has never granted a divorce where marriage has been legitimately entered into, and she never will. For maintaining the inviolability of this sacrament the church lost England, and at the present moment she would lose a thousand Englands, or any other country, rather than loosen the bonds that bind society together. What would the condition of society be but for marriage? Society is made up of families, and to this sacrament the family relations are indebted for their sanctity, stability, decency and dignity. Marriage is no mere human contract, to be dissolved at the option of either party; it cannot be affected by prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, joy or sorrow; it lasts through life, and can only be broken by the summons that calls one or other from this world. It has its blessings, its privileges, and it has also its trials; but they will be borne together; and with religion as your guide and polar star, they will conduce to your eternal interest and welfare."

After some further remarks, the Archbishop alluded to the ease with which divorces were obtained, and their injurious effect on the morals of the community. The wisdom of the church of God, observed the Archbishop, was never more strikingly displayed than in her unwavering opposition to divorces. See the state of society to which a facility for obtaining them has led at the present time, when men can be found to advocate the total abrogation of marriage, or its dependence on the whim and caprice of the parties entering into it. After dwelling on this subject at some length, he referred to what is called a double marriage—that is, being married according to the Catholic and Protestant ritual. This, he said, was an impossibility; they could not be half married in one place and half married in another. They should remember when they were married in that church no other ceremony was requisite—that was final.

The Archbishop then exhorted them on the duties of the married state, the mutual affection and forbearance they should exercise towards each other; and, addressing the bridegroom, said he should bear in mind that this young lady had been surrounded in her own home with loving care and attention, and that it devolved upon him to supply the place of those affectionate relatives she had left. She will be the lady of your home, continued the Archbishop, and its ornament, and there is every human reason to suppose that the marriage this day solemnized will be fortunate and happy.

THE BRIDAL PRESENTS.

As we have been privileged to examine the various bridal gifts, and as they were not exhibited at the ceremony, we have no doubt a description will prove especially interesting to our lady readers. The two firms, Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., and Messrs. Tiffany & Co., supplied the jewellery, which is of enormous value. The jewels worn by the bride on the occasion of the wedding were furnished by Messrs. Tiffany & Co.; they were composed of the most perfect gems it was possible for them to collect, three pearls which are pendant to the necklace being of a purity of hue rarely known even in Europe.

In the rich *cadeau* purchased by the wealthy Don for his bride

are ornaments of all degrees of magnificence, and suited to every occasion. The watch, chatelaine and charms, for instance, form a set essentially unique, the timepiece being a perfect blaze of diamonds set in Genevieve blue enamel. The cost of this little regulator was hard upon one thousand dollars. Another item particularly worthy of the connoisseur's study is a brooch, an elaborate maze of diamonds, with pendants of brilliants clustered around a ruby, which for size and perfection of color is perhaps unequalled on this side of the water. The same house, copying the antique, furnished at a cost of indefinite thousands a blue enamelled Pompeian set of brooch and ear-rings—the brooch being very rare diamonds set in three horizontal medallions, with smaller medallions pendant by brilliant chains. The ear-ring is of one similar medallion. The work upon this is such as can be done by only one artificer in the United States, though the design is but a single specimen from the antique *repertoire* of Tiffany & Co.

The artistic eye of the Don was also caught by a rare cameo profile of Melusa in oriental onyx, and the artist received an order to mount it. The work upon this setting is so exquisite as to be even more rare than the large diamonds which blaze in it. The brooch is a unique in respect of all its artistic beauties.

The single ornament worn by the groom at the wedding and reception was a breastpin, the stone of which was furnished by Tiffany & Co., at a cost of six thousand dollars. But a few weeks since the bride lost a single stone diamond ring worth more than one thousand dollars, furnished by the same house.

Besides these, Signor Oviedo ordered the following sets of jewels of Ball, Black & Co., which were of surpassing magnificence and originality of style, consisting of diamond necklace, brooch, ear-rings and hairpins, with large emeralds and black pearl drops; a complete set of the same articles set with diamonds and rubies, with ruby pendants; a complete set of the same articles set with cameos and diamonds, of skilful workmanship; a complete set of the same articles in coral; a complete set of the same articles in diamonds and purple pearls; another ring diamond set, consisting of two bracelets, necklace, brooches, hairpins mounted in emeralds, in the Moorish style; a diamond ring costing one thousand eight hundred dollars, another ring costing one thousand three hundred dollars (advertised as lost); a pair of diamond every day ear-rings, costing two thousand three hundred dollars; another sapphire and diamond ring, besides a great number of statues, statuettes, vases and bronzes.

The diamond set furnished by Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., which we illustrate, is one of the five sets furnished by them.

The diamond necklace—the centre represents a large cluster formed of arabesques, from which suspends gracefully a drop forming a pouch; the sides are a continuation of scrolls, embracing as it were two rivières, which run into one near the end, and are studded above with small solitaires.

The bracelet and brooch and hair ornaments are mounted in the same beautiful manner, the diamonds being so displayed that it is really bewildering to allow the eye to rest upon them for many minutes.

The ear-rings consist of a pair of solitaires of the purest water, the size exactly as illustrated, with a pair of pear-shaped drops suspended. The whole of the workmanship is superb and elegantly rich.

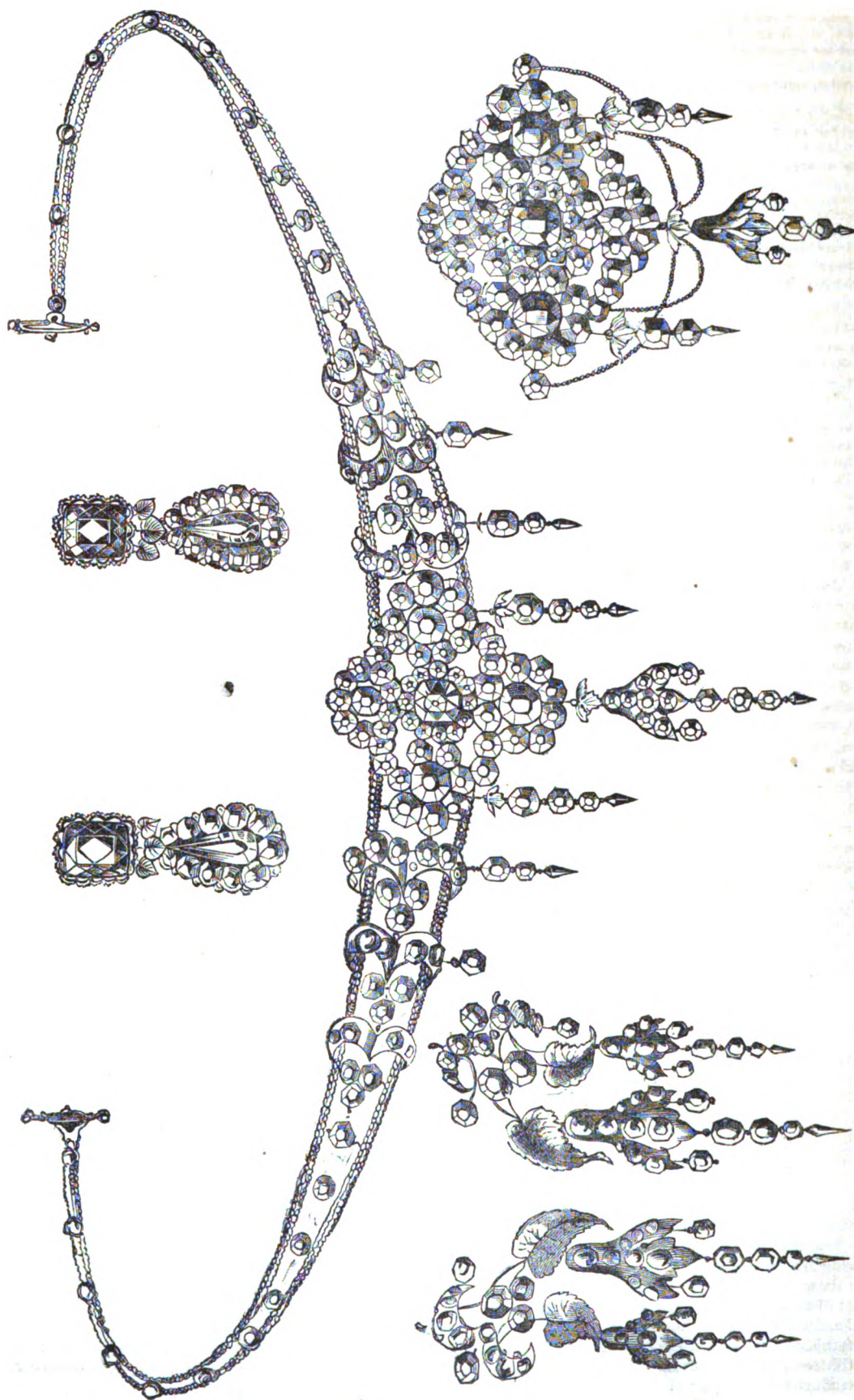
THE BRIDAL WARDROBE.

As a bridal *trousseau* is of supreme interest to all the lovely daughters of this land, and knowing that they see as much poetry in a description of dress as they do in the sweetest lines of Shelley, we have obtained for their especial edification a list of her wardrobe. A perusal of the same will send a thrill of horror to the hearts of young men who are about entering matrimony, while ladies will hail it as a happy incident, for they can thus draw a comparison between their own extravagance and that of the present groom; the comparison of expenditure will assist them greatly in obtaining their demands. The articles furnished by John N. Genin & Co. cost the enormous sum of thirteen thousand four hundred dollars—twelve of the pocket handkerchiefs costing six hundred dollars. The whole of the wardrobe is original in style, and commanded the immense facilities of Mr. Genin's establishment for three

months, in order to complete it, he having a *carte blanche* for the whole.

PATTERN DRESSES—

One blue silk, ruffled to the waist.
One green and white double skirt, trimmed with black lace.
One light blue silk chintz, flowers down the skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to match.
One steel-colored silk with purple velvet flowers, trimmed with wide bands of purple velvet, edged with black lace; a surplus waist trimmed to match the skirt.
One Swiss dress, the skirt formed with clusters of ruffles and tucks; the waist to match.
One white Swiss muslin dress, five flounces, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.
One white Swiss dress skirt, with three flounces, three ruffles on each flounce, pink ribbon underneath.
One Swiss dress, tucked to the waist.
Six dresses of poplin, merino and Ottoman velvet.
Eighteen street dresses, of rich, plain and figured silks; double skirt and two flounces; also moire antique, made in the newest and most fashionable style.
Twelve afternoon dresses, consisting of grenadines, organdies and tulle, all varied in styles of making.
Twelve evening dresses, one pink embossed velvet, trimmed with the richest Point de Venice.
One white silk tunique dress, skirt embroidered and trimmed with blond lace.
One pearl-colored silk, double skirt, with bouquets of embossed velvet.
Three white crape dresses, ornamented with bunches of raised flowers.
Three white tulle dresses, with colored polka spots of floss silk to be worn over white silk skirts.
Six dinner dresses; one white silk, embroidered with gold.
One pink moire antique, very elegant side stripes.
One blue silk, with lace flounces.
One amber silk, with black lace tunique dress.
One black moire antique, trimmed with velvet and lace.
One white moire antique, with puffs of illusion, and the sleeves made in the Princess Clothilde style.
Twelve muslin dresses, made with flounces and simple ruffles.
Three riding habits, one of black Canton crape, trimmed with velvet buttons.
One green merino English style.
One black cloth, trimmed with velvet.
Twenty four richly embroidered fine linen chemises, tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace.
Twelve chemises, embroidered only.
Twelve chemises, plain.
Twelve elegant Nainsook robes de nuit, embroidered and puffed; sleeves tight at the wrist, with gauntlet cuff.
Twelve jaconet robes de nuit, tucked with Valenciennes insertion and lace.
Twelve cambric robes de nuit, ruffled.
Six rich embroidered flannel skirts.
Six plain flannel skirts.
Twelve fine Nainsook skirts, tucked in various styles to the waist, intended to be worn under thin dresses.
Twelve cambric skirts, embroidered and tucked.
Twelve cambric skirts, with hem only.
Twelve muslin skirts, with four flounces, to be worn under evening dresses.
Six robe skirts, made in the most elegant style, puffed with insertion tucked up the front.
Two robe skirts, made with rows of medallions intertwined with Valenciennes lace.
Twelve pairs of corsets, covers to match robe skirts.
Six pairs of corsets, of different shades of moire antique, richly embroidered.
Six pairs of corsets, of French jean, richly embroidered.
Six short robes de nuit, made very handsomely of fine linen cambric and Valenciennes lace.
Six short robes de nuit, embroidered and tucked.
Twelve caps, made of fine muslin, embroidered.
Twelve caps of French jaconet, trimmed with real lace.
Six morning caps, made of medallions and lace.
Six Swiss mull muslin morning robes, three embroidered with colored wool and three with puffs, and inserted with colored chenille velvet.
Three colored lawn robes, with white embroidery.
One white merino robe, with raised embroidery, lined with white poul de sole.
Two fancy silk robes, trimmed with velvet ribbons.
Six combing jackets, three of cambric muslin, two colored flannel scalloped and embroidered, one white merino trimmed.
Three opera cloaks.
One white merino double cape, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with rich tassels.
One white cashmere, trimmed with blue and white plaid plush.
One grenadine, with ribbon quilling.
Twenty-four pairs of varied colored satin slippers, richly embroidered.
Twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, plain.
Twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, trimmed with ribbon.
Six pairs of mouse embroidered slippers: one pair of kid India mouse, embroidered; one green and gray chenille, embroidered; one purple and black silk, embroidered; two pairs of brown Morocco plain French, all made à la Turque style.
Six pairs of slippers, variably embroidered in various colors for the toilet.
Twelve pairs of silk and satin Français, dress habit and walking gaiters.
Six pairs of walking and winter gaiters, double sole.



THE OVIEDO AND BARTLETT WEDDING—JEWELS FURNISHED TO THE BRIDE BY BALL, BLACK & CO.

Six street bonnets, made of the most recherché Swiss straws, trimmed with handsome ribbon.

One opera bonnet, made of white lace and long fancy marabout feathers.

One black and white royal velvet bonnet, trimmed with clusters of pink roses, intermingled with black velvet leaves.

One bridal wreath, with clusters of white crushed roses, with a small wreath of orange blossoms across the head and a bouquet for the corsage to correspond.

Six rich head-dresses, consisting of chenille, pearl and gold, and other rich materials.

Six sets of hairpins, of coral, turquoise, pearl and gold ornaments.

Six brette capes of white tulle, trimmed in various styles of fancy velvet chenille and ribbon.

One Bruxelles point appliqué cape, trimmed with puffings of illusion and ribbon.

One dozen of French embroidered handkerchiefs, with initials richly embroidered in the corner.

One dozen of real point lace handkerchiefs.

One dozen of gimp lace handkerchiefs.

One dozen of pineapple handkerchiefs, embroidered and trimmed with lace.

One dozen of fancy illusion sleeves for evening dresses, made flowing à la Favorite.

Two dozen of glove tops to match sleeves.

One pair of glove tops of Point d'Alençon, trimmed with orange blossoms.

Six sets of fancy wristlets, made of velvet and laces.

Six French parasols, made of the most magnificent embossed velvet and rich Chinese carved handles.

Also, three coquette parasols, simple and elegant.

Twelve pairs of open-worked and embroidered China silk hose.

Twenty-four pairs of plain silk hose.

Twelve pairs of Balmoral hose.

Twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, open worked.

Twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, plain.

Twenty-four pairs of rich French embroidered elastic.

Twelve pairs of China silk under vests.

Twelve dozen of French kid gloves, of various colors.

Twelve pairs of gauntlets, buckskin and kid.

Twelve pairs of travelling gloves, gauntlet tops.

The bridal dresses were furnished by A. T. Stewart & Co., and made up by Madame Darras; the trousseau lace dress was the exact pattern of that used by the Princess Clothilde, at the selection of the Empress Eugenie, having been reproduced in Europe expressly for Mr. Stewart. The lace is point plat, point aiguille, Chantilly and Brussels; in fact, a combination of the most valuable lace known. Among the articles furnished by Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. were two handkerchiefs, point d'Alençon lace, valued at \$200 each. One Valenciennes worth \$250, the richest ever imported. The total value of goods furnished by them was \$28,000. In fact all the recherché of the trousseau, whether in laces, velvets, silks, shawls, robes, &c., &c., were furnished by A. T. Stewart & Co., who had a *corré blanc* as to cost, so that they produced of each article the most valuable which could be obtained; nothing more need be said.

We may state, *en passant*, for but little has been said of the fortunate bridegroom, that most of his superbly embroidered shirts, which are of the costliest description, curiosities, indeed, in their way, neckties, &c., were furnished by A. & G. A. Arnoux.

THE COLLATION.

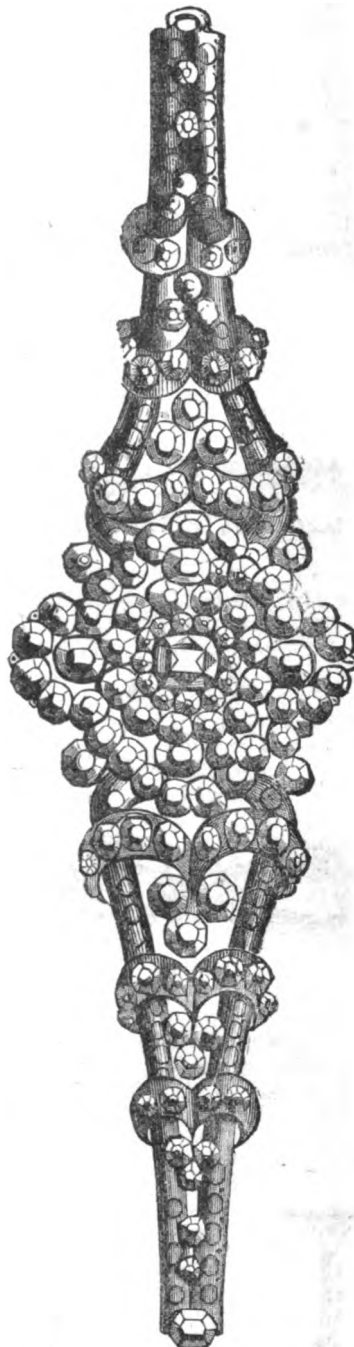
The splendid spread of edibles, placed with such exhaustless liberality before the guests at Captain Bartlett's house, was prepared by the celebrated caterer, Jacob Day, of West Thirteenth street; certainly nothing could have been more perfect in quality, or liberal in quantity. We understand there was a large reserve which has been dispensed with a liberal hand by Mrs. Bartlett to those who can but rarely taste such delicacies.

CONCLUSION.

As a matrimonial festivity and ceremony, we believe that the late marriage surpasses everything of its character which has occurred in this city. The arrangements in every respect were of the most princely nature; the congregation of people, great as it was in numbers, was orderly and becoming; and though it is computed there were fifteen hundred carriages outside of the Cathedral, yet the police regulations prevented disorder. The reception at the house was equally as imposing as at the Cathedral, Mr. Bartlett and his lady dispensing the hospitalities with unreserved cordiality and good nature. In a description of the dresses we neglected to mention that Mrs. Bartlett was almost as sumptuously dressed as the bride. After the crowd

had left the house, and the groom and bride had departed on their journey, there was a pleasant party, who remained till a late hour in the evening. Marriage is defined by Byron as "the bloom or blight of all men's happiness." To woman it is the important era of her life, and upon it she perils her world of joys and hopes. We trust that the new wedded pair will not live to regret a union which has commenced with such auspicious splendor.

THE OTTOMO AND BARTLETT WEDDING—JEWELS FURNISHED TO THE BRIDE BY BALT, BLACK & CO.



NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

THE LARKSPUR.

The annual larkspurs are known to all, some of the species forming one of the most common ornaments of the garden. A bed of the double dwarf rocket, in all its varieties of colors, equals in beauty a bed of hyacinths, while the tall branching sorts greatly enrich the garden borders when sown in masses—the different varieties of white, purple, pink and variegated

distinct from each other. The single varieties are handsome, but the double sorts elegant. The perennial species are not so common, but deserve to be more generally cultivated, not only on account of their beauty, but also for their hardiness and easy growing.

The great flowered sort is one of the most showy, and sports into many varieties. Its height is from two to three feet, and continues to give a succession of flowers from June to October—which are large, of a fine blue, purple or white, double and single, and often spotted or shaded on each petal with copper color on the dark varieties, or with green on the white. It is propagated by dividing the roots in the spring or in autumn. By sowing the seed, new varieties may be obtained, which, if done early, will flower in autumn. It will grow almost anywhere without difficulty, only requiring to be divided every few years, when the roots become large. The double Chinese is considered one of the most magnificent of herbaceous plants. It can be propagated only by dividing the roots, as it does not produce seed; it is perfectly hardy, enduring the coldest weather without protection, though it is best to give a little, as it will flower stronger for it. The flowers are a most beautiful lively blue, in long open spikes, upon graceful, slender purplish stems, three feet high. From June to November it displays its beauty. The upright larkspur, which is from four to six feet tall, is, from its height, well adapted to the shrubbery—its long clustered spike of fine blue flowers making an attractive appearance in that department.

HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS.

The mode of cultivating the class of flower plants known as herbaceous perennials is perfectly easy, the three things which have to be chiefly attended to being as follows: First, the manner of propagating; second, the most suitable soil; and third, the requisite temperature. There are five methods of propagation practised, viz., by divisions, suckers, seeds, layers and cuttings. The dividing of the roots may be done either with a kind of knife, if the plant is small, or with a spade, if the root is large and strong; the best time for doing it is when the tops are just beginning to grow, after having been cut down. Suckers may be taken up any time when they appear, but the most usual time is when the plant is beginning to grow. Seed should be sown, for the most part, early in spring, in light soil, and the seedlings planted out the following autumn in the situations where they are to flower. In the case of layers and cuttings, the plan to be pursued is precisely that for propagating soft-wooded shrubs and trees. Different species of these plants require rather different kinds of soil, but a light rich loam will suit the greater number of them; those confined in pots should have the soil enriched with a little well rotted manure. As to temperature, herbaceous perennial plants may be divided into several kinds—hardy, frame, greenhouse, &c. The first require very little care, except keeping free from weeds after once they are planted; but the others need more attention, because they grow in pots. They all, however, require similar treatment to each other, with the exception of the heat. The first will bear all weathers without injury; the second require a slight shelter in winter; the third require a little protection during most part of the year; and there are some which will not flourish without a brisk heat.

CHOICE POPPIES.

It is unfortunate that this family of flowers is so unpopular, for they are truly beautiful; and were it not for their bad character, and the propensity they have to make themselves too common, would undoubtedly be held in high estimation. The rneas species contains numberless varieties with double, semi-double and single flowers, of every shade of red, lilac, purple, white-edged, variegated and mottled. The true opium poppy, in its double varieties, is equally variable as the last, sporting into almost every hue except blue and yellow. The picotee variety is very elegant; some of the flowers are white or rose, delicately spotted on the margin of the petals with red. Thus, by cultivation, a flower with only four petals has been transformed into one in which the petals are almost innumerable.

The oriental poppy is a most magnificent flower, considered by some as worth all the rest of the poppy tribe. Its large,

gorgeous, orange scarlet flowers, display themselves in the month of June. The bottom of the petal is black; the stigma is surrounded by a multitude of rich purple stamens, the anthers of which shed a profusion of pollen, which powders over the stigma and the internal part of the flower, giving it a very rich appearance. The flower stems are rough, three feet high, each one bearing a solitary flower five or six inches in diameter; and a clump with twenty or thirty of these flowers, makes one of the most conspicuous and showy ornaments of the garden. The bracted poppy is another superb sort, very much like the last; the flowers are a deeper red, and the only essential difference is in the leafy bractes, by which the flowers are subtended. The *eschscholtzia californica*, and *argemone grandiflora*, are well known border sorts. The best way to propagate them is to sow the seeds in August, as the young plants will then stand the winter and flower earlier and much stronger than when sowed in spring. They continue flowering all the season, even after the frosts have commenced in autumn.

PLANTING EVERGREEN SHRUBS.

With regard to the situation in which evergreen and hardy deciduous shrubs will thrive best, a correct determination can only be arrived at by learning the natural habits of each. Some shrubs love a dry and elevated situation, and will not thrive crowded with others; some are rather tender, and must have warm and sheltered places; others are very hardy, and will thrive planted anywhere; others again will not grow freely unless they are placed in low damp ground, and others do not flourish at all well if placed where they are much exposed to the rays of the sun.

With respect to soil, hardy shrubs may be divided into two kinds, viz., those requiring common soil, and those peculiarly pertaining to the garden. A rich, light loam undoubtedly suits the greater part of the first-named class, although many of the stronger growing kinds will make fine bushes on almost any kind of soil. The *kalmias*, *rhododendrons*, *andromedas*, &c., make the finest growth and the best show, if they are planted in a soil composed for the most part of sandy peat; but in the absence of this, a very good compost may be made for them of light loam, river sand, and vegetable or leaf mould; equal parts, or a little peat earth mixed with it. After having taken out the original soil to about a foot and a half deep, substitute the above mixture in its place.

To encourage the growth of shrubs after being planted some care is necessary. Whilst the plants are small constantly keep down all rank growing weeds, and clear away everything that would otherwise retard their growth; they also receive much benefit by the surface of the ground being often stirred with a hoe, as this prevents the surface baking hard in dry weather. Watering shrubs, except in peculiar situations, during dry summers, appears to be of very little, if any benefit; on the other hand, it takes up much time, and is the means of the ground baking hard when dried by the sun again. When they have advanced to a large size, all the care required is to cut off the overhanging branches, so as not to allow them to smother each other.

RHODODENDRONS.

Rhododendrons are of easy culture, merely requiring to be planted in situations rather shaded and damp, and the soil to be sandy peat, or peat and loam mixed. They are propagated by layers, by cuttings, by separating the plant at the roots, and by seeds. When the plants are in full growth merely peg down the shoots, without any incision, and cover them with about two inches of soil, and by the following spring they will be ready to separate. Cuttings of half-ripened wood planted under a hand-glass in September, on a north border, in peat earth, will often strike and make good plants; but layers are preferable. Separating the plant at the roots is merely tearing off or separating with a sharp knife those branches with roots attached to them, which is the case when many branching stems spring from the same root. If by seed, sow it in a bed of peat soil, if there is a considerable quantity, but if only a small portion, sow in a pan or box, because of the ease with which the latter can be removed for protection. If sown on a bed, shelter the plants while young from heavy rains.

The cinnamomeum is a splendid plant, growing to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and spreading wide in proportion. The situation in which it is planted must be well sheltered from cold winds and have a little morning sun, and there will be little doubt of its thriving. The caucasicum varieties usually grow from two to three feet high, but rarely exceed two, except in situations that are quite favorable: they are very beautiful, and require only ordinary care to bring them to perfection. The arboreum venustum is a beautiful little variety, growing about eight inches high.

FLOWER PLANTS IN MASSES.

One of the most desirable plants for growing in masses is the petunia; it is one of the most valuable occupants of the flower garden, and is admired by all. It will bloom constantly in the open border from May to November; and the fine rosy purple flowers being produced in great profusion, render the plant a most pleasing object. A bed of this plant looks well when the plants are so arranged as to form a cone, or indeed in any shape in which the middle of the bed is the highest, gradually lowering to the edges. The plant is admirably adapted for pegging down to the ground, the lateral shoots rising from six inches to a foot high. The leading shoot being prostrate checks luxuriance and causes abundance of bloom. Cuttings taken off in autumn are very suitable for this purpose; they readily bend to the direction desired. Care is required to have a number of short sticks pricked in the bed, to which the shoots, in the early part of the season, must be tied, being very brittle; subsequently, however, when there is an abundance of shoots, no tying will be required—but the sticks are necessary, in order to prevent strong winds from blowing the plants out of proper form. This plant is also admirably adapted for training against a wall, or for covering a fence during summer.

HOW DOES YOUR MEERSCHAUM COLOR?

PERRHAPS we can do the Meerschamers no greater service than to tell them, in view of this momentous question, how the said article ought to color.

This mineral is of somewhat rare occurrence. It is a hydrous silicate of magnesia; has an earthy fracture, opaque, dull, smooth surface; color, white, inclining to yellow, red or gray; streak, shining; adheres to the tongue; has a hardness of two-fifths, and a specific gravity of one-half to one-sixth. If heated in a mattress, it yields water and turns black. Before the blow-pipe, it melts on the edges; with a solution of cobalt, becomes red, and is decomposed by hydrochloric acid.

It is found in nodules, at Kiltchiek, near Conian, in Natolia, in a large fissure, six feet wide, in calcareous earth; near Thebes, and in many other parts of Greece; Vallecas, near Madrid, and Cavanias, near Toledo; Pinheiro, in Portugal; Hrubachitz and Osbowern, in Moravia, and in Sweden; but by far the largest quantity is derived from the peninsula of Natolia, in Asia Minor. It is called meerschaum, or *écume de mer*, on account of the belief of the workmen engaged in digging the mineral, that it grows again in the fissures of the rock, and that it puffs itself up like froth. Good meerschaum is tolerably soft; resists the pressure of the hand, but is easily indented by the finger nail, and especially after having been wetted; it may be easily cut with a knife.

Although the fracture is earthy, and rarely conchoidal, still the state of aggregation of pure meerschaum is very variable, as is proved by the marked difference in the specific gravity. Some kinds sink in water, others float on the surface; and these qualities are, in the estimation of the pipe-maker, indicative of different values, for he rejects both the very heavy and the very light, and prefers those of medium density. The light varieties are generally very porous, and even contain large cavities, whilst the heavier kinds are suspected to be an artificial product. Formerly the material was roughly fashioned, on the spot, into bowls, which were elegantly carved in Europe. The art was specially cultivated at Pesth and Vienna, where it formed an extensive and important branch of trade.

These rough bowls still occur in commerce; but by far the greater part of the meerschaum is exported in the shape of irregular blocks, with obtuse angles and edges, requiring careful manipulation, with the aid of water, in order to remove irregularities and faulty portions. This preliminary treatment still leaves numerous blemishes. The meerschaum of commerce has defects of various kinds; besides various minerals scattered through its mass, it contains a hard sort of meerschaum, which the manufacturers call chalk, and which is the cause of much difficulty in the carving. Previous to the mechanical treatment of the meerschaum for making the bowl, it is subjected to a certain preparation. It is soaked in liquified unguent, composed of wax, oil and fat; the wax and the fat, which the substance absorbs, causes the colors which meerschaum assumes after smoking. Under the influence of the heat produced by the burning tobacco, the wax and fat pass through all the stages of a true process of dry distillation; the substances thus formed become associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, and by their diffusion through the meerschaum, all those gradations of color which are so highly prized by the connoisseur are produced.

Occasionally, though rarely, the bowls are artificially stained by steeping them, before they are soaked in wax, in a solution of copperas, either alone or with dragon's blood. This process must manifestly very materially affect the shade of color produced in smoking.

The large quantity of meerschaum parings left in roughing out the bowls would entail considerable loss, unless some process had been devised of rendering them available. A species of meerschaum bowl has long been known in commerce, under the name of *massa* bowls, which is made from the parings. They are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water, and moulded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay. Each of these blocks suffices for one bowl; but before they can be used, they must be allowed to dry for some time as they contract considerably. These bowls are distinguished from real meerschaum by their greater specific gravity; but there is no very certain test by which the real meerschaum can be distinguished from the composition, and many suppose that all the heavier descriptions are spurious, though there is no absolute proof of this being the case. A negative test may, however, be mentioned: the composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum; therefore, if a blemish occur in a meerschaum bowl (which is frequently the case), the genuineness of the bowl is rendered more probable; but as these do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time, the test is not of much value.

Very extensive and valuable collections of meerschaum pipes and mouth-pieces were exhibited in the London Crystal Palace, from Gotha, of both real and imitation meerschaum bowls. From Turin, Sardinia, were elaborately carved meerschaum pipe-bowls, the sculpturing of which was very exquisite. From Austria, a large collection of *massa* pipe bowls and cigar-tubes, which were manufactured from meerschaum dust; the former of these articles were elegant, and the execution so good, that they were with difficulty distinguished from the real meerschaum.

The importation of meerschaum pipes and cigar-tubes into the United States has of late become very extensive, and it was estimated at two hundred thousand dollars the last year.

THE Dublin *Medical Press* asserts that the pupils of the polytechnic school in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into two groups—the smokers and non-smokers—it shows that the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations, on entering the school, are the smokers in a lower rank, but, in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.



THE DIAMOND WEDDING AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, N. Y., OCTOBER 13, 1869.—PORTRAITS OF THE BRIDE IN HER SUPERB BRIDAL COSTUME, THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE BRIDESMAIDS.

CONSTANCE LEE

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

THE golden sunshine falls upon all—

It falls upon Constance Lee;
It falls in showers on her auburn hair,
And makes it a sight to see,
As the light gale swayeth it hither and higher,
It gleams and glistens like threads of fire.

The golden sunshine falls upon all,
But it quells not the fire of her eye,
Which falters not for a moment's space
Though it gaze at the sun in the sky
It blanches not. In its depths so clear
A true, strong soul lies hidden there.

The golden sunshine fell upon all,
But mostly on Constance Lee;
It felled her round with a glory and charm
And a halo of sanctity.
So it seemed to me long years ago,
When my conquered heart at her shrine bent low.

The golden sunshine fell upon me
One day as I lay at her feet;
She was telling to me in her earnest way,
In accents troubled, yet sweet,
Of her love for one who dwelt over the sea,
Of her hope and faith in his constancy!

The golden sunshine fell on my heart,
And scorched out the passion there;
But its brightness fell on it never again
Through the meshes of my despair.
I knew it was light—and I heard her tone,
But her words had turned my heart to stone.

The golden sunshine falls as of yore,
It falls upon Constance Lee;
It brightens on one who sits by her side,
In rapt idolatry.
But she never knew how her words that day
Had swept the hope of my life away.

WHOEVER HAS A WIFE HAS WAR.

A CONJUGAL COMEDY TO THE END OF TIME.

Translated from the French of Augustine Brohan.

BY FRANK WOOD.

[NOTE.—This dramatic bijou is the work of the wittiest and one of the prettiest actresses of Paris, Mlle. Augustine Brohan, of the Comedie Française. It will be remembered that this lady's relations with her husband, M. Mario Uchard, formed the subject of the comely "La Fiammina," which made such a sensation in Paris two years ago, and was reproduced in New York at Wallack's Theatre by Miss Matilda Heron. At Baden-Baden, where all the literary and artistic people of Paris assemble during the summer months, they inaugurated a series of *soirées dramatiques* this season with "Whoever has a Wife has War," and the *proverbe*, as the French call it, met with great success, especially among married people.—*Trans.*]

SCENE I.

As the curtain rises the Count and Countess are discovered, sitting in armchairs on opposite sides of the fire.

THE COUNT (*after a moment of silence*). You are ennuyé, countess.

THE COUNTESS. Dreadfully!

COUNT. And I cannot prevent it?

COUNTESS. On the contrary!

COUNT. Thank you! Do you wish to go out?

COUNTESS. It's a matter of perfect indifference to me.

COUNT. Where shall we go?

COUNTESS. Wherever you please.

COUNT. Do you think you would be entertained?

COUNTESS. No, I don't.

COUNT (*moving uneasily in his chair*). Your chairs are abominable, countess.

COUNTESS. Very true. (*She pretends to go to sleep again. An interval of silence.*)

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COUNT. May I light a cigar

COUNTESS (*without opening her eyes*). No.

COUNT. You are a perfect tyrant, my dear. They smoke everywhere now, and I am perhaps the only man who dares not do it in—

COUNTESS (*raising her head quickly*). In where?

COUNT. In my wife's house.

COUNTESS. Why did you hesitate? You were going to say, "In my own house."

COUNT. No, truly.

COUNTESS. Do I not know very well that you are the master here, that I have become your humble spouse and consequently your obedient servant!

COUNT (*laughing*). Are you really so obedient and humble? Why did you not mention it, pray? I had not perceived it!

COUNTESS. Laugh as much as you please, but that does not alter the fact that I must submit to your caprices, that I can have no will of my own, that I must bow to your complaints, your orders, your jealousy—

COUNT. There, there! You are getting to be unjust, countess; you know very well that I am not jealous of you.

COUNTESS (*bitterly*). Oh! certainly, you have unlimited confidence in me!

COUNT. Are you offended at it?

COUNTESS. No, oh! no; be as confiding as you will; only be modest enough to suppose for a moment that your attractiveness may some day diminish in my opinion.

COUNT. Your opinion will change then, countess, for you remember that I was the object of your choice.

COUNTESS. If my opinion *has* changed, count, it is best as it is now. And if I *did* choose you, I was guilty of a great piece of foolishness.

COUNT. You are really too kind! But come, let us know what reason you have for treating me thus?

COUNTESS. I? I am suffering from ennui. You said so at the beginning.

COUNT. Let us do something to rid you of this ennui.

COUNTESS. What would you have me do?

COUNT. I don't know, let us put our heads together. I am your best friend, countess, and I am really pained to see you thus. Do you know that it almost amounts to an illness on your part?

COUNTESS. I do; and while thanking you, count, for the interest you take in the matter, I must confess to you that it is not her husband that a woman takes for a physician in such cases.

COUNT. Explain yourself, countess!

COUNTESS. Why should it affect you? you are not jealous.

COUNT. I feel safe, but am not perfectly easy in my mind; it is not enough for me to know that you would do nothing censurable, the idea that this virtue should be a sacrifice on your part is painful, and I cannot reconcile myself to it.

COUNTESS. Ah! such delicate scruples seldom trouble the head of a man who has his marriage contract in his pocket; you know to a certainty that I will never sin in the eyes of the world; if I should sin in the eyes of God you would sleep none the less soundly.

COUNT. Really, madam, you have a very good opinion of me.

COUNTESS. What do you do to make me have a better? what proofs of love and devotion do you give me?

COUNT. You astonish me, countess, more than I can tell. I love you dearly; my devotion has not, it is true, an opportunity to show itself, but that you should deny its existence is unjust.

COUNTESS. Do you even care to know what passes within me, provided that I appear happy? You see that I am serene, and that is enough. But what has become of those promises you made when you first whispered words of love in my ear, where are those joys of married life that you then spoke of?

COUNT. Where are they? Why, here, in ourselves, in our home. What misfortunes, what worriments have reached you here? What subject of annoyance is there? My thoughts are for you from the moment that I wake in the morning. If there is anything that I can do to please you, a present, a promenade, I am always ready to offer it to you.

COUNTESS (*bitingly*). You are right; only yesterday you brought me this bracelet, I ought to be very happy and I am—

COUNT. Countess, I am uneasy about you; you must not stay at home so much. You have cooped yourself up in the house too much of late; come, shake off this spleen; with a little effort it will pass away. Every intelligent person has these misanthropical moments; a slight effort of the will and of the mind suffice to triumph over it. Dress yourself, we will go out and try it.

COUNTESS. Ah! don't speak, my dear count, of the entertainments you would offer me. I know your programme beforehand and by heart; it is not tempting.

COUNT. You know, eh? Now let us see if you do?

COUNTESS. Oh! that is done already. Here, pass me that pencil and paper. I'll wager that I will not make a mistake. (*She writes hastily*). Come, now, say on, I will follow you by these lines. Well, you hesitate. Come, what is the best thing we can do to amuse ourselves?

COUNT. Why, first, we might go to the theatre.

COUNTESS (*reading*). "Opera or theatre on the Boulevard."

COUNT. Go to see your sister-in-law.

COUNTESS (*reading*). "Make calls."

COUNT. Go shopping.

COUNTESS (*reading*). "Spend money."

COUNT. Play a little on the piano.

COUNTESS (*still reading*). "Have the magic lantern brought up." You see, count, I have foreseen everything; my imagination in quest of pleasure has got ahead of yours, and I remain unaffected by all the temptations that have been paraded before me.

COUNT. Then there is nothing that can amuse you?

COUNTESS. Nothing!

COUNT. It is more than ennui, then; it would seem to be almost a sorrow.

COUNTESS. Perhaps it is.

COUNT. What can be the cause of it?

COUNTESS. The troubles of life, the deceitful promises of hope, the dispelling of illusions—

COUNT. At your age!

COUNTESS. Does not a minute suffice to destroy the work of a century?

COUNT. What did you expect, then? what did you wish for that you have lost?

COUNTESS. I wished to be your wife, when I expected to find you what I thought; and it was you whom I lost, count, the moment I married you!

COUNT. Still these insinuations that I cannot understand! Explain yourself, once for all; you make me feel very unhappy! What have you to reproach me with?

COUNTESS. Oh, *mon Dieu!* nothing. Let us say no more about it! I do not think, however, that you will venture to maintain that you are to-day what you were before our marriage?

COUNT. You are charming in your anger, and I would not have missed this delicious evening on any account.

COUNTESS. You are facetious—very well.

COUNT. No jesting about it, countess; I assure you that I adore you thus, and let me tell you that if I have changed, it is not the case with you. You have still the same beauty, the same wit, and even that little touch of despotism which accompanied your first entry into society.

COUNTESS. What do you mean by that "little touch of despotism?" Speak more clearly.

COUNT. Do you remember, countess, the plan I adopted to make love to you?

COUNTESS. Not in the least.

COUNT. I will recall it to your mind. When you arrived in the salon of one acquaintance, I entered that of another. When you waltzed, I polked; when you occupied your box at the opera, I went to the Comedie Française; and when your mother received, I talked with your sister.

COUNTESS. I am not at all astonished at this.

COUNT. You see that it was cleverly done, since at the end of this little comedy, in the happy month of July, 1855, I had the happiness of conducting you to the altar.

COUNTESS. Was it so long ago?

COUNT. You delight me by that speech. Have the years, then, appeared very short?

COUNTESS. Astonishingly so.

COUNT. Thank you.

COUNTESS. But I don't see that you have come to that "touch of despotism" you spoke about.

COUNT. What, do you not understand? Your charming but imperious character took offence at the indifference I affected in regard to you, and you deigned to occupy your mind with me at last.

COUNTESS. You conclude from that—

COUNT. That you were a little despotic, even then, that is all.

COUNTESS. Well, my dear count, no offence to you, but there is not a word of truth in all that you say, and I am sorry to have to cross out of the list of your triumphs all that you had put to my account. When you polked, I did not know it, and waltzed very conscientiously so far as I was concerned, I assure you. When you were away I was never aware of it, for, generally, I never thought of you except when I saw you enter the room; and when you talked with my sister my mind was perfectly easy, since I knew very well that you were talking only of me.

COUNT. Well! That simply proves that young ladies often know more than their mothers; but then, after all, what have you to complain of. Since it was undoubtedly you, I repeat with the greater assurance, since it was you who made choice of me for a husband, why have you become so cold, so haughty, so blasé?

COUNTESS. Seriously, do you want to know?

COUNT. I entreat that you will tell me.

COUNTESS (*vehemently*). Well! because I despise your sex, because I blush at having been weak enough to be caught in so palpable a trap, because I hate marriage. Tell me, if you please, if there are not two distinct men in the lover who becomes a husband. Then, it is five years ago now, you were affected by my presence; now you are merely polite. When my name was mentioned before you, your cheek was red with the proud blush that rose to it; now you maintain a perfect *aplomb*, and question the speaker both with words and looks. Then your arm trembled when my arm rested upon it, now you walk on calmly and firmly, caring little whether I keep up with you or no! These are little things, but they are those that women always observe. Then again, your favorite seat was on the cushion that you laid at my feet. Look now, the cushion is still here, but unoccupied, put away in a solitary corner, while you stretch yourself out in an easy chair which you grumble at. Finally, my dear count, then—

COUNT. Well! Then?

COUNTESS. Then you were slim and elegant, and now you are growing fat!

COUNT. Dreadful! So according to you, madam, the only thing I have left to do is to hang myself.

COUNTESS. Jest if you will. But it is not because you are losing your gracefulness, your elegance of shape that I complain, it is for the arrogance that your transformation expresses. How very like a married man it is! a man who knows beyond all doubt, that a poor woman, his wife, is tied down to his house so that nothing can get her away, that death only can release her! Yes, I repeat it, that it is an abuse of strength, of authority, in this tyrant, who is so sure, so confident of the invulnerability of his position, that he struts about, becomes swollen with pride, gets fat, wears uncouth garments, and lounges about the house. Fie! fie! it is an odious sight!

COUNT (*dumbfounded*). And I, who have never imagined anything of all this, who have lived thus long, good, easy man, without even suspecting it. But, tell me, while you are in the confiding vein, have you nothing else to complain of?

COUNTESS. Oh! yes, plenty.

COUNT. Let me know all, I beg of you.

COUNTESS. Well! another cause of vexation is, that when we go to a ball or party you always leave me alone to myself as soon as we arrive.

COUNT. That is in perfect good taste; it did not occur to me

that we went to other people's houses to have a *little-à-tête*; I leave you always in the hands of your friends.

COUNTESS. If you only knew how harmful your absence is to you! and what a smothered anger I have against you on account of it! Of what use is it to me to be beautiful when you are not near? What care I for the compliments, the homage I receive, if I do not see a little jealousy in your face? You avoid this little suffering at which my woman's vanity would rejoice; you wait tranquilly until I come to you, my heart full of a vanity which I have no means to disclose, for really I cannot relate to you my successes like a schoolgirl; no, all this I must keep to myself! When I leave society's rooms and return home, all is over; I must be resigned to murmur to myself the sweet words I had whispered in my ear, until the recollections of the last *fête* has passed away! Then, one fine day, one don't know why, it seems to spring from nothing, one is quite astonished to find in the corner of one's head or one's heart some pleasant face, which reminds you of an enthusiastic look, a magnetic voice, a mute admiration which affects you and makes you regret it at first, then dream over it.

COUNT (*wiping his forehead*). This is charming, this little perspective that you open up before me. Happy husbands!

COUNTESS. Poor wives! Come, count, be just; what do you care about us? are we not your playthings, your puppets? Is it not the prettiest, best dressed one among us that you choose, and when you have condescended to conclude before the lawyers the bargain which delivers her over to you, what else do you become but miserly owners who put their human property under lock and key, or criminally indifferent husbands who abandon their wives to the perils of a complete freedom? Believe me, Michele was right when he said, "Women are what men make them;" when you deny us all active part in life, when science is forbidden us under penalty of appearing pedantic; politics and business under the pretext that we know nothing about them; when you mercilessly confine us to fashions and furbelows, do not then be astonished if you discover that we do not dress exclusively for our servants; do not be surprised if we seek other praises than our mirrors give us, and if you choose not to look at us, because we are your wives, be patient and endure our looking elsewhere for the admiration which, I assure you, we deserve for our efforts to please! And, oh! so much the worse for you, if we show ourselves too grateful! There is no help for it. Some hearts are attracted by affection as the needle is by the magnet.

COUNT. Very well; ah! I see now that I am a great criminal! (*The countess rises and makes a movement to go into her room, the count stops her*). But are you sure that this is all? have you nothing else to reproach me with?

COUNTESS (*looking at her watch*). Oh, yes! but it is getting late; you should devote the time to passing in review all your faults.

COUNT. Bah! never mind; let us drink the cup to the dregs. COUNTESS. You really wish it?

COUNT. Yes, and am anxious to. Let us see, what other blunders, what errors, what crimes do I commit?

COUNTESS. You also commit very often, my dear count, the unpardonable error of remaining alone with me in the evening.

COUNT. Hum! alone with you, and then alone without you in society! Are you at all certain about your griefs? it seems to me that they contradict each other.

COUNTESS. Not at all; in principle it is still the same fault. Alone with you, what merit, what charm can you find in my presence except that of not being rained on out of doors? of having a good fire made and a cup of tea? but in me nothing! Do you even see, deep in the perusal of your newspaper, if my fingers are fine and slender, if my nails are pink and finely-shaped? "You can't talk," you will say; but if in my talk I agree with you, you will applaud, and if I discuss with you, you will think me insupportable. Whereas in company, you will look over at me because others do; you will take part with me. If in discussion I speak your thoughts, you will be proud of me who am able to be your representative; if I venture something which is not your opinion, you will tremble for me, for I am both of us then!—it is your name, your interest, society's interest which are at stake. Here and alone I am

nothing more than a piece of furniture to which you are accustomed; and it is very proper, it is very natural. For myself, I am sure that I would not care to own a palace, a thousand slaves, all the crown diamonds, if I had to live on a desert island.

COUNT. That's just like the women—all for vanity!

COUNTESS. That's just like men—all for egotism!

COUNT. You call it egotism to be content with what one has, not to covet what others have, and to live happily with the woman whom you love.

COUNTESS. Understand it so, if you will; the definition does not at all modify my idea.

COUNT. But now explain yourself. What is the exact definition of an egotist?

COUNTESS (*looking him straight in the face*). An egotist is a gentleman who has been a soldier, who has been a lover, who has been slender, and who is decorated with the medal of the Legion of Honor. Now that I have introduced him to you, I will leave him in your company and go and dress to go to Madame de Courmont's.

COUNT. To Madame de Courmont's!

COUNTESS. Yes; I just remember that this is her day, and that I have promised a waltz to Baron Garvagh, who is making love to me, as you know, and who would die of chagrin if I should fail to keep my promise.

COUNT. Seriously, do you wish to go out?

COUNTESS. Frankly, our conversation has not at all dissipated my ennui—on the contrary; and I have not the least objection to going out and forgetting all that has been said between us. It has not been a very lively evening, you will agree.

COUNT (*tenderly putting his arm around his wife's waist*). Let us stay at home, my dear, I pray you. This conversation will not have been useless, I promise you, and—

COUNTESS (*disengaging herself*). No! no! no! Baron Garvagh runs in my head.

COUNT. Blanche, I beg of you—

COUNTESS (*from the door-sill*). Adieu, count; I am going to dress. (*She enters her own room*).

SCENE II.

COUNT (*alone*). Baron Garvagh is now dangerous, but some one else may become so. What a singular thing! Blanche is certainly of good birth and of great discretion, she has even a superior mind; and yet how she trifles with our mutual happiness! What would they have, then, these frail creatures whom a breath would blow down, and yet who find a strength to torture us that the executioner cannot equal? What do these diseased imaginations demand? What must we do? What can we invent to keep them up and prevent their thoughts from straying off into hurtful dreams?—what, oh! what? To be a good fellow, an honest man, a faithful friend—a lover, even, will not suffice! Why cannot a sensible, virtuous woman understand that after the joy of desire and possession, if there is a change, that change is to the advantage of matrimony? A husband is really found fault with because he has no longer those fears, those doubts and emotions which a thousand times have almost made him abandon the pursuit; it is a subject of reproach that he should feel proud, happy, confident, when his happiness lives in him and with him—when it is there, and he can touch it with his hands, feel it on his heart and under his roof. They would like to have him still timid, when he sees that he is the chief, the protector, the master. But, zounds, countess, if we reason thus, you, too, are changed! You no longer blush when I look at you; and in a host of other things you are changed. Yes, it is true, I formerly avoided all conversations in which I heard her name: it was because I had confidence in the future, and I felt myself too privileged to associate with her hopeless admirers. I hid myself, not being able to hide what was passing within me. Now I watch. I can no longer be the robber, but I may be the robbed. It is for this reason that I show myself and listen, and when I do not hear, the vapid smile that passes over my lips can hardly dissimulate the wrinkle of care on my forehead. Now am I a husband indeed. But can I blame her for it? And when she

comes out with those little theories of which she appears as proud as of her recipes to make sweetmeats, should I shrug up my shoulders? May there not be some truth in what she says? We men live largely, to the complete satisfaction of our desires, and then, when we are cloyed with pleasure and have lost our taste for it, we look about us for a pretty face and a fortune, which these poor girls bring us with their freshness of soul, their hopes, their schoolday dreams; they know nothing, and would learn all; their heart is wide open, their astonished eyes ready to see everything; they breathe in life as the Arab courser opens his nostrils to the wind of the desert; while we, more or less foundered, follow them with difficulty. What travelling companions for young women!—everything is in that; they are going and we are returning. We must not be too hard upon them. Patience; let us wait until time has cooled their hot blood, and in the meantime let us give an object to their love of the new and unknown; let us be—and it will not require a great effort—the loved image that one day she will find in the corner of her heart. After all, we can keep nothing in this world without a rigid watchfulness: let us resign ourselves, and adopt that plan to keep our wives that we certainly do to get them; let us play a little comedy. Ah! my dear Blanche, you are, you say, what you are made. Very well, I shall try to make you what it is necessary you should be for my greatest contentment and tranquillity.

SCENE III.

THE COUNTESS (*entering*). I am ready, dear. (*She goes to the Count, who is seated in an armchair*).

THE COUNT. Do you know what I have been thinking about? COUNTESS. Not at all.

COUNT. I have been thinking that your armchairs are better than they look.

COUNTESS. A fine reflection to make just as I am going out.

COUNT. But you are not going out.

COUNTESS (*astonished*). Not going out!

COUNT. I am ill, and cannot go with you.

COUNTESS. That is unfortunate, to be sure; but never mind, I did not count upon you. I will go alone.

COUNT. I will add that I do not wish you to go alone to Madame de Courmont's.

COUNTESS. Do not wish me to?

COUNT. Do not wish you to.

COUNTESS. Really, my dear count, you must have divined that I was only half inclined to go, and are pleased to give me an irresistible desire in that direction.

COUNT. I did not think of that delicate attention, I must confess; only it doesn't suit me to have you go to meet Baron Garvagh, and I forbid you!

COUNTESS (*looks at him a little astonished. After a moment of hesitation she rings. A servant enters*). My carriage. (*The servant goes out*).

COUNT (*ringing. The servant returns*). No matter; you need not order the carriage.

COUNTESS (*stupified*). Is it you, really you, who treat me thus!

COUNT. Your astonishment is highly flattering. It is the greatest possible praise of my past conduct.

COUNTESS. But have you reflected upon what you are doing?

COUNT. Reflected? no. There is no need of it. I am exercising my rights. Article 213 of the Civil Code.

COUNTESS. But this is an insult, sir.

COUNT. An everyday one, madame; I beg that you will go and take off your bonnet, I want to have a long talk with you. (*He lights his cigar and sits down*).

COUNTESS (*aside*). I cannot recognize him; he is not the same man. Now he is smoking, and I thought him so kind and well bred! What is to be done with a husband like that? How unhappy I am! What is to become of me? I must not yield. No. This first step taken I am lost. (*Aloud*). You have decided, sir, not to take me to this ball?

COUNT. Exactly.

COUNTESS. And you think you have the right to prevent me from going alone?

COUNT. I do not think anything about it, I am sure.

COUNTESS. Exercise that right, then, for in spite of your orders to the contrary, I am going. I will have a carriage brought.

COUNT. Take care, my dear. I warn you beforehand that I shall follow you and offer you my arm to return the moment you enter the house.

COUNTESS. Ah! this is horrible!

COUNT. I warn you, too, that if I meet Baron Garvagh I shall slap his face.

COUNT. But you are mad.

COUNT. You have exasperated me, madam, and I can no longer contain myself.

COUNTESS. Well, sir, as unfortunately for me I can do nothing against physical strength and brutality, I must submit. I will stay at home, since such is your order; but henceforth never expect from me any other sentiments than those of hate and contempt! (*She goes into her own room*).

SCENE IV.

COUNT (*alone, rings. To the servant*). Justin, look in my travelling valise, the old one which I have not used for some time. You will find, I think, a letter in the side pocket. Bring it to me at once. What is she going to do. (*He looks through the keyhole*). She takes off her wreath, puts it on again, then weeps. Again she takes it off. She speaks to her femme-de-chambre, who raises up her hands in astonishment. She is telling her what a Blue Beard I am. Well, she is putting on her head-dress again. It is certainly Miss Julie's advice which causes these changes.—She wets her eyes, and powders her face. (*The servant enters, bringing the letter. The Count takes it*). All right. (*When the servant goes out he resumes his post of observation*). She has sent away her femme-de-chambre. Eh! no, there she is at the other end of the room; what pray is she doing? making up packages. Yes, really, packing up her lace, her jewels, and Blanche is burning her letters. Ho! ho! the comedy is becoming a drama! So much the better, the emotion will last longer; we can wait a fortnight at least before commencing again. She is coming this way, bravo! to bid me an eternal adieu, without doubt.

SCENE V.

COUNTESS (*entering, she has been weeping*). Count, I have come to ask you for the last time, yes or no, will you take me to the ball?

COUNT. For the last time, madam, no.

COUNTESS. Then sir, I bid you farewell.

COUNT (*aside*). That's it. (*Aloud*). Farewell!

COUNTESS. Yes, sir, I am going. To ask the protection of my family against your bad treatment.

COUNT. I have already told you, madam, that I was acting up to my rights; you have suffered no bad treatment from me; you have no cruelty or harshness to complain of. You told me that you were going to Madame de Courmont's, to dance with Baron Garvagh, who is making love with you. I answered that I did not consent. The law and common sense are on my side. Act your pleasure then; give up this little *fête* and believe me for anything else that I may think proper, your very humble servant. (*He takes his hat*).

COUNTESS. You are going out?

COUNT. Yes, madam.

COUNTESS. Reflect a moment, sir. I am not a child; you cannot seriously intend to treat me as you do. After having lived so happily you do not wish, I am sure, to make our household an object of public ridicule; you know very well that even if I should wish, I would neither have the power nor the right to conceal your proceedings; do you wish me to pass for a victim, you for a tyrant? would you make me unhappy? would you have people point at us in the street? would you have people believe what you do not believe yourself, that the baron?—Oh! I blush for you, sir!

COUNT. Madam, I have invented nothing; that gentleman who "runs in your head" exists; he has his hair parted in the middle; he thinks you are beautiful, the contrary would be impossible! and you want to go and dance with him! I don't want you to.

COUNTESS. Come to this ball, sir, you need not leave me. I will invent an excuse not to dance; but at least, you will not have treated me in a manner unworthy of ourselves, you will not have cast an irreparable insult between us.

COUNT. No, madam, all that I can do in return for the happy years I owe you, is to return you your liberty in resuming my own, to consent to an amiable separation.

COUNTESS. A separation?

COUNT. To speak frankly, in my turn. I am very, very tired of the life that we lead; I know that your heart is no longer mine, I see the indifference that I inspire you with, the disgust even.

COUNTESS. The disgust?

COUNT. Eh, *mon Dieu!* I can understand it, this unfortunate flesh of mine—

COUNTESS. Oh! sir, a mere jest.

COUNT. Not at all; I saw that you were in earnest. If I were younger and more hopeful, I would try to win your heart again, but my courage fails me. I had contracted such pleasant habits near you; life passed on so smoothly, so purely and gaily, that success even would be embittered by the distrust I should have of myself. After having been your hero, madam, I could not resign myself to be your buffoon, my mind would revolt; to avoid this fall I should become unkind, as you say, I should be your tyrant. I still retain enough affection for you to avoid being your victim. Let us part then.

COUNTESS (*restraining her tears*). Be it so, sir. I cannot go against your wishes nor oppose your desires.

COUNT. You will be happy at last; the mortal ennui which possessed you will pass off, you will find in the homage that every one pays you the pleasure of exercising that vanity you acknowledge, while I, for my part—

COUNTESS. For your part?

COUNT. *Mon Dieu!* I will applaud your successes. They will not then belong to me, and I shall have the courage to be proud of them. I will pay my addresses to you myself, if you will permit it.

COUNTESS. You are not serious in all this?

COUNT. Pardon me, madam, I am very serious in resigning into your hands the rights you yourself had given me. I abdicate; I am philosophical, egotistical, if you will, and I prefer a calm life, a negative happiness, to the thousand cares of an active happiness. I am but an awkward courtier at best. When you are well dressed, I say nothing. I would speak if I had any fault to find. But I see that that does not satisfy a woman; it is hard, I grant you, when she has lain awake all night to imagine a new costume, then searched the shops next day to compose it, to attract no remark on her new beauty from that impassible monster whom people call husband. I excuse you; I do not complain. I go. Adieu, countess.

COUNTESS (*as if to retain him*). But, count—

COUNT (*returns*). Ah! that ball. Oh!—you can go, countess, I ask pardon for my departure from good taste. You are free, perfectly free. (*He goes out, intentionally dropping the letter the servant had brought him*).

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS (*falls into a chair*). Well, who would have thought it? This is how he loved me! A separation! the word makes me shudder, I cannot think of it. What would become of me? It is worse than being a widow! What! I go and come alone in the world, with no home of my own! He was always by me, and now if I suffer, if I am ill, I must accept the care of strangers. He whom I have loved so will be no longer near. I shall be alone, alone in my joy, alone in my grief. This armchair will be empty, and I will be sitting opposite it. Oh! it is impossible! I would die of sorrow! I will go back to my mother and forget him, since he no longer loves me! To my mother's, and be no longer my own mistress, I who am so petted and free! Petted, free? It was he who petted me, and I was happy. What is it then that possesses us? what fever is it that blinds us and prevents our seeing ourselves as we are? what inclination that torments us and makes us forget our duties? Ought I to have annoyed him with my jeremiads? Why should I complain, and of what? What need had I of talking of that

little baron, who is ugly and stupid? He was offended at it, and justly; I should have been angry with him if he had exhibited no jealousy. I deserve what I have got, and I have no one but myself to blame for it. Yet stay, I did not deserve to be treated with such indifference. He went away without a word of regret, without a tear, a farewell. Ah! he will return! No, I know him too well for that; he is mild but firm. He must have well considered a resolve like this, or he would not have told it to me. He will not return! But where will he go? what will he do? Try to forget his sorrow, certainly, for he must have some painful feelings at the step he has taken; he will sink the past, be unfaithful to me, perhaps—Well! I, too, will forget all; it shall not be said that at twenty-two I did nothing but weep for a husband who forsook me. I will go to this ball, since he permits me, since I am free. (*She rises and finds the letter the Count has let fall*) What is this? a letter without an envelope, without a signature? (*she reads*). "Why did you not come? I waited at home all day for you?" It was he, it was André who let this fall from his pocket. It is from a woman—his mistress perhaps! This is why he wanted a separation, this is why he sought this quarrel—he loves another! it is infamous. (*Reads again*). "Why did you not come? I waited at home all day for you?" True, he has not left me to-day, yet nothing obliged him to stay at home. Let us see, what did he do? what did we do? *Mon Dieu!* my brain is confused. I have no memory. Yes, now I remember, he worked with his secretary in the morning. Then we went out to ride in the Bois de Boulogne. I returned alone, and during that time!—I am mad. No, no, I left him at his club, and the carriage went back five minutes after to take him up; yes, that is it, it rained, I remember very well, then he came home, and we dined together. In the evening we were here, and while perhaps he was sacrificing his pleasure to me, I yawned in his face, found fault with him, tried to torment and irritate him. Unhappy woman that I am! It was I who sent him to her. I choke with grief, I would cry out, I would run after him, I would implore his forgiveness; yes, I would confess that I was wrong, I would throw myself at his feet—but where is he? (*She falls back powerless*.) It is done now, he has abandoned me, he will go to some house where he is ever welcome, he will always find there a pleasant face to greet him; he will forget me for one more beautiful than I perhaps; and there is an end to my life! No more happiness, no more joy for me. I shall be left behind, sad and grave. Come, poor, forsaken one, take off this ball costume, go weep alone in your deserted chamber. (*She starts to go into her room*). In my chamber, no, in his, where souvenirs of him still remain, where he lived, where—I—I too often drove him. Yes, while he is forgetting me, while he is with another, perhaps, I will live in that room. I will find there the favorite books with which I condemned him to live in his solitude, and I will read them in my turn, since in my turn I too am abandoned. (*As she goes forward sobbing to the Count's chamber, the door opens and the Count appears holding out his arms to her. She falls into them with a cry of joy. The curtain falls.*)

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—"Thousands of men," says Chalmers, "breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they speak, could be recalled; and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue."

ADVANTAGES OF BATHING.—It is a fact, officially recorded, that during the terrible visitations of cholera in France, out of nearly 16,228 subscribers to the public baths of Paris, Bordeaux and Marseilles, only two deaths among them were ascribed to cholera. We doubt whether there exists a more effectual preventive to disease of every kind, and a greater promoter of good health at all times, than the practice of bathing.

THE LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY ALIVE.

I was consulted early one morning by a highly intelligent-looking lady of rank for "a very severe and peculiar affection existing," said she, "between the chest and stomach; a space which," as she informed me, "was caused by the inroads of a large fly, originally!" "A large fly!" said I, abruptly, startled out of my usual caution of manner by the strangeness of the assertion. "Yes," said she; "a large fly! I am tormented day and night by this horrible invader of my peace. Listen to the account I shall lay before you; but before doing so, I must candidly inform you I have consulted half the talent in your profession, but without avail. There is still the dreadful buzzing movement internally; and within the last three years, the one original fly has multiplied into no less, I am sure, than five others, which will shortly, I doubt not, destroy life."

"Here's a hypochondriac!" thought I, and forthwith extracted from her the following: Eight years before, she had come home after a long and hot walk in the heat of summer, and feeling very thirsty, had availed herself of a goblet of water standing on her sideboard, and swallowed the contents, not perceiving in her eagerness a large common fly which was alive in the tumbler; that, ever since that unfortunate morning her agonies had been unceasing; and that she now felt as though there were five instead of one, and "must either be cured, or she certainly should take poison!"

I endeavored to draw her from this monomania by dwelling on general topics of conversation. Here she was quite sane; but still kept, as it were irresistibly to herself, returning to the one grand object of her life—the fly, or rather flies. Finding her strongly rooted in her opinion, I begged time to think over her distressing case; and on her calling upon me the day after, with as solemn and portentous a look as I could assume, I informed her that I had hit upon a remedy which would for ever banish the sickening intruders from the position they had so long occupied. The half-delighted expression which rested on her features at this welcome announcement was much chequered as she replied, "There was little chance of medicine being of any service, for she had taken bucketsful without avail!" "Very likely," I said; "but the remedy I propose is very different. It is that you shall swallow a living insect of a very peculiar nature and organization, which will devour the original flies, and will be, in its turn, destroyed by a peculiar drug which you must take within a certain time afterwards."

This explanation quite confounded and delighted my patient, and she soon took her leave to prepare for the great event, which we fixed for that day fortnight (as it took, of course, some time to prepare her system by appropriate medicines), and I went to my private consulting-room to indulge, in spite of myself, in one of those hearty and prolonged bursts of laughter which result from a painful and difficult compression of the risible muscles.

During this intervening fortnight, my knocker and bell were many times assailed by my patient's special "Mercury" and other messengers, imploring me to assure the lady whether I was still certain as to the ultimate success of this great operation, or rather operations, to be made in her favor. Of course, my replies were all highly satisfactory, and calculated to remove every doubt on this very momentous subject; besides the fact of my visiting her almost daily to clench the matter.

Well! the great and eventful day arrived. With look portentous and profound, I was at the house precisely at the hour appointed, and was shown up into "My Lady's" private sitting-room, the servant who conducted me wearing an awe-struck air, as though I were about to accomplish an unheard-of wonder. I found the apartment strewn with smelling bottles of various calibres, and ready to emit, when the stoppers were removed, all kinds of pungent and aromatic odors requisite to revive the fainting patient when under, or when rallying from, this dread medical operation! The lady's-maid stood near her interesting mistress, and three special and favored friends (on whose "propriety of conduct" Lady ——— assured me she could fully rely) sat in various parts of the boudoir, ready to administer confidence by their presence to their suffering friend. After the

usual little small talk appropriate on these occasions had been gone through, I gravely, but with as much appearance of cheerfulness as a medical man generally assumes, in order to give his patient confidence, commenced by saying it was positively requisite for the patient and myself to be alone, and the maid must be outside the door, but ready to come into the room quite noiselessly at a given signal from me, but that the success of the operation in a great degree "depended upon the atmospheric air in the room not being inhaled by more than two persons!"

All this rigmarole was anxiously and greedily swallowed by the five; and having ostentatiously exposed and arranged on the table several phials, boxes, &c., bearing cabalistic-looking labels, I beckoned the visitors and lady's-maid out of the room, taking care to give the latter person something to employ her time with, such as mixing a set of effervescing draughts, and when they had done effervescing, she had to pour them very slowly into other bottles, and so on; well knowing the best way to check in some degree, at any rate, her inquisitiveness, was to find her manual employment until the grand mystery, for which I was there that morning, was accomplished. Then, turning to my patient, I showed her a capsule which, I said, contained her cure, namely, the extraordinary specimen of *animalcule* that was to devour her five flies! She was then directed to take a small draught (a mild sedative). The capsule was swallowed, and the nervous agitation gradually subsided under the influence of my opiate, assisted by the perfect quiet in the house; for I must say, my tactics had been most successful as to having ordered all the inmates, under pain of, perhaps, destroying the invalid, in case of any noise, to abstain even from whispering! and in about two hours afterwards, I had the great satisfaction of seeing the lady awake, apparently as if nothing had occurred. As consciousness partially returned, she grasped my hand, exclaiming, "You good man, I feel I shall be cured!" Then, shortly afterwards, said, "You are very clever and very sagacious, but you thought it better not to tell me there would be a peculiar sensation as the *animalcule* devoured the flies; but I felt most distinctly the consciousness of every fly being pounced upon by its enemy! I counted them, one after the other, and now I am in perfect case, and feel my agent is gorged with his spoils, and seems in a manner torpid!" All this I assented to, and shortly afterwards left, enjoining perfect quiet, and promising to return very early in the morning to administer the drug, which was in its turn to do what is, assuredly, the grand principle of this world—the feeding one upon the other to annihilate the destroyer.

As soon as eight A.M. on the following day, I was at this lady's bedside, and had to listen to such wonderful accounts of the past night, such as the insect rousing from its lethargy "punctually at half-past one A.M., and about three minutes after producing such extreme torture in the region of the stomach as to baffle description!" (My capsule had been a common one; such as we are every day using as a vehicle for medicines, to prevent their nauseous taste). I had not been summoned in the extremity of this anguish because I had said, on leaving the previous night, that nothing more could be done for the case before morning.

Well! the wonderful drug was given, followed by a second sedative, then another sleep, rendered strong by the agitation of the past night, and Lady ——— awoke perfectly cured, and saying she felt during this last sleep, "the dying throes of the poisoned *animalcule*!" A very liberal fee, coupled with a most handsome present, and a long note, expressive of grateful thanks, and a flattering acknowledgment of my "great ability, which," she said, "she should feel it her duty to inform the public of," arrived at my house two or three days after; and, as the fair subject of this sketch is now alive and well, I think I may congratulate myself on having made the very important discovery that "one insect destroys another."—*Sayings and Doings of a London Physician*.

PARTICULAR.—An old maid, who hates all mention of the male sex, has cut a female acquaintance who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

THE MONTHLY SUMMARY.

THE great event of the month has been the conspiracy of Captain John Brown to raise a servile insurrection in Virginia. The whole proceedings are so extraordinary as to bear the stamp of the wildest romance. Unfortunately so much blood has been spilt as to throw over the affair the curse of murder as well as treason, while it would seem so many of the leading abolitionists are implicated that it assumes the aspect of a revolution. In the present state of the investigation it would be premature to say anything beyond the fact that Horace Greeley, W. E. Seward, Joshua R. Giddings, Sanborn, the agent of the Emigration Society, Dr. Howe, the husband of the poetess and the friend of Longfellow, Colonel Forbes, the editor of a wretched journal called the *Europæan*, Gerrit Smith, and sundry other well-known Kansas shriekers are more or less concerned in the outbreak. The first active movement was made on Sunday night, the 16th October, at about half-past ten in the evening, when Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry Bridge, while pacing across towards the Maryland side, was suddenly seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and must come with them. Recognizing Brown and Cook among the men, he treated the matter as a joke, which supposition, however, the next few minutes entirely dissipated, for when they took him to the armory he found it was already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped.

The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave owner, living about four miles from the ferry. A party headed by Cook, proceeded there, and rousing Colonel Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage horse and a large wagon with two horses. When Colonel Washington saw Cook, he immediately recognized him as the man who had called upon him some months previous, to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword, presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heirlooms in the family. Before leaving Cook wanted Colonel Washington to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable certainty as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Colonel Washington. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit, to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which he did not reobtain till after the final defeat of the insurrection.

From Colonel Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all the negroes within reach forced to join the movement.

He then returned to the armory. All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in town, nor did the detention of Captain Phelps's train. It was not until the town thoroughly waked up and found the bridge guarded by armed men and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people found they were imprisoned. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists at once increased from fifty—which was probably their greatest number, including the slaves who were forced to join—to from five to six hundred. In the meantime a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the armory and were successively taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the armory. Those thus entrapped were: Amistad Ball, Chief Draughtsman of the Armory, Benjamin Mills, Master of the Armory, and J. E. P. Dangerfield, Postmaster's Clerk. These three gentlemen were imprisoned in the engine-house, which afterwards became the chief fortress of the insurgents, and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant Zouave dash, made by the railroad company's men, who came down from Martinsburg.

This was the condition of things at daylight, about which time Captain Cook with two white men, accompanied by thirty slaves, and taking with them Colonel Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain road towards Pennsylvania.

As day advanced, and the news gained ground, numbers gathered around the ferry, and preparations were made to attack the insurrectionists.

A general warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the armory yard. The colored man named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Barley, a citizen of Perry. He was shot standing in his own door. The insurrectionists by this time, finding a disposition to resist them, had withdrawn nearly all within the armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge.

About this time also, Samuel P. Young, Esq., was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

At about noon the Charlestown troops, under command of Colonel Robert W. Bayler, having crossed the Susquehanna river some distance up, and marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge, firing a volley they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down through the armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists a man named William Thompson was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the

Shenandoah side and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town, and agent of the railroad company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without firearms, and was exposed for only a moment, whilst approaching a water station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine-house, where his body was found next day.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge and shot down from the bridge. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

At this time the general charge was made down the street from the bridge, towards the armory gate, by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and ferry people. From behind the armory wall a fusillade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the armory buildings.

When preparations had been completed by Colonel Lee for assaulting the insurgents in the engine-house where they had taken shelter, Lieutenant Stewart, aid to Colonel Lee, proceeded with a flag of truce to consult on the terms of surrender. Brown proposed that he and his men should be permitted to leave with their arms, &c., and carry their prisoners, Messrs. Washington, Dangerfield, Mills and others, as far as the second lock in the canal, where he would release the prisoners; after which, if the troops chose to attack him, he would be ready to fight. This was his ultimatum.

Lieutenant Stewart responded that an unconditional surrender would be demanded, in which case he and his men would be protected until the President of the United States could be heard from.

This being declined, the marines were ordered up, and bravely did their duty.

The cool bravery displayed by Lieutenant Green in entering the engine-room in advance of his men was the subject of special praise. While the gallant soldier thus risked his own life he was aiming to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. A number of shots had been fired on both sides when some one in the house cried for quarter. Instantly Lieut. G. commanded the marines to cease firing; but seeing another volley about being shot, he snatched a Sharpe's rifle from one of the insurgents, and turning to his own men declared he would shoot the first man who fired another gun. This ended the desperate struggle, which had continued for about two minutes with rifles muzzle to muzzle.

Major Russell also displayed great coolness and daring during the short but terrible encounter with these desperate men.

Mr. Washington, who was confined with the other prisoners in the engine-house, and all of whom, it was feared, would be shot in the *mêlée*, reports that all the insurgents wished to surrender but Brown; that he never quailed, but exhibited a coolness and courage seldom equalled. He ordered and arranged the port-holes drilled in the wall with as much composure as if it had been an ordinary transaction of every-day business. During the firing he never faltered. He also says the prisoners were treated by Brown with great consideration and kindness.

On the 18th a detachment of marines and some volunteers visited Brown's house. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and one thousand five hundred pikes, with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet-bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union. They also found letters from various individuals at the North—one from Fred. Douglass, containing ten dollars from a lady for the cause; also a letter from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by himself for one hundred dollars, indorsed by the cashier of a New York bank, name not recollected. All these are in possession of Governor Wise. The Governor issued a proclamation offering one thousand dollars reward for Cook, and a large number of armed men scoured the mountains in pursuit of him.

The killed and wounded were—killed, six citizens and fifteen insurgents; wounded, three insurgents, prisoners five.

Brown rented the farm from Dr. Kennedy six months since, and the rent is paid till next March; he never had over twenty-two men at the farm at one time that belonged to the organization, but he had good reasons to expect reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada; he had arms sufficient for fifteen hundred men; he had two hundred revolvers, two hundred Sharpe's rifles, and a thousand spears; he left them at the farm; he had abundance of powder and other ammunition; he brought all the arms, from time to time, from Connecticut and other eastern points to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; they were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy Farm, his assumed name. They were packed in double boxes, so as to deceive the parties who handled them on their way to the farm. He says he made one mistake in either not detaining the train on Sunday night, or permitting it to go on unmolested. This mistake, he seemed to infer, exposed his doings too soon and prevented his reinforcements from coming.

John Brown is the son of a wealthy farmer of Hudson, Portage county, Ohio. He was born in Connecticut about sixty-three years ago, but at an early age went to Hudson township, Ohio, where he cultivated a dairy farm for many years. He then embarked in wool growing, in which speculation he made a large fortune. This he subsequently lost, and became absorbed in abolitionism. He is a complete monomaniac on this subject. There are many tragical circumstances connected with his history. Seven years ago he had six fine stalwart sons, only one now remains—four having fallen in border wars, and two in this late insane attempt.

LIST OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

Whites.

Officers.—Gen. John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded, but

will recover; Capt. Oliver Brown, dead; Capt. Watson Brown, dead; Capt. Aaron C. Stephens, of Connecticut, wounded badly; Lieut. Edwin Coppick, of Iowa, unhurt; Lieut. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania; Lieut. Wm. Leman, of Maine, dead; Capt. John E. Cook, of Connecticut.

Privates.—Stewart Taylor, of Canada, dead; Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, dead; Wm. Thompson, of New York, dead; Adolph Thompson, of New York, dead; Capt. John Kagi, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Lieut. Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, dead.

With the three whites previously sent off, these make a total of seventeen whites.

Negroes.

Dangerfield, newly of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Emperor, of New York, raised in South Carolina, not wounded, but a prisoner; Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Copeland, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, not wounded, prisoner at Charlestown.

Gen. Brown has nine wounds, but none fatal.

The trial commenced on Monday, when after the jury had been empanelled Brown was placed at the bar. As he had no counsel the court appointed Mr. Botts, a nephew of John Minor Botts, and Mr. Green, to act for the defence. Colonel Washington, Mr. Allstedt, Conductor Phelps and many others were examined, but as their testimony only proved what we have already stated, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Several letters were read from Giddings, Gerrit Smith and other leading abolitionists, proving a certain acquaintanceship with Brown, and an undoubted sympathy with his aspirations, but nothing directly implicating them in the present plot. Much disgust was felt at the evidence given by James Beller, the nephew of Mr. Beckman, who was shot by the insurgents. Much allowance ought to be made for the exasperation attending the murder of his uncle, but still there was a ferocity about their treatment of their prisoner Thompson more worthy of the Sepoy than the chivalrous Virginian. For the defence several witnesses were called, who did not answer to their names. Upon this the prisoner Brown arose, and said he was not having a fair trial. He also declared a total want of confidence in his counsel Botts and Green. Whereupon these gentlemen immediately threw up the case; but offered to put Mr. Hoyt in possession of all the facts of the case.

The foremost subject of conversation has been the great cricket match played between the eleven of professional players of All England and the twenty-two amateurs of the St. George's Club. The match was too unequal to cause much doubt as to the result, but the beautiful weather, the beautiful women and the beautiful scenery made it a very exciting scene.

The London papers do not take the fair view of the San Juan difficulty which we had hoped, the *Morning Post* especially denouncing Gen. Harney as a filibuster. If we had merely Lord Palmerston to deal with we should have fears for the result, but the public opinion of England will not suffer him to peril the peace of the world on so uncertain a claim. It is another proof how dangerous diplomacy is, even when in the hands of such men as Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton. Merchants seldom make such loose bargains.

The public are beginning to laugh more immoderately than usual at what is called the American Drama. The theatres are all now in full blast, and we have the same old stereotyped English farce in five acts at which our grandmothers laughed. Wallack gives us "John Bull," then "She Stoops to Conquer." As a novelty we afterwards have "The Rivals," then "The School for Scandal," with the same thing over and over again by way of variety. After this we shall have the old gentleman as Shylock, naturally his best part; then the "Brigand," metaphorically true; and then "Benedict." The "Old Hundred" is a very good tune, but it might not draw so well at the Academy of Music as "La Traviata." We don't see, however, why Ullman and Strakosch should not try it. It would be in the true spirit of Wallackian management.

The accident at the Albion Bridge, New York, by which so many lives have been lost, has again raised the discussion as to whether railroad directors and city surveyors are really human and responsible beings. It establishes one fact very clearly, that human lives are considered of less account than dollars in this community, for it is idle to believe that officials would persist in such a warfare against the common safety of the travelling world, without they were satisfied of the indifference of the public.

Another prominent subject of foreign talk is the news from China. It is such a novelty for a European nation to be defeated by an Asiatic, more especially a Chinese force, that the undoubted repulse of the Anglo-French squadron at the mouth of the Peiho has taken those arrogant nations by surprise. We regret to find that an American lost his life in the affair. The political consequences of this event are of great importance, since it restores the cordiale entente between France and England for at least two years, a most important item in Louis Napoleon's policy. It is not too much to say, that this attack on the Chinese coast alters the entire face of European politics, and renders the freedom of Italy almost a certainty. It is, in point of fact, the conductor which has turned away the thunder clouds hanging over the French and English alliance. As such it is not to be deplored, being a partial evil and universal good. The French and English Governments are preparing powerful armaments to punish the Chinese. It is more than probable that the Allies will march to Peking, and occupy the great ports of Amoo, Shanghai and Canton, as a security against future outrages. It is worthy of remark that the Allied squadron was requested to take another channel called the Northern Bend, to Peking, but the French and English admirals, suspecting some perfidy on the part of the Flowery Celestials, preferred going by a road they had already traversed. The French and English press hint that Russia was at the bottom of the defeat, and sent her gunners to man the Chinese fortresses; and an American journal—we mean a paper published in New York—chuckles over the idea that perhaps some Yankees assisted at this treacherous success against the

Anglo French fleet. As American citizens, jealous of the honor of our country, we repudiate the infamous suggestion, which could only proceed from a renegade. The men who thus insidiously traduce the fair fame of the land of Washington, under the Buncombe excuse of hatred to the Hessians, are not Americans, but aliens and Iscariots. We wager the honor of Washington against the word of a Wall street shaver, that no American had even a whisper or a finger-tip in this attack of the Chinese on the Allies. In the meantime we feel for that nation of human vermin, the pigtailed brothers of the moon, for those eminent quack doctors Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston will bleed and blister them to their heart's content.

The "sick man" at our side is becoming a greater nuisance every day. We have lately had in the murder of our citizens at Brownsville, Texas, by a band of Mexican guerillas, a convincing proof that the Mexican government—if they have one—is not able to keep its own criminals in order. It is therefore imperative that we should not leave our border towns at the mercy of such miscreants as the Mexicans. What with Spanish treachery, cruelty and superstition, they do not come within the pale of civilization. A strong force should be stationed to protect our frontier and chastise these brigands. The best way, however, would be to take a decided part in Mexican affairs, and assist Juarez in putting down the anarchy now revelling in that wretched land. But the fact is our Government is afraid of the Catholic vote, the church party being the great curse of Mexico. Had Spain and Mexico been Protestant powers, our disputes with both these powers would have been settled long ago.

There is a strange anomaly in the eagerness with which Bishop Onderdonk, having quieted his own conscience by repentance, seeks to gain the approving smile of man. Surely, having made his peace with God, he can afford to let the Bench of Bishops slide. This yearning after respectability is the last infirmity of the clerical mind.

"KNOCKED DOWN VERY CHEAP."—The *Herald* says of Governor Wise, that "the Governor expressed his mortification at the disgrace which had been brought upon the State. He would rather have lost both legs and both arms from his shoulders and hips than such a disgrace should have beencast upon it. That fourteen white men and five negroes should have captured the Government works and all Harper's Ferry, and have found it possible to retain them for one hour, while Colonel Lee, with twelve marines, settled the matter in ten minutes. That nineteen men should capture one hundred prisoners, was something like the Irish soldier who captured ten men and told his officer that 'Faith, he surrounded them.' They should read Shakespeare and study Falstaff's oaths."

Passing over the strange malformation of the Governor's body—his arms growing from his hips and his legs from his shoulders—we confess we are not surprised that Governor Wise should feel ashamed of the recent *emueute*. This, however, comes of wasting his time in writing silly and equally treasonable letters to New York auctioneers about Syracuse Conventions; for we maintain that Virginia Governors who advise an Irish auctioneer to neutralise the people's voice by such disreputable means as he there suggested, and which were carried out to the letter by Fernando Wood, is as much the enemy of the Union as the fanatic Brown.

In some respects the sudden and lamented death of our Minister to the Court of France must have been a political relief to Mr. Buchanan, since he tried every means in his power to make him resign without success, when death, with the thrice mortal mace of apoplexy, solved the difficulty, and has thrown a valuable appointment into the hands of the President. Several names have been mentioned in connection with this, among others Mr. Slidell, Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Floyd, the present Secretary of War. They are all excellent men, and would worthily represent the national honor. We have no fear on the latter point, since Mr. Cass himself has been our Minister there, and knows what sort of man we require.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

MUSIC—ART—LITERATURE, ETC.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—Next to events in the political world any novelty in the operatic world creates the most marked excitement. Long before a new singer appears, be it she or he, the early history, the artistic career, the personal appearance and the supposed merits of the party are discussed in the Fifth Avenue, the hotels and the public saloons, and commented upon variously by the press. Many a hero is made before his qualities are known, and many a fiasco is the result of preliminary exaggeration. The moral of these remarks will be found in the fate of some of the new artists imported especially from Europe, for the opening of the regular season at the Academy of Music, New York, under the management of Messrs. Strakosch and Ullman.

The season which commenced on the 19th ult. was unfortunate in its beginning. The expected great card of the establishment, Signorina Speranza, was too indisposed to appear, and continues too indisposed up to the present moment. That this has damaged the interests of the management very seriously cannot be doubted. A failure at the beginning of any enterprise renders in most cases success in the future doubly difficult to achieve. The substitution of another newly imported prima donna, one of the expected shining lights who having been heard has not been approved of, renders the prospect still more gloomy as far as the lady portion of the company is concerned. But we have Colson in reserve. She should have been the leading star, for with but very few exceptions Colson stands unrivalled in her art.

We have from her first appearance at the Metropolitan Theatre strenuously advocated the superior merits of this charming lady, and we have every confidence that the public will come to our way

of thinking, and place Colson among the first and most esteemed of the operatic favorites.

The new baritone, Signor Ferri, has a superb voice, rich in quality and extensive in compass. His style is excellent and his manner gives evidence of careful study and true art sentiment. He is likewise a comely, stalwart, nay a downright handsome man—handsome enough to make half the fashionable ladies of the city play traitors to their petted tenors, and forswear their ancient allegiance to that privileged class of men. He made a brilliant sensation on the night of his first appearance, and his subsequent performances have rather strengthened the favorable impressions. Stigelli, the new tenor, too, gained a success. He has an organ of great power and endurance, and sings well. He is not the handsomest man we ever saw, but still he made an effect upon the people.

The appearance of Colson in "Rigoletto" attracted two fashionable and appreciative audiences. Her performance was remarkable for earnest and passionate acting, and for dramatic force and brilliancy in vocalism. In all she did she revealed the true artist, and won from critical audiences on both occasions cordial and enthusiastic applause. We think that Madame Colson has established an *entente cordiale* with the New York public, and may henceforth be classed among its special favorites.

Signor Ferri, as Rigoletto, displayed more force and dramatic power both as a singer and as an actor than we supposed him to possess. He evinced a thorough appreciation of the situations, and identified himself completely with the character. There were several bursts of passionate eloquence which proved him capable of high dramatic inspiration, which, added to his beautiful voice and manly bearing, place him on a level with the best baritones of our operatic stage. Signor Ferri is a decided success.

The appearance of Mademoiselle Speranza has not added, we regret to say, any brilliancy to the prospects of the Academy. She is a pleasant-looking young lady, with a good voice, but is not at present at all fitted to assume the position of prima donna at the Academy of Music.

Madame Colson has, up to the present time, sustained alone the character of the Academy. Her personation of Gilda in "Rigoletto" has won for her not only the sympathy of the public, but the undivided praise of the press. It is true that that "irrepressible" class, the musical critics, knowing her to be French, and not Italian, restrain their gushing enthusiasm, and remain dignified in their manner, and qualified in their expression. Nevertheless, Colson is a delightful artist, a woman of genius and passion, and worthy the warmest tributes from those who appreciate true excellence.

Madame Gazzaniga has been called in to help out matters, it being impossible for Madame Colson to sustain the entire weight of the opera. It need hardly be said that Gazzaniga has greatly strengthened the company. She is a fine and impulsive lyric artist; she is young and popular, and what she lacks in finish is compensated for by the passionate earnestness of her genius.

The great gun of the season, however, will be the production of the grand opera "The Sicilian Vespers," which will be brought out with a magnificence far exceeding any previous effort of the present or the past managements of the Academy of Music. The work itself is a novelty in this country, and is eminently worthy of consideration for its intrinsic merits. The great expense incurred in the production of this work is an earnest of the enterprising spirit of the management, and should meet with the cordial support of the public.

The famous tenor, Signor Beaucardé, will shortly appear. There is much curiosity on the subject, and we cannot doubt that he will make a great success. Susini and Florenza will also soon be added the list, and the male strength of the company will then be singularly powerful. If Gazzaniga and Colson remain, we shall then have a working force sufficient to satisfy the most exacting of our connoisseurs or critics.

The Philharmonic Societies of New York and Brooklyn are now in full operation. Their programmes are admirable in every respect, and public interest seems strongly excited in their favor. The subscription lists are very large, and both societies show unmistakable evidences of the sunniest prosperity. The New York Philharmonic is directed by Messrs. Bergmann and Eisfeld, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society by Mr. Eisfeld alone.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—This delightful and popular artist has just returned from a highly successful tour through the Canadas. The papers there are enthusiastic about her, and the people were not behind them in demonstrating their delight. When shall we hear her in opera? We wait for a reply.

A new and delightful style of entertainment has been inaugurated in New York, entitled *Parlor Operas*.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Henry Drayton, who was well known in Washington for his fine voice and popular manners, left the shores of America for the purpose of studying in Europe. He selected Paris for his residence, became a pupil of the Conservatoire, and finally appeared at the Grand Opera, where he achieved a decided success. He remained at that establishment several years, and then tried his fortune in London. After various engagements at the opera-houses there, and many heavy losses from irresponsible managers, he began to reflect upon the possibility of striking out a path for himself. He studied and compared every class of popular entertainment, and finally hit upon the plan of the Parlor Opera, a species of entertainment which would be sustained solely by himself and his wife—for he had taken to himself a charming and talented young English lady. With that energy which seems to be his distinguishing characteristic, Mr. Drayton prepared for his campaign, and as he found nothing written of the style he required, he commenced writing the libretti himself, and either adapting the most popular music to his words or securing the services of some eminent modern composers to write original music. This plan he pursued steadily, until now his repertoire consists of over seventy operas.

The plan of the Parlor Operas differs materially from the mono-

pologues to which we have become accustomed. In the latter, what little plot there is, is made to hang rapid changes of character upon; in the former, the changes are only used to give vivacity and interest to the plot. The difference is very marked indeed, and is altogether in favor of the Parlor Opera.

The Draytons made their first bow to an American audience on the 12th instant, at the French Theatre in Broadway. The attendance was fashionable and highly critical, a large number of the most prominent artists in the city being present. The first opera was "Never Judge by Appearances," written by Mr. Drayton, the music composed by Edward J. Loder. The music is somewhat French in its character, with a dash of quaintness and romance which distinguishes all Mr. Loder's music. The first ballad, "I've Loved Thee Long, Louise," is a delicious morceau; the "Good Night" duo is very charming, and several other numbers are quite beautiful. The instrumentation for the small orchestra was very varied and skilful, but with very few exceptions the orchestra muddled up everything. Some pieces were specially abominable, not only miserably played but badly led, the director scrambling after the singers or before them, as the case might be, as though he had never seen the partition before. But the Draytons did admirably, and their most charming performance caused us to forgive all the shortcomings on the part of the orchestra. The plot of the piece is clever and so truly amusing, and the singing and acting so excellent that the audience admired and laughed, and applauded by turns.

The second opera was "Diamond Cut Diamond," written by Mr. Drayton, and the music composed by Grisar. The piece is full of plot and counter-plot, affording the artists ample scope for the display of their versatile talents, and the music is entirely French in character, being sparkling, melodious and spirited. It was brilliantly instrumented and exceedingly well played, the leader, himself a Frenchman, seeming to feel the spirit of the music. The second opera was as great a success as the first, and drew down repeated bursts of laughter and applause.

Of the artists themselves we must say a few words. Mrs. Drayton is a charming specimen of the English lady. Her face is pretty and expressive, her manner arch and pleasing, her figure good, and her voice of good compass and melodious. She sings effectively; there are points in her style we might object to, but her dash and her excellent acting carry her through and chide us from fault-finding.

Henry Drayton is a thorough artist, accomplished in every point necessary to sustain the arduous parts he undertakes. He has a magnificent bass voice of noble compass, and sings with marked passion and expression. He avails himself of all the resources of his art with which his education has made him perfectly familiar. He manifests some exaggerations of style which we deem objectionable, but the exigencies of his professional position, the multiplicity and variety of characters he has to sustain—now serious, now tender, then humorous, and again burlesque—are decidedly unfavorable to the maintenance of a pure and strict school. But Mr. Drayton has so few blemishes and so many marked and striking excellences, that it would seem to be hypercritical to make special notice of them.

The Draytons have achieved a most unqualified success—such was the opinion of every one present. "This is one of the most agreeable evenings we have passed," was heard on every side, and those words we most cordially endorse. No one should fail to witness the performances of the Draytons; we can insure all who take this advice, two hours of the most unqualified enjoyment.

Lizt, the great composer, has just written a work on the Gipsies and their music, in Hungary (*La Musique des Bohémiens*). It is written in a very brilliant and eccentric style, and excites much attention in musical, and also in literary circles.

A MUSIC REGISTER.—This ingenious machine, invented by a gentleman of Akron, Ohio, will interest our singers and compilers of music, originators of melody and performers generally who are not content with the productions of others:

"It is placed on the top of the piano, or other keyed instrument, directly back of the keyboard; its own weight connects it to the key by small rods running in front of the name-board. The impressions or notes are made on black canvas, passing from one roller to another, moved by clockwork, and a white coating is applied while winding. Whenever the key is depressed the lever in the machine follows, by means of a light spring, sufficient to remove the coating, showing a black mark. At one end of the register is a timebeater, or metronome, that gives the regular up, down, right and left beat, set to any variety of time desired. At the down motion is attached a marker, giving its character on the canvas and showing the commencement of each measure. The music is copied from the canvas in front by the aid of an index, or horizontal lines on glass corresponding with the character of the timebeater or length of bars, and small lines indicating the shortest note or rest. The perpendicular lines designate the letter of each key. The canvas can pass through several times before the musical sounds are copied; and when desired all the marks are obliterated while winding up for another performance."

NEW BOOKS.—Since our last several excellent books have been issued from the press. Among them we find *The History of the City of New York from the earliest settlement to the present time*. By Mary L. Booth, published by W. R. C. CLARKE & MEER, 49 Walker street, N. Y. The value of this work, independent of its elaborate accuracy, consists in the fact that the history of two hundred and fifty years is presented in one volume, in which every important act or event in the rise and progress of our city, up to the present time, is faithfully chronicled. Such a work has long been needed. From year to year an authorized volume, the work of David T. Valentine, Esq., has appeared, each one admirable in its construction, and invaluable in its matter, both of history and statistics, and

which, in collected form would make a library whose value cannot be overstated. In the present volume of 846 pages will be found all that is valuable as actual history contained in those volumes, condensed of course, but not the less accurate and hardly less satisfactory, together with important facts and curious details, gained by consulting the authentic works of Brodhead, Valentine, Bancroft, Hildreth, O'Callaghan, Irving, Smith, Dunlap, Moulton, Leake, Hardie, Watson, Horsemenden and Herkewelder.

This book, which lays so bare the history of the past, its struggles, its misfortunes, its noble sacrifices, its patriotic devotion and its final triumphs, cannot but prove of enduring interest, not only to every citizen of New York, but to thousands of others in the State and country. It should be studied by citizens of all ages, and many noble lessons for our future guidance may be gleaned from the glorious records of the past.

Besides the literary matter, of which we have already spoken, the volume contains one hundred and one illustrations of the prominent places and buildings of our city, as they were and as they are, which of themselves are replete with interest.

The book is admirably got out, and in a manner indeed worthy of its subject, and we recommend it without reservation to our readers. No library, public or private, should be without a copy of "The History of the City of New York," by Mary L. Booth.

A most useful little book is *The Pocket Guide for Americans Going to Europe*, by E. G. Buffum, published by W. A. Townsends, New York. It contains the most valuable information connected with the preparatory arrangements for European travel. Among the subjects discussed are—passports and how to get them—securing passages—money—baggage—articles for the voyage—landing passport—Custom-House regulations—London—Paris—European hotels and eating-houses—European passport system—for ladies—gratuities—guides—table of European coin—their value in American currency, &c., &c. We can cordially commend this little volume, for to all who travel abroad for the first time it will be found really invaluable.

A most curious book is the *Vocabulum; or, the Rogue's Lexicon*, compiled from authentic sources, by G. W. Matzell, Chief of Police, Special Justice, &c., and published by G. W. Matzell & Co., No. 3 Tryon Row. In this book will be found a new language—the language used by rogues of all grades in their intercourse with each other. It is a singular volume, and possesses much interest for the curious.

A new series of pleasing and instructive stories for young people has been commenced by Daniel C. Eddy, and published by A. F. Graves, Boston, and Sheldon & Co., New York. The first volume is entitled *The Percy Family: A Visit to Ireland*. The plan of the volume is this: A Boston merchant, desirous to spend a few months of relaxation from business, takes with him two of his little children. His first stopping place is Ireland, and the first volume is devoted to the antiquities, curiosities and beauties of that lovely island. The book is full of interesting matter—a happy blending of instruction and amusement. It will be a charming present for young folks at Christmas time.

About this time there could not be a more appropriate book than the one before us, published by MAHEW AND BAKER, Boston, and entitled *The Cricket Field; or, the History and the Science of Cricket*. This is truly a manual for all cricketers, containing just everything that is desirable to know upon the subject. It discourses on the origin of the game, its general character, the science and art of batting, hints on fielding, hints against slow bowling, with a vast amount of miscellaneous matter cognate to the subject, full of interest and instruction to all who admire and practise the most noble of our out-of-doors games. The character of the work will commend it to the class for which it is intended. It is well and clearly written, contains many explanatory diagrams, and a very good portrait of William Clarke, the celebrated English "slow-bowler."

GEORGE G. EVANS, of Philadelphia, has brought out in excellent style that celebrated book, the *Memoirs of Robert Houdin, Ambassador, Author and Conjuror*, written by himself. Every one has heard of the celebrated French conjuror, Robert Houdin; his fame has travelled to this country, and the wonders of his art have been quoted over and over again, in almost every journal in the Union, so that the public curiosity is well prepared to receive his memoirs, now for the first time published in America. His life is full of strange incidents and singular vicissitudes, which he tells in a natural and pleasant way, and his account of his sleight-of-hand encounters with the Algerian Arabs, who thought themselves unsurpassed in natural magic, is full of interest to all.

The following excellent works have been received from SHELDON & Co.: *Smooth Stones taken from Ancient Books*; by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; *Lessons from Jesus, or the Teachings of Divine Love*, by W. P. Balfour; *Emilie the Peace Maker*, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart; *Sunday Morning Thoughts*, by Mrs. T. Geldart; *Sunday Evening Thoughts*, by Mrs. T. Geldart. Spurgeon's book is a fair specimen of his strong, earnest style. He teaches great truths in a way peculiarly his own; the scholar may discover a lack of polish and object to the manner, but Spurgeon looks more to the matter than to the manner, and the masses hear him and read his works, and feel the great power with which he grasps and elucidates his subjects. The character of the other works is indicated by their titles. They are eloquent and touching appeals to the diviner sentiments of our nature.

We have also received from the same firm two new volumes of the *Household Library*, one of the cheapest and most popular serials ever issued from the press. They contain *The Life of Hannibal*, by Thomas Arnold, D.D., and *The Life of Thomas a Becket*, by Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. These volumes are as reliable in their facts, as careful in their general arrangement, and as full of interest as the preceding volumes. They will be great aids to the students of history, inasmuch as they give full-length portraits of the eminent characters who appear like brilliant

meteors in the vivid scenes which history merely chronicles without elaboration. We have frequently commended the "Household Library," published by Sheldon & Co., and we now reiterate that commendation, for each new volume strengthens us in our good opinion of the work, and as we think we speak.

We call attention to the following works which we have received from EDWARD DENIGAN & BROTHERS (JAMES B. KIRKER), 371 Broadway: *A Manual of Prayers and Instructions for Persons seeking the True Religion; The Spirit of Christianity*, by the Rev. Father Francis Nepveu, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by C. B. Fairbanks, and published with the approbation of his Grace the Archbishop of New York. *Devout Instructions on the Epistles and the Gospels*, by the Rev. Leonard Gelline, President of the Order of Premonstratensians. Translated from the German by the Rev. Theodore Neothien. We need not allude to the character of the above works; the fact that they are published by the authority of the head of the Church in this State (New York) is sufficient to stamp their worth.

MASON & BROTHERS have issued *The Monarchies of Continental Europe. The Empire of Russia*, by John S. C. Abbott. This is a well-timed volume, since it gives in a succinct form a complete history of the rise and growth of a power destined to play a most important part in the affairs of the world. It is not too much to say that with the sole exception of our own republic, Russia has more undeveloped resources than any other power on the face of the globe. The present volume is written in a clear style, and possesses great interest to every student. It has a beautiful engraved portrait of Peter the Great. Since the world is too busy to read voluminous details, we do not know of any work that will be more cordially welcomed than this admirable synopsis. It is got up in the usual excellent style of Mason Brothers.

We have received from TICKNOR & Co. a copy of a stirring novel entitled *Almost a Heroine*. We might go into a lengthy disquisition of the style and character of this book, but when we say that it is written by the author of "Charles Anchester" and "Counterparts," no one who has read those admirable novels needs to hear more, for but few works of modern times have made such marked sensations or achieved so suddenly so wide a popularity. We cordially commend to our readers the new novel, "Almost a Heroine."

Out of the Depths: The Story of a Woman's Life, is the title of a remarkable book, reprinted from the English edition by W. A. Townsends & Co., of this city. "Out of the Depths" has created a sensation in the novel-reading world equal to that of Miss Muloch's "John Halifax," and is only overshadowed in popularity by Miss Evans's "Adam Bede." A passage from the writings of the first-named authoress is printed as a motto on the title page of this volume. It is this: "Throughout the New and in many parts of the Old Testament runs one clear doctrine, namely, that any sin, however great, being repented of and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by man, altogether pardoned, blotted out and done away."

We have quoted this motto because it briefly and sufficiently indicates the purport of the volume before us. "Out of the Depths" is a story of sin and repentance, and the lesson which it teaches may be learned with advantage by all.

THE SWING AS A CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—I wish to say a few words to "whom it may concern," on the use of the swing, one of the gymnastic exercises, as a preventive and cure of pulmonary disease. I mean the suspending of the body by the hands by means of a rope or chain fastened to a beam at one end, and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first, perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak, and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be freely used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavicle with the sternum or breast bone) being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and, as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural purifier of blood, and preventing the congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and always with good results. But especially as a preventive I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life cultivate a well-formed capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—aye, all, should have a swing upon which to stretch themselves daily; and I am morally certain that if this were to be practised by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, thousands, yes, tens of thousands, would be saved from the ravages of that *opprobrium medicorum*, consumption.—L. Long, M.D.

PEEPS AT PARIS, THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

PARIS, November, 1859.

The news of Mr. Mason's death came upon us Americans in Paris painfully and suddenly. I myself had seen him at the embassy a few days before, apparently in the best of health. Indeed, up to the day before his death no signs of approaching dissolution were visible, even to those nearest and dearest to him. But on Sunday morning, October 2d, he died of apoplexy.

At about one o'clock in the morning of that day he was seized with a violent rush of blood to the head. The blood burst forth from his mouth, nose and ears. He at once became insensible. Medical aid was summoned, but the efforts of the physicians were unavailing. He continued to sink rapidly, and at about nine a.m. his spirit took its flight.

The funeral services took place on the 5th in the American chapel in the Rue de Berri. The chapel was crowded with the friends and countrymen of the late minister, who, with the diplomatic corps at present in Paris, and a special detachment of one hundred French soldiers, combined to give solemnity to the scene.

The coffin was placed on an estrade within the communion rails. Over it was thrown the flag of the country which, living, Mr. Mason represented. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Larson, minister of the American Episcopal Chapel. Rev. Mr. Seeley, minister of the chapel, preached the sermon. This sermon was admirably conceived, and, but for the feeble voice of the speaker, had been so delivered. To show that there could be but one opinion in regard to the reverend gentleman's estimate of the deceased, I quote the concluding lines of his discourse:

"Setting aside politics," he said, "of which there must necessarily be diverging sentiments regarding all public men, none would deny the uprightness, the honesty of purpose and the eminently genial and benevolent spirit of the deceased statesman, who, after filling, together with many other offices, that which was second only to that of the chief magistracy, had quitted life without one single enemy. None ever approached him to ask a kindness without receiving one; none ever sought his judgment without admiring the clear intellect and single-mindedness of the man."

After the religious ceremony the body of Mr. Mason was deposited in the receptacle of the chapel. I understand that it is the design of the family to transmit the remains to Virginia.

I do not know how true the report is, but it is said that Mr. Mason left his family in positive distress. If such be the case, the condition of his wife and thirteen children is truly deplorable.

To turn a moment from France's capital to its Manchester, a man in Lyons has made a discovery, the result of which, it is thought, will be to rid the streets of that city (and of all cities, for that matter), of dust, henceforth, for evermore! This discovery begins well; it is due to an accident. Nearly every useful invention in the world was discovered by chance. In this case a manufacturer of chemical compounds in Lyons observed that the hydrochloric acid he spilled on the earthen floor of his laboratory hardened the soil, and yet kept it, despite hot or dry temperature, continually moist. He thereupon conceived the idea of turning this property of the acid to account, in keeping down, or rather preventing the formation of dust in the public streets—(more especially those which are unpaved or simply macadamised), and thus perfectly effect that which the watering-cart but partially succeeds in doing.

An experiment was first made on a large scale on the Napoleon road, between the Rhone and the railway station at Petrichio. The successful result thereof—a success which has now maintained itself for several months—determined the city government to make application of this chemical dust-layer on the Place de Bellecour, where a need for something of the kind is most strongly felt. Half of the esplanade was sprinkled with hydrochloric acid, suitably weakened with water. On the following day the other half was subjected to the same operation.

It did not take long for the citizens of Lyons to appreciate the result of this proceeding. When the thermometer is at its highest in the middle of the day, the ground, though hard and gravelly, seems as consistent and moist as if it had been sprinkled but half an hour before. The wind does not raise it up in clouds of fine dust as usual. But it is in proportion that the heat of the day diminishes and the freshness of night comes down upon the earth that the effect of the hydrochloric acid is most perceptible. Then it shows itself in its strength. Each morning the ground having imbibed this preparation, becomes hardened as if from a white frost, and makes the street both clean and pleasant to walk in.

Now if chance—to which science already owes so many things—would furnish mortals a means of getting rid of the mud, their happiness would be complete.

From Baden we have quite a neat anecdote. It is this: A few evenings since several persons of the best society were assembled around a roulette table. Among them Madame de R—, leaning on her husband's arm, and surrounded by friends, not playing, but contenting herself with looking on at the players.

Suddenly an idea struck her, and she said to her husband:

"Come, suppose I should play my age, as you advised me to, you know?"

"Yes, do," said the husband. "It's a certain thing; the woman who stakes her money on the number corresponding to her own age is sure to win the first time."

"Well, we shall see. I will risk two louis on my age."

Saying these words she opened her purse and took out two louis. Every one stretched out his or her head to see on what number she was going to lay them.

She leaned nonchalantly over the table, and put them upon the number 30.

Madame de R— is a very elegant and pretty woman, and the number appeared to be chosen with sincerity.

"The game is made," said the croupier.

The ball rolled and rolled, and tumbled in and out, finally stopping at the number 36.

"You see," said the husband, "that my advice was good. If you had spoken the truth, you would have won seventy-two louis."

The lady was confused, but not because she had not won.

The mania for collecting takes queer turns sometimes. Only the other day a man died here who had made it the business of his life to collect prints and fine engravings of every description. His portfolios, shelves, trunks and closets were stocked full of specimens of the engraver's art; every piece of sculpture, every painting that ever attracted the burin of a woodcutter was to be found in his collection. At his death, instead of leaving these really valuable prints to some museum or art society, he appointed an executor to distribute them among print merchants all over the country, so that they can never be reclaimed, unless collected again by the same slow, laborious method he had himself adopted.

The eccentricity of another man of whom I have heard took a different turn. He had a passion for collecting theatre programmes. He commenced in 1810. He then occupied a little room in the Rue des Moulins, for which he paid an annual rent of four hundred francs.

In 1836, having already two hundred and forty-six large folio volumes to store away, he was obliged to seek a larger apartment, and installed himself in a house in the Rue St. Nicholas d'Antin, where he paid a rent of seven hundred francs.

Now, in 1859, he has six hundred and thirty volumes all duly filed away. His rent has been successively raised from a thousand francs to fourteen hundred, then to two thousand francs. Now, if he wishes to remain in his present location until the first of April next, he will have to pay two thousand four hundred francs. Although he has hitherto contented himself with dry bread and cold water, that he might afford to pay for store-room for his beloved collection, he now foresees the necessity of abandoning it. Playbills have got to be printed in such monstrous letters, and illustrated so profusely now-a-days, that their size is considerably augmented—so much so, in fact, that our programme man would, in a year or two, have to pay from four to five thousand francs for sufficient room to keep his cherished volumes near him.

At the end of the present year, when he intends to give up his collecting, they will form seven hundred and ten large, well bound folio volumes, containing for a period of exactly fifty years programmes of all the theatrical representations and concerts of Paris, and weighing three quarters of a ton. In this case, years have given importance to what was at the beginning a triviality, and, as the old fellow proposes to sell his collection, the government would do well to purchase it.

Another case, in which a certain family will be obliged to give up what they had come to consider as an heirloom, has recently come before the courts. It is well known that Cardinal Richelieu was buried in the chapel of the Sorbonne. His tomb may yet be seen there; but in one of the most terrible days of the revolution the insurgent populace broke open this tomb as well as many others, and after having taken out the body of the famous cardinal, cut off his head and bore it about the streets on a pike. This head came into the possession of an old lawyer, who left it as an inheritance to his son, who, it seems, sets great store by it. Up to the present time he has been unwilling to part with it. A legal process will ensue, and eventually he will be compelled to restore these remains of an illustrious personage, as they evidently belong to the State.

Here, too, in Paris, where the corollary to every story may be found, the gambling mania lately manifested itself after a most singular fashion. An actress in a small way, at a very small theatre, was taking supper the other day with a distinguished *lordie*. A game at cards was proposed. To travesty Byron, the *lordie* said, "Bring forth the cards!" The cards were brought, and the two sat them down to play. First the actress lost all the money she had in her purse—which wasn't much—then all her jewellery, all that she had on and all that she had left at home; then her wardrobe, her laces, her cashmires and all that was hers. When her ruin was complete she did not get into a rage about it, but took a very philosophical view of the matter.

"Very well," said she, "to-morrow you can send for all these things. Now have a carriage brought, and I will go home and go to bed."

"Go to bed!" replied the other; "not at all, my dear. I do not intend that you shall go home to my house."

"What do you mean?"

"No, no! Sleep here if you like. Your furniture, jewels and all your effects are mine; there's no use of your seeing all that again."

"Are you afraid to trust me?"

"No; but I have a right to do as I please with my own property."

"And I have a right, too—a right to revenge."

"Yes; but what have you left to play with?"

"My salary at the theatre."

"Thirty-eight francs a month! You are jesting?"

"My note of hand, then?"

"I would rather not, thank you."

"Well, my liberty?"

"How your liberty?"

"Yes, my personal freedom. I estimate my jewels at one year of my life, my household property at the same, my dresses at the same. I will play three years of my life against the whole of them; that is to say, if I lose I am your servant—your *femme de chambre*, your cook, your scullion, as you please. Will you call it done?"

"Well, yes; that will be so funny."

"Let's begin, then."

"Give up your house key to me, and write a deed setting forth that you will work for me one year for this, one year for that, &c."

The key was handed over, the deed drawn up in due form, and the play recommenced.

At first the actress lost one year of her life against her jewels.

"Can you cook much?" now asked the *lorette*.

"I can fricassee frogs and make excellent hash out of boiled meat."

"Capital; you will do for me."

The game went on; but I will not delay you with a history of all its phases. At one time the assistant priestess of Thalia found herself doomed on the morrow to be her friend's cook, to lace her and unlace her, to clean her gaiters, and what was more humiliating than all, to go on errands to Adolphe.

But at about two o'clock in the morning the luck began to turn, and not only did the stage beauty find herself released from the ignominious position of a letter-carrier, but gradually the gaiters and the beef hash were obliterated from her anxious mind by the successive turns of fortune's wheel. Her jewels even took the place of the fricassee frogs, and her household property, symbolised by the key, but a short time before so mercilessly demanded, was restored to her. At three o'clock she had won back everything, and the *lorette* began to lose.

"Let us keep it up," said the latter, very much vexed and excited.

They did keep it up. The wheel maintained its new direction, and fortune changed sides entirely. In short, about daybreak, the actress had won the *lorette's* money—nothing to speak of—and not only this but her apartments and all that in them was. At nine o'clock in the morning it was not only the *lorette's* furniture that was lost, but her liberty also staked in order to have revenge.

"Come, Clarisse," said the actress, looking at the bed she had won, "undress me; I am going to sleep till noon. You will clean up the room, and get my breakfast ready by the time I wake up. Come, be quick about it; I'm almost tired to death."

Alas, for lovely woman's temper! Clarisse did not take things so philosophically. First she protested; the actress insisted; the other resisted. Then they came to words, from words to gestures, from gestures to blows, from blows to cries, and then the thing that came next was two policemen and the *portier* of the house. The unfortunate actress had her head laid open with a candlestick, and if they put her to bed in her own bed, it was less that she had won it than that the doctor found her in a condition which required immediate attendance. As for the cheating player, the wicked Clarisse, she was taken off to a place where the state takes care of people's effects, real estate and personal, at a very slight cost.

As a climax to the story, it is said that Adolphe, being so much in the habit of going to the house, now makes consolatory visits to the actress, who still remains in the enjoyment of the property of the imprisoned Clarisse.

As was the habit of Miss Edgeworth, when she told any particularly tough story, I here add, for the convincing of the sceptical, "N. B.—This is a fact!"

More exciting than things political to the Parisians, the women especially, has been the kidnapping of a little child, two months old, effected in broad daylight, in the Tuileries garden, by a woman who managed to divert the attention of the nurse. We have felt more interested in the poor mother whose child had been thus ruthlessly torn away from her, than in the grand-dukes who have lost their crowns. The father, M. Hua, a judge of the civil tribunal of the Seine, offered ten thousand francs reward to whoever would bring him back his first-born safe and sound. The sum tempted the child-thief, and in the negotiations which she entered into to obtain it, the police discovered her hiding-place and arrested her at Orleans. The news of this woman's capture was received two mornings ago by the mothers of the city with as much emotion as that of the peace of Villafranca.

The new paper, *L'Opinion Nationale*, goes on bravely, and has already made itself a journalistic power. It took the very sensible course of coming out strong at the start, and so, in a manner, insured success. The body of the paper is made up with great ability, and the feuilletonic columns are now taken up with a new novel by Champfleury, the great realistic author, called, "*La Mascara de la Vie Parisienne*."

When Champfleury's story is finished, they promise in succession a new novel by Alexandre Dumas, *fils*; one by Madame Charles Reybaud, and lastly something spicy in the shape of a romance from the pen of witty Edmond About.

In a resumé of a very interesting book on railroads, written by a man well up in his subject, the *Opinion Nationale* has the following: "In regard to accidents, M. Aug. Perdonnet proves that of all means of communication railroads are the least dangerous, and he proves it by figures. The result of an inquiry made on this subject by the French government was, that since the inauguration of railroads in France, the number of travellers killed had been to the number of those safely transported as 1 is to 1,955,555."

From which result, it results that when an accident takes place on any railway line, and twelve people are suddenly hurried into eternity that twenty-three millions four hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty travellers may go over the same route in safety. At which the twelve, if they have the smallest spark of philanthropy in their bosoms, should rejoice greatly.

I had hoped that the cold weather of the latter part of September would rouse the theatrical managers here into their winter liveliness. If the cold spell had continued, my hopes, perhaps, might have been realized. But for the past few days the air has got to be quite summery again, and dramatic purveyors have slunk back into their dogday apathy. At the Porte St. Martin their greatest effort has been to produce "*La Jeunesse de Louis XI.*," while at the Variétés and the Odéon, respectively, "*Les Compagnons de la Truelle*" and "*Le Testament de M. Girodot*" have seen the light—(that afforded by the tin-protected luminaries skirting the stage being, of course, here understood). The first two pieces are simply not worth the respective three hours of attention they demand of the spectator; that of the Odéon, where more care is exercised in the acceptance of plays than at either of the other two theatres, is, as a natural consequence, more successful.

To tell the truth, notwithstanding all the boasting that is made about it, the dramatic art languishes in Paris. The stage has become a market-place for unscrupulous *littérateurs* and be-puffed actors. It is but the shadow of its former self, and continues to exist solely by the prestige of custom.

One or two of the theatres, I am happy to say, form exceptions to the rule of these remarks—the Theatre Français and the Opera Comique, for instance.

The Opera Français has been a fiasco so far.

And will continue to be, so long as Vestrali is the prima donna assoluta.

I have no objections to Mdlle. Vestrali as a prima donna, except that she can't sing.

And this objection, I am told, some people consider important.

Those who do not know that mademoiselle was forced upon the management by high political and other influences, are somewhat astonished that she should succeed in getting an engagement as leading lady on the first lyric stage of Europe.

But opera managers, like most other men, are mortal, and he of the Français was obliged to succumb to the powers he could not hope to contend with.

Vestrali's ill-success, though, now enables him to indulge in a little revenge on his own hook.

The managerial fiat has gone forth that mademoiselle shall prepare herself to sing in "*Herculanum*," the greatest success of last season. But the part that falls to Vestrali in this opera is that in which Madame Borghi-Mamo, deservedly a favorite of the public, last year added an additional lustre to the crown of her triumphs, is one of the most beautiful, and at the same time the most difficult of all the favorite's creations.

The new prima donna cannot hope to overshadow the excellence of her predecessor.

So she is battling might and main against the decree of the management.

But the word of M. Alphonse Royer is as the law of the Medes and Persians.

She might as well attempt to "scale the empyrean" as to try to make him alter it.

For, once passed the doors of the Grand Opera, the powers that procured her entrance are powerless.

So mademoiselle will have to sing in "*Herculanum*," whether or no.

Unhappy mademoiselle!

Apropos of things operatic, the Ocean Queen, which leaves Havre on the 12th inst., takes over a reinforcement of three artists to the New York companies, in the persons of Susini, Beaucardè and Florenza.

Madame de Wilhorst made but a short stay in Paris. She almost immediately set off for Turin, where, it is said, she will sing this season. But the singing part is doubtful.

Musard, the only Musard now, signed an engagement the other day to lead a mammoth orchestra during a series of fêtes to be given by the Viceroy of Egypt on the banks of the Nile, in honor of the circumcision of his (the viceroy's) son. Ruggieri, the famous pyrotechnist, and several getters-up of public rejoicings have been also put in requisition for this monster festival.

The most singular feature of the affair will be the illumination of the Pyramids by means of electric light.

Nothing will be wanting to the entertainment but a *bal masqué*. *Bals masqués* are forbidden by the sacred Koran.

But how Musard and his men can exist away from Paris and without a *bal masqué* is something which cannot be taken in by the finite mind of your correspondent.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

"If I were God the father," said De Stendhal, "I would pass six days of the week in Heaven and the seventh in Naples." The witty Frenchman may be excused for his enthusiasm about a city of which it has been said, "See Naples and then die." Besides, De Stendhal was a poet, and to poets the azure sky of Sicily and the *dolce far niente* character of the people possess a peculiar charm. For that matter none but your matter-of-fact people, those of the savagely virtuous kind we mean, could fail to be interested in the *lazzaroni*, the laziest fellows on the face of the earth. Or feel a bond of sympathy with them, even. For is not the *lazzarone*, though the poorest of human creatures, also the happiest? The happiest because he lives contented under the sunny Italian sky, the most contented because he has no wants. When night comes on, the marble step of a palace serves for his couch, the starry vault of Heaven for his counterpane. To "take it easy" is his rule of life; to be lazy his normal condition. Here, in America, we have *lazzaroni* too; in fact, the tribe flourishes all the world over. But the American *lazzarone* is more refined in his laziness than he of Italy. Sometimes, though, we find men among us who recognize no other divinity than Eclympasterie. You remember in Chaucer, reader, that Eclympasterie was "the god of Sleepis, that slept and did none other werke." One, the amount of whose

labor about equals that of "the god of Sleepis" thus airs his creed :

"I flatter myself that I am the laziest man alive. If you know of a man you think is lazier, wheel him along, and let us compare notes. He must come to me, for I can't think of going to him. Ten to one you find me abed. All I ask is half an hour's warning, and a stout man to pull me out. Tell us about your man. Briefly. Has he any habits? Then don't waste your time and money; I'm ahead. I have no habits."

"—have heard you have a habit of lying abed of a morning. What did you say? Never mind. Call that a habit? Have men a habit of living? A habit of dying? A habit of breathing? A habit is some voluntary regularity of one's life. With me the custom is neither voluntary nor regular. I repeat, I have no habits. I go to bed as it happens; get up as it happens; eat as it happens, now this thing, now that thing, now nothing."

"Perhaps your man prides himself on his slowness. Hangs his pretensions on it, maybe. That is the cheap idea of laziness. A man may go fast and be lazy. True laziness is not so much of the body as of the mind. It don't imply a want of capacity, but a great want of will. If a man's body would move briskly, for the time, it is lazier in him to let it go than to try and bring it into tune with his mind. Some affect laziness. They move slowly, that men may think them lazy, and all the while one can see with half an eye they are really working, with their eyes, their hands, or their brains."

"Perhaps your man has no brains. So much the worse for his claims. Those only are truly lazy who could show capacity, or might once have shown it. It is ridiculous to call the sloth the type of laziness. Should that tedious animal once in a very long while do a smart thing, or in some way show capacity for exertion, I, for one, would believe in it and reverence it. Why, a snake, an average anaconda, is lazier than forty sloths."

"You see that the people you would suggest are humbugs. They are mere vulgar pretenders. They indeed dimly perceive that there is something excellent in true laziness; a certain calm dignity about it impresses them, and they begin to yearn for it and imitate it. That instant they forfeit every serious claim to the character. A truly lazy man never imitates; he contemns the idea, and shrinks from the exertion. The qualities that distinguish him are happily innate. The man who imitates, shows that he is discontented with himself, and that implies fever. His heart or his brain is really working. Now a lazy man never exhibits febrile symptoms. If there is a word which can truly express his life, it is 'contentment'; a very near relation of that hardly better word, 'happiness.'"

"I have found that to feel obliged to do anything is to be unhappy. I therefore tried to never feel obliged to do anything. I refused to make appointments. I paid for newspapers in advance. I owed no man anything. I remained a bachelor. I would not engage to do anything by a certain time, such as marrying or taking a walk. I would not shave, subscribe to anything, join a political party or a sect. If I wanted to sleep till noon, I slept till noon. I got so fond of sleeping that I spent half my time in bed, a practice which, with most of the others I have mentioned, I still continue. Finding exertion to be, on the whole, disagreeable, I ceased to exert myself, leaving everything that required effort to trusty friends and servants. I now do scarcely anything myself, but my own breathing, which, on the whole, is not hard, as I not asthmatic."

"There have been counsellors of youth who have cried out against the practice of lying abed of a morning. These philosophers say it is unhealthy. If, so, I ought to have died long ago. I have given the system a pretty thorough trial, and the result is, it agrees with me, and I like it. Perhaps it does hurt some people. Thus it is claimed that an hour in the morning is worth two at night. For my part, an hour is an hour, wherever I find it. I have discovered the morning answers a good purpose to dream in, and I therefore employ its moments in the exercise of fancy or the travelling in those lands that lie so near when we are asleep. When I was in business I could not earn a dollar quicker before than after dinner. People who get up very early are stupid all the day long, to pay for such a violation of nature. I have tried it. Enthusiasts who remember to have seen a sunrise, remember more vividly a cold in the head of the same date; and many a poet, like Thompson, rhapsodises about morning in bed."

"Come and see me, sometime. Hours, from somewhere along in the afternoon to somewhere along in the morning. Fetch your pipe. For the sake of peace and fresh air, I'm in the attic. We'll then finish this subject. You could not hire me to do it now. Good-bye."

Those of our readers who have been "behind the scenes," do not need to be told that the career of a manager is not entirely *coulour de rose*, and to those who have not been, the following sketch will convey some idea of the trials and tribulations of that stage functionary :

Some authors, new to the *coulisses*, are terribly embarrassed on being presented to the Green-Room, to read their play, under the battery of so many sparkling eyes, and the criticism of so many captious ears. The actors are usually courteous in attention, if not always encouraging in applause; and they sit, silently watchful, and picking out, by degrees, the part that each thinks will be allotted to him. The reading being closed, the parts are then and there distributed in manuscript; and then is made manifest the disappointment of some who find they have not got the parts they expected, and the disgust of others, who have got just the parts that they dreaded and detested in reading. It is then the acting manager's business—no easy one, sometimes—to smooth these difficulties, and to soothe their discontented spirits. His is the task to persuade Miss Jenkins that her part will "act" much better than it "reads;" and that it is ("really now") a much more effective part than Mrs. Timpkins's; and

"Consider, my dear, two changes of dress; besides breeches in the last act."

Then, the leading actor is to be reconciled to his part; which he thinks very much below his abilities.

"My dear sir," says the manager, "it's just the thing for you, you will produce a great effect in the third act."

"But," objects the actor, "it falls off so confoundedly in the fifth act; the lady has it all to herself."

"Well, well," says the ready manager, "we'll get the author to write you up in the fifth act; and we'll give you the tag to speak;" (the "tag" is the closing lines of the play). And so the great man is smoothed down.

Then comes up an actor, third or fourth-rate, but thinking a great deal more of himself than audience or manager can be brought to do, with a very scanty manuscript in his hand, which he opens, to show how little writing there is in it, exclaiming in a voice of suffering innocence :

"Why, Mr. Bartley, my part is all 'cues;' there are only ten lines to speak, and I am on in every scene, in every act."

"It's not a long part, my boy, I know," replies the plausible manager, "but it's a very responsible one; and you'll be splendidly dressed!"

That last consideration reconciles the youth to his bad part, with the consolation that he will, at all events, have an opportunity of exhibiting his own good parts to advantage; and he is smoothed over.

Then Mrs. Shady thinks that she really ought not to be called on to play "old women."

"Old women, my dear," says he, "what do you mean? Your part's not an old woman, she's a young dashing widow, my dear: that's the reason I cast you for it."

"Young!" exclaims Mrs. Shady, "she must be fifty, at least; she has a daughter married."

"Nonsense, my dear," says the manager, "fifty! she's not more than thirty. She was married young, of course; and so was her daughter. In the period of this play, and in Spain, girls married at thirteen; so did you and your daughter. Play it young, my dear; as young as you like; I've no objection!"

And Mrs. Shady collapses, out-answered, and feeling herself the victim of oppression and managerial injustice (to say nothing of that odious Mrs. Middleton, who will triumph over her); has a good cry, and goes home and studies her part.

The compositor is a very provoking fellow sometimes. Who can estimate the number of writers who have become idiotic in the flower of their youth on his account; been driven to a premature grave by the awful blunders he has made in their manuscripts? But how could it be otherwise? The compositor is as much a machine as the printing-press itself. He sees nothing "spiritual" in his vocation. He does not seem to know that he is a part of the chain through which the galvanic spark of thought flies from man to man—from the world's centre to its uttermost extremity. Says an English writer on this subject :

The compositor sets up Humboldt's "Cosmos" without knowing a word that is in it, and when the nimble fingers do make a slip and get hold of the wrong letter, what wild havoc he makes of creation. Gods become dogs, and the United States the untied states; heart is transformed into heat, house into mouse, coat into cat, by the omission, transposition or submission of a single letter, and if you only saw the "copy" that he sometimes has to print from—the writing of the MS.—you could not find it in your heart to blame him. Try it yourselves, my masters, and see what a rare jumble you would make of it.

But it is very provoking, nevertheless. We all remember the "Casket" coming out, at the advent of the cheap weekly press, as an "Organ of Literature, Science and the Rats," the arts of course being meant, but the compositor had misplaced one of his mosaic. We remember some coarser, and it was believed, intentional errata since. Racketeer has made my sides ache with reciting instances of similar mistakes. Amongst others, a young clergyman of his acquaintance printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreations, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalized by reading, "Men should work and play loo." But I ask you whether it is not annoying to find such ridiculous errors as have just been pointed out to me in my detestable novel of "Grace Lightly," which must present me in a sometimes absurd and sometimes hateful light before the world? I thought I had corrected the proof sheets with all care, but Mrs. Pickles, who has for the first time looked into that most unfortunate work, suddenly exclaims :

"Well, no wonder Mrs. Potter sent her copy back unread beyond page twenty."

"Why, my dear?" I inquired. "I am sure I thought it at the time very ungracious. What could have been the reason?"

"Reason, indeed! Reason enough, I think! Here is a pretty thing to go forth to the world, 'Drunkness is jolly.' A very pretty thing for a married man to say."

"My dear," I exclaimed, terribly shocked, "such a sentence as that—so contrary—"

"Ah, I don't know, Mr. Pickles; there it is in black and white!"

"So it is, sure enough." I rushed to my MS.—that unfortunate MS. which has been locked up out of sight these many long days. "See, see!" I came back triumphantly. "It is 'drunkness is folly,' plain enough in the copy."

FROM a dictionary designed expressly for the ladies, in which the signification of each word is given in its strict feminine sense, we extract the following "specimen bricks":

Husband—A person who writes cheques, and dresses as his wife directs.

Duck, in ornithology—A trussed bridegroom, with his giblets under his arm.

Brute—A domestic endearment for a husband.

Marriage—The only habit to which women are constant.

Lover—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

Clergyman—One alternative of a lover.

Brother—The other alternative.

Honeymoon—A wife's opportunity.

Horrid; Hideous—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face anywhere but in the looking-glass.

Nice; Dear—Expressions of delight at anything, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

Appetite—A monstrous abortion, which is stifled in the kitchen, that it may not exist during dinner.

Wrinkle—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

Time—What any lady remarks in a watch, but what none detect in the gross.

Our in Missouri, in certain parts of it at least, pumpkins are received on deposit at all the banks, and exchange is reckoned at from two-and-a-half to three pumpkins premium, according to amount required. In that region, too, they have a peculiar method of testing the strength of the whiskey. The *modus operandi* is as follows:

Distillers administer a dose of the aforesaid whiskey, direct the man to walk off towards certain test-posts, forty and eighty rods distant. If the man falls dead before reaching the forty-rod post, the fluid is considered too strong, and is *reduced* accordingly; but if he survives and reaches the eightieth rod post a live man, the inspectors pronounce the liquor of good proof, and brand it accordingly. Sometimes eight or ten men are necessarily sacrificed to establish the credit of a distiller, but the citizens generally commend the practice, as they say it is better for one innocent man to suffer than for an entire community of men, women and children to risk the poisonous influences of "tanglefoot" which has not stood the test of the analyzation aforesaid.

A FELLOW, famous the country over for his tough yarns, was one day speaking of the heavy wheat he had seen in New York State:

"My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so thick that a flock of wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk around on the top of it anywhere."

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No, sir," continued he, "they were very large. I shot one of them, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him home, his head dragged in the snow?"

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time."

"Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I must have got parts of two stories mixed!"

The following parody upon the oft-parodied "soliloquy" of Hamlet is evidently the work of an Ex-Teetotaler:

To drink, or not to drink? That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler inwardly to suffer
The pangs and twitchings of uneasy stomach,
Or to take brandy-toddy 'gainst the colic,
And by imbibing end it? To drink, to sleep,
To snore; and, by a snooze, to say we end
The headache, and the morning's parching thirst
That drinking's heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To drink, to pay—
To pay the liquor bill? Ay—there's the rub;
For in that snipe-like bill a stop may come,
When we would shuffle off our mortal score,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes sobriety of so long a date;
For who could bear to hear the glasses ring
In concert clear—the chairmen's ready toast—
The pops of out-drawn corks—the "hip hurrah!"
The eloquence of claret—and the songs,
Which often through the noisy revel break,
When a man might his quietus make
With a full bottle? Who would sober be,
Or sip weak coffee through the livelong night;
But that the dread of being laid upon
That shutter by policemen borne, on which
The traveller reclines, puzzles me much,
And makes me rather tingle ginger pop,
Than fly to brandy, or to Reed's gin?
Thus poverty doth make us Temperance men.

RHETORICIANS often expend a great deal of time and pains upon their "climaxes," but seldom, with all their labor, could they make one so unexplicated as this. It is the speech of a

temperance orator who, according to custom, was put forward as a redeemed example of the blighting effects of drink:

"My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge. [Clapping of hands and approving cheers.] In a month afterwards, my friends, I had five dollars in my pocket, a thing I never had before. [Clapping and loud cheers.] In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. [Cheers and clapping of hands much louder.] A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin! [The audience was going to cheer, but stopped and looked serious.] "You wonder," continued the speaker, "why I bought a coffin. Well, my friends, I bought the coffin, because I felt pretty certain if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one."

We have all heard the story of the man who lifted himself up by the seat of his pants. Very few of us believed it. But the thing can be done; *ecce signum*:

Truman K—was as good a mechanic as ever shoved a jack-plane. One day Truman and a shopmate of his were arguing the practicability and the probability of the manufacture of a "perpetual motion." Shopmate was sceptical on the subject, and delivered himself thus:

"When a man can lift himself by the seat of his trousers, then, and not till then, can a perpetual motion be made."

"Well," said Truman, "I can do that myself, and I'll bet you a dollar I can do it fairly."

"Done," said the shopmate, "here is my dollar."

The two dollars were put in a bystander's hands. Truman immediately pulled off his pants, tied the legs of them over a beam, just above his head, tightly grasped them by the seat, and raised himself from the floor, by main strength. Shopmate acknowledged the corn, and gave up the dollar, but whether his belief in "perpetual motion" was in anywise changed we cannot vouch.

The manner in which Charlotte Cushman obtained her first engagement in London is very characteristic of the spirit and pluck of the woman. The story is related by Maddox, who was manager of the Princess's Theatre in 1845:

On her first introduction to him, Miss Cushman's personal gifts did not strike him as exactly those which go to make up a stage heroine, and he declined engaging her. Charlotte had certainly no great pretensions to beauty; but she had perseverance and energy, and knew that there was the right metal in her: so she went to Paris with a view to finding an engagement there, with an English company. She failed, too, in that, and returned to England, more resolutely than ever, bent on finding employment there; because it was now more than necessary to her. It was a matter of life and death, almost. She urged herself, therefore, with letters (so Maddox told me) from persons who were likely to have weight with him, and again presented herself at the Princess's; but the little Hebrew was obdurate as Shylock, and still declined her proffered services. Repulsed, but not conquered, she rose to depart; but, as she reached the door, she turned and exclaimed: "I know I have enemies in this country; but—(and here she cast herself on her knees, raising her clenched hand aloft), so help me—I'll defeat them!" She uttered this with the energy of Lady Macbeth, and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies. "Hello?" said Maddox, to himself, "she's got the stuff in her!" and he gave her an appearance, and afterwards an engagement in his theatre.

A GENTLEMAN was paying his attentions to the daughter of a wealthy planter, and, in the course of conversation, asked her how she amused herself in her hours of lonesomeness. She replied by reading. He then asked her whether she was most fond of writing prose or poetry. "Nary one," replied the young lady, "I writes small hand." Better at understanding the things meant was the boy of the subjoined dialogue:

Teacher—"Come here, you young scamp, and get a sound spanking."

Scholar—"You haint got no right to spank me, and the copy you just set me ses so."

Teacher—"I should like to hear you read that copy."

Scholar—"You shall (*reads*). 'Let all the *ends* thou aimest at be thy country's, and so-forth, and so-forth; and when you're a-spankin' me you aint aiming at no such *end*.'"

The following characteristic anecdote is told of an old Kentuckian, long familiar with hunting and border warfare:

Being present at a conversation where Maffit's name was mentioned in connection with other distinguished Methodist ministers, exclaimed:

"I tell you what it is, gentlemen, say what you please about your Bascoms, and Waughs, and Caperses, but in the big day coming Maffit will bring up as many skelps as any of 'em."

RATHER TOO NEAR—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years!"

ARITHMETICAL.—"Joe, why were you out so late last night?"
 "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve."
 "How dare you sit there and tell me that lie. I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock."
 "Well, isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

MEDICINAL.—The young lady who was suffering from the ear-ache, was completely cured by a young man whispering only a few words in it—something about "the Squire." Singular cure—very.

FINANCIAL.—An editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

ECONOMICAL. In Brown's Hotel, Washington, they have a room which is lighted only by the keyhole of another room.

MAKING THINGS EVEN.—Prentice thinks it is no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

TRUE.—"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in the article.
 "Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the reply.

HUMBUG.—Our "devil" woke up the other morning, and was astonished to see a bed bug sitting on the back of a chair, pulling pins from his coat, and innocently picking his teeth.

A DELICATE OPERATION.—For some time past a man has stood upon a street corner in Chicago, with a screen over his eyes, and a placard upon his breast, upon which was set forth, in pitiful words, an account of his blindness. A few days since, a benevolent policeman restored him to sight, by simply removing the screen, beneath which he found a very servicable pair of eyes.

INNOCENT, VERY!—"Richard, my son, I'm sorry; what's this I hear—acting improperly to a young lady in church?"
 "It isn't so," snivelled Dick; "I didn't do it—I was only feeling for the hymn-book."

A RESPECT FOR THE TRUTH.—"Jones has a reverence for the truth," said Brown.
 "So I perceive," was Smith's reply, "for he always keeps a respectful distance from it."

CAN'T ACCOMMODATE HIM.—A cotemporary, a few miles out in the country, asks us to do him justice, which we must decline at present, on account of the high price of hemp.

A THROTTLING JOKE BY PRENTICE.—A New York paper says "that a very great business is done in neckties" in that city. Certainly not half so great as there ought to be, say the Louisville Journal.

SEE WHAT YOU DO, LADIES!—A failure of grapes is anticipated, on account of the ladies cutting all the vines for hoops.

THE KIND SHE WANTED.—"Do you wish to see some tracts?" inquired a colporteur of a lady who made her appearance at the door, in answer to a lively ring at the doorbell.
 "Yes, sir," replied the lady, "with the heels towards the door."

A STREAK OF LUCK.—A country editor having received two gold dollars in advance for his paper, says he still allows his children to play with other children, as usual. He also walks on the ground, as usual.

NO-COUNT SENTIMENT.—"Do you not find my eyes expressive of my feelings?" said a sentimental lover to a lady he desired to please.

"Oh, yes! I presume so," said the lady, "they make me think of a codfish dying with the toothache."
 Sentimental grasped his hat and bolted.

THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS.—At a Fourth of July celebration, held at Lexington, the following toast was offered:

"Hoops and tight pants—the unqualified representatives of financial extremes. May the ladies be as boundless as their skirts; and may the gentlemen never get as tight as their breeches."

A WINE BATH.—An American traveller in the streets of Paris seeing the words, "Wine Baths given here," exclaimed:

"Well, these French are a luxurious people." When, with true Yankee curiosity and the feeling that he could afford whatever any

any one else did, he walked in and demanded a "wine bath." Feeling wonderfully refreshed at it, and having to pay but five francs, he asked, in some astonishment, how a wine bath could be afforded so cheaply. His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humor, replied:

"O, massa, we jest pass it along into anudder room, where we gib bath at four francs."

"Then you throw it away, I suppose?"

"No, massa; den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's plenty of people who aint so berry particular who will bathe in it after this at two francs ahead. Den, massa, we let de common people hab it at a franc a piece."

"Then, of course, you throw it away?" exclaimed the traveller, who thought this was going even beyond Yankee profit.

"No, indeed, massa," was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no, indeed, massa, we are not so stragavant as dat comes to: we jest bottle it up den, and send it 'Meriky for champagne."

WASN'T ACQUAINTED.—Two drunken fellows were walking along in the rain; the drunkest one then asked:

"Dick (hic) does-er rain? (hic)."

"In course it rains," said Dick.

The answer was apparently satisfactory, and they proceeded several rods further, when the question was again propounded by the anxious searcher after truths under difficulties.

"Dick, I say D (hic) tell me, does-er rain?"

"Johnny," said Dick, solemnly, "I'm afraid yer drunk. In course it's raining."

In a very few minutes Johnny was again troubled with doubts, and sought to solve them.

"Dick, seems-er me (hic) ser-going (hic) er-rain, (hic)?"

Dick, exasperated—"Johnny, yer a fool! Don't yer see it's raining? can't yer feel it rainin', Johnny?"

Johnny—"Seuse me D (hic). I aint much acquainted in this town (hic)."

A REPLY AS IS A REPLY.—A Fairhaven woman having been "posted" by her husband, retorts in the following notice:

"Whereas, my good-for-nothing husband, Lyman S. Forbes, having seen fit to advertise me, forbidding all persons trusting me on his account, I would hereby warn all persons against harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date. As he has not been in the habit of paying any of my bills, or his own either, since I have been acquainted with him, his caution is wholly unnecessary and uncalled for. Moreover, no one who knows him would be verdant enough to trust anybody on his account.
 CORNELIA FORBES."

AFFECTIONATE.—A lovelorn swain broke a wishbone with his "heart's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Neow, what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was handsum," replied the fair damsel; "handsom as Queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan, "when you're handsum 'nuff neow. But I'll tell yer what I wished, Sally—I wished you was locked up in my arms and the key was lost!"

"THE COMMODORE'S ORDERS."—At the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard, the other day, the commandant issued orders that all cattle employed in the yard should be fed on cut feed, which was accordingly carried into effect. But one old ox who had been educated on long hay could not accommodate himself to his new diet, and it was reported to the proper authority that the animal wouldn't eat cut feed. "Not eat it!" exclaimed the head teamster, filled with horror; "he must eat it; it's commodore's orders!"

AMERICAN TROTTERS.—At a large agricultural show in England an American exhibited a fast-trotting American horse, which cantered and trotted remarkably well, but which was a bad walker. A person looking on, after having admired the trotting and cantering, asked, "How about the walking?" "Walking?" said Jonathan; "well, really I don't know about that; we're not so tarnation slow in the States as to notice that."

BIT.—"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl, for the amusement of her company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"why, Bridget, did you do this? You're quite an artist: how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pritty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum!"

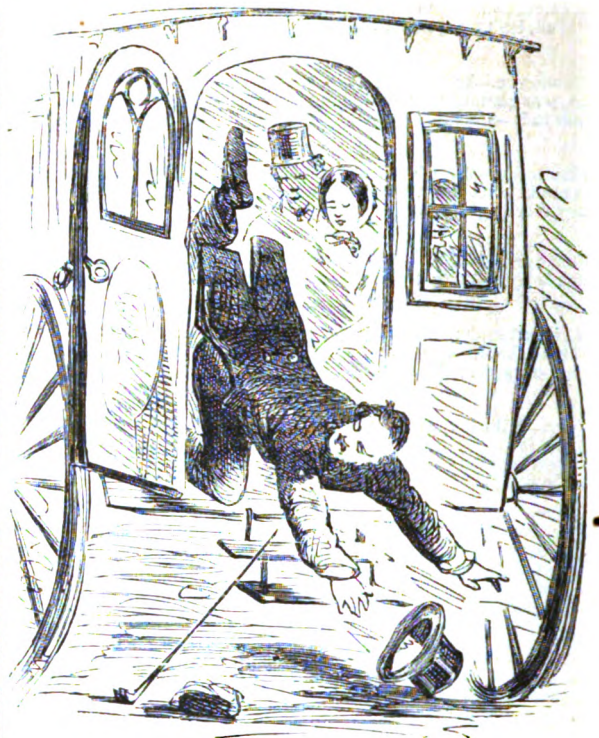
PERFECTLY RECKLESS AS TO BOOTS.—A man being awakened by the captain of a boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerably replied, "O, the bugs won't hurt 'em, I guess; they are an old pair."

PEARLS TO CINCINNATI.—A Cincinnati critic says of Mrs. James: "Her notes are so ravishingly sweet, that when we see her occasionally lick her lips, we are led to the conceit that they have left a delicious flavor on those cherry portals."

MR FITZ DUDLEY'S EXPERIENCE IN AN OMNIBUS.



Mr. Fitz Dudley dresses for the opera, and takes a "bus." Has to indulge in a little Blondin practice in order to reach his seat.



His foot catches in a lady's skeleton, and he gets out rather suddenly.



Stops the "bus" and tries to get out. Success doubtful



Mr. Fitz Dudley postpones going to the opera, and consoles himself with saying naughty words about hoops and "busses."



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR DECEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

With the appearance of the white mantle that mother earth so unexpectedly displayed the other morning, in a combina-



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tion with her yet green grass and trees as strange as it was beautiful, began, perhaps, the first serious thought about winter and its requirements; and the stores exhibited, almost for the first time during the season, some of their newest furs, capes, mantles, muffs, cuffs, &c.

Of all the garments which, in one state or another, we steal from the inferior orders of creation, furs are surely the most beautiful as well as valuable. Those engaged in procuring them also frequently lead lives of danger and hardship which belong rather to the regions of romance than reality, and which, indeed, have formed the foundation for many a tale of

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wonder. There is hardly a country in the world which does not in some form or other furnish this luxurious branch of clothing, and although the cold regions are the parts whence we derive our largest supplies, we draw some part of them even from the countries bordering on the equator.

It is, however, one of the laws of nature, which provides suitably for all creatures, that the inhabitants of cold countries should be supplied with warmer furs than are required by those of the temperate and torrid zones; and when warmth is needed



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all the year round, still at the approach of winter the fur thickens and becomes longer, and thus affords the animal additional protection against the increasing severity of the winter. It is said also (we know not how truly), that



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hares and some other animals inhabiting the cold regions become white when the snow is on the ground, nature thus affording them additional protection against their enemies. We are inclined to believe that in some cases at least this may be the case, as during an unusually severe winter we saw several little creatures, exactly resembling ermines, caught by sportsmen on the moors of Yorkshire; the sportsmen declaring that the same animals were brown during the rest of the year and in ordinary seasons. They called these animals stoats.

Of all the furs worn, that of the Silver

Fox is the most beautiful, the scarcest and dearest. It is long black hair, intermingled with white; and a single skin is not unfrequently sold for five hundred dollars. Indeed, the fortunate possessor of two or three skins can rule the market as he pleases and obtain his own price for them; so rarely does one individual succeed in obtaining so many.

Next in value comes the Russian Sable, a thick, heavy, dark fur, with gray hairs intermingled. Each skin is worth from forty to eighty dollars, or even more; and as it does not exceed twelve inches in length by seven or eight in width, some idea of the value of a large mantilla composed of the best furs may be formed. Such an one, of the first quality, would not cost less than one thousand to twelve hundred dollars. Even this sum, however, large as it is, is much less than a garment of the same size would cost in Russia, where the back only—the darkest and richest part of each skin—is employed, and where, consequently, very many more are needed.

Hudson's Bay Sable takes the next rank in the fur market. If the skins be as dark and fine as those of Russia, the same garment would cost seven hundred dollars or so.

Mink is, just now, very fashionable, and consequently dear,—at least in comparison to the prices it commanded five or six years ago, since which time it has been regularly rising in value. We get much of our mink from the Eastern States, where the New York merchants keep agents collecting during the summer. The skins from those parts are darker, softer, and finer than those from the West, whence, however, we draw a large supply. The western skins have longer hair, and wear very well. They are never so dear as the eastern. Large mink capes are from seventy to two hundred dollars.

The Hudson's Bay Company supply us with the greater part of the Stone Marten furs, which rank next in value, and are very beautiful, though, at present, cheap, because less fashionable than mink. The fur is of a very pale color, almost white near the skin, but terminating in a bluish brown. The darker it is the better. Large capes, of the finest quality of this fur, can be had for one hundred dollars.

The Ermine, the next in value, comes from Siberia. It is only suited for carriage dress, for trimming opera-cloaks, and for other full-toilette purposes. It should be pure white, with a tinge of yellow on the upper part of the tails only. Where there is a yellow cast on parts of the skin, it is of inferior quality, and cheaper; for the simple reason that in the one case the entire skin is used, in the other the back only. A large cape, with muff and cuffs, of this delicate fur, can be had for one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Miniver, the established trimming of court and state robes in the Old Country; where it may be seen on the judges' and Lord Chancellor's robes, the Queen's train, and on almost all official costumes, is the same fur as that of the ermine, but with small black dots here and there, in lieu of the tails.

The Chinchilla is a very thick fluffy-looking fur, of a dark silvery gray, (the darker the better!) It is the skin of an animal not unlike a rat, inhabiting Buenos Ayres. It is little used in America; and, though handsome, it does not wear so well as many other kinds of fur. In Europe it is considered peculiarly appropriate for mourning.

The German Fitch used to be thought a handsome fur; and, indeed, it will always remain so, though no longer fashionable, except for young ladies. It is very thick and warm; the color dark at the ends, but yellowish near the skin. That which is dressed in Germany is considered the best. The same may be said of the Siberian Squirrel, which is of a blue iron-gray color; and, in the best qualities, without any admixture of red or brown.

What is called Water Mink is really the skin of the musk rat, which is a handsome though cheap fur. It is not unfrequently dyed. It wears extremely well; and a set, with a large cape, may be had for thirty-five dollars or so.

For those who cannot afford the expensive furs nothing can be nicer or more comfortable than the water mink, and it is about as wise to prefer a mink or a sable victorine to a complete set of these cheap furs, as it would be to wear a velvet cape over the shoulders, in winter, instead of a comfortable cloth

cloak or woollen shawl, because we cannot afford a large velvet mantle.

Besides the furs we have enumerated, there are many others which, however, are chiefly purchased for children. The brown coney—anglicé, rabbit; the white ditto, with tails, making a poor imitation of ermine; the gray squirrel, with white patches, so pretty and popular for sets for little girls. The appearance of this fur is caused by using the skins entire, the back only being gray, and the sides and under part white. The Kolinski is little used in this country; and the beautiful skin of the grebe duck is hardly ever seen here, though so much valued in France and England.

For gentlemen's coats, caps and gloves, the fur of the otter is in great request; and the fur seal skin and beaver skin are also much used.

Our readers will, doubtless, like to know something of the most popular forms of furs for the ensuing season. The muffs are about the same size that they were last year; not longer, but not at all smaller. They are still trimmed with cords and pendant tassels. Apropos of muffs, a patent has been taken out for a new style of lining, which promises (or professes) to offer a place of security for the purse, and to insure the owner against being robbed of it. All very well, if the safety of the muff itself can likewise be guaranteed; but what if a lady be "so very absent when she's present" (as poor Madame Vestris used to say), that she happens to leave her muff on the counter of a store, in the cars, or a stage? Does it not involve a double loss? It seems to us that the safest place for a purse is in such a purse pocket, on the left side of the dress, and close to the waist, as we have more than once described. The owner, then, can neither be robbed of it, nor lose it. Of the patent muff, however, we are speaking without having seen it, or tested its merits.

In capes we have the victorine, the half-cape and the large cape, all with long ends. The large cape is made deeper at the back, considerably wider, and above all, some six inches deeper on the arm, besides being cut so as to form a sort of sleeve, which will render it a far more comfortable garment than it has ever been before.

There is also the large circular cape, with sleeves, both in mink and sable, and the large raglan, with sleeves; but these are, comparatively, little used.

For children, remarkably pretty talmas, with armholes, are likely to be most worn.

At GINN'S BAZAAR, among a great variety of novelties in furs, we saw a Chesterfield, of dark mink, fringed with tails; the sleeves, large and long, trimmed to correspond; the hood lined with satin of the hue of the fur, and the shape of this novel garment remarkably pretty, as well as comfortable-looking. If we are really going to have the very severe winter some people anticipate, such a garment will be the very *beau idéal* of comfort. The price, two hundred and fifty dollars only.

Wishing to afford our readers some idea of the average cost of the various furs we have mentioned, we append a list taken from the establishment of GEORGE BULFIN, 361 Broadway. They will do well to remember, however, that it is one of the most moderate in the city:

Sable half cape, muff and cuffs, \$90 to \$200.

Mink half cape, \$40 to \$100.

Squirrel half cape, \$15 to \$25.

Fitch victorine, muff and cuffs, \$23 to \$30.

Fitch half cape, muff and cuffs, \$30 to \$35.

River mink or musk, from \$13 to \$18.

Brown coney half cape, muff and cuffs, from \$10 to \$15.

Ermine is a good deal used this season as a border for camels' hair shawls. Trimming a plain scarlet or crimson square, it is very handsome and effective; and makes a very *distingué*-looking opera wrap.

In opera cloaks we have seen lately some remarkably pretty designs. We noticed one of white cashmere, trimmed with a rich Greek border of gold cord and green and white saphyr work. It was evidently worked by hand, and nothing could possibly be simpler, but it really was very effective.

CHARLES STREET's opera mantles, in Algerian striped cloth,

command deservedly the favor of the public; and there has been, as we anticipated, a perfect rush for the French plush mantles imported by Bulpin, and which we mentioned last month. We take the opportunity, before they are finally disposed of, of illustrating them; and regret that it may not be possible to obtain more of these beautifully finished garments.

Shawls, we may remark, are re-appearing very generally, and are principally of two kinds: the expensive Indian, or its copy, the French cashmere, on the one hand; and the heavy woollen shawls, generally a plaid, on the other. There are, also, other varieties.

For evening toilette, for young and unmarried ladies, tarlatane and organdy robes are more *distingué*, as well as more suitable than any more expensive materials. To be sure, many of them have charming designs stamped or woven upon them; and, not unfrequently, they are further ornamented with crystal, which, while it possesses all the brilliancy of gold and silver tissue, is far more durable, and less likely to be damaged by gas and other causes. Some of these dresses, in cost not exceeding ten dollars the robe, have a small pattern somewhat like a knotted ribbon, alternated with a tiny chintz pattern, the ribbon being in peach, pink, blue or green. Others have simply a golden or crystal spot at regular intervals; others, a lozenge or star in one of the fashionable colors, repeated just often enough to give lightness without detracting from the purity of the white ground. These dresses being sold by the yard, any quantity may be purchased according to the style in which it is desired the robe should be made.

Another novelty is fluted tarlatane trimming, in various widths of white, with stripes of one bright color, speckled over with crystal. This trimming comes to this country in boxes, each containing a set or suitable quantity for trimming a dress completely. It is usually intended for a double skirt (the upper one in the tunic form), with narrow garniture for the berthas and sleeves. The quantity, however, varies; sometimes it is arranged for two or three rows of different widths to be set on the lower skirt; sometimes for only one row. In all cases the dress itself should be of pure white tarlatane; and it is difficult to imagine anything prettier or more becoming to the fair and youthful than a dress of this description. The only other finish needed to such a dress would be a sash of broad ribbon, of a suitable color; or a white sash with bouquets *broché* on it at intervals, and a few appropriate flowers in the hair.

Tulle is another material for ball-dresses which will never go out of fashion. During the coming season it is not likely to lose any of its prestige; and we have seen some exceedingly pretty double-skirted robes of this material, trimmed with chenille of one bright color, intermingled with white. A braid of four or five strands of coarse chenille were woven together, and sewed on above a hem some three inches deep; and at intervals a flat rosette of ribbon or chenille, surrounded by white blonde, was placed, doubtless by way of concealing the ends as well as to form an ornament. The two skirts were trimmed in the same style, only the lower one had a deeper hem and trimming than the upper. The ground of the dress was speckled over with atoms of chenille, just as we see so many illusion capes and fichus.

This style of dress is, of course, more expensive than the tarlatane; almost as costly, indeed, as a silk; and for wear it is useless after one or two evenings. It is not, therefore, a robe that should be selected by those who go out often during the winter season, and who cannot afford a variety of dress. For those with limited means, plain tarlatanes, made up in tasteful yet inexpensive styles, are the most economical robes that can be chosen; and being so fresh and airy-looking, they possess pre-eminently the grace of *appropriateness* for a ball-room.

We have seen at STRANG, ADRIANCE & Co.'s, 355 Broadway, some silks especially suitable for evening parties; and among them two which, for beauty and chasteness of design, we have rarely seen equalled. One was of a very rich lilac silk; a double skirt, the lower one being designed to be trimmed with three narrow flounces. The design of these flounces was a magnificent point lace, woven in white velvet, cut and uncut, and so managed that by gaslight it would appear as

if rich pearls were profusely scattered over the lace. The upper skirt had one pattern (forming the edge), to match these flounces; and above it nine narrow woven borders to correspond, with delicate brocaded stripes running through them, up the skirt, at intervals. The stripe was formed of a double wreath of tiny forget-me-nots and leaves, with a miniature bouquet of roses set wherever they crossed. This stripe being (although so delicate and minute) the only bright color in the dress, just relieving the extreme quietness of its tints, gave a singularly charming effect to the velvety lace and soft silk. We cannot fancy a more tasteful evening toilette than this robe would make, provided the accessories and the wearer herself were in keeping with it.

Lighter, more showy, more expensive, yet even more beautiful, was a robe of blue silk, the upper skirt of which represented a drapery of the richest lace (always in white velvet), caught up, here and there, with bouquets, garlands and sprays of flowers, glowing in all their natural colors, although, like the lace, woven in velvet on the silk. The mimic lace being apparently composed of two rows, one of which ran along the edge of the skirt, while the other was draped almost canopy fashion, and caught up by a bouquet nearly at the top of the skirt, left a space in the centre of each breadth of silk, filled up by a rich bouquet of roses, heaths, geraniums and convolvuli, with their foliage so closely imitating nature, one would fancy them rather to be the production of a great painter than the work of the loom. It is hard to imagine how such results could be produced. The border of this upper skirt, and the three flounces meant to ornament the lower one, exhibited a design of a magnificent lace, with a rich bouquet of flowers (an oval medallion in form), set on at intervals.

The trimming of the bodice was a similar design, but narrower, and the plain part of the upper skirt was sprinkled over with spots, intended to represent pearls. By gaslight, indeed, the effect is precisely that of the very richest lace, arranged most artistically by a milliner into folds, confined here and there with natural flowers and pearls scattered over the whole. The price of this dress was two hundred and fifty dollars, a much less cost than has often been asked for very inferior goods. The quantity about twenty-four yards, wide width.

We notice that the representation of rich guipure lace is a favorite design in the velvet and silk robes of the season. Several, which were imported by the same firm, have as a design a broad guipure lace, intermingled with knots of ribbon and streamers, woven in velvet on the silk ground. One in myrtle green showed the design to excellent advantage. Whilst admiring these dresses, however, we cannot say we think them becoming, except for very tall people, and should as a matter of taste infinitely prefer the silks in two shades of violet, lilac, green, blue and other leading colors, with small bouquets in black velvet sprinkled over the ground.

Many white silks also have a very minute flower and leaf woven in velvet of one color. They are very pretty and delicate, but we look with alarm at the cost, thinking it somewhat disproportionate to the effect produced—not in comparison to the value of the goods. However, the rich may well afford to indulge in such tasteful and elegant robes, rather than in more showy and less pleasing attire; it makes good for trade, and we have nothing to say against it.

We are sorry to see the firm of E. LAMBERT & Co., which has always been one of our favorites, exhibiting within the last few days some dresses with immense satin stripes and bars, such as could be worn with propriety by no one short of a giantess in stature. There are also some silks with *troué* bayadere designs on them which no modiste in the world, were she ingenious as dressmaker never yet was, could contrive to convert into a becoming corsage. Pretty enough these silks would be if used for skirts only, with cloth or velvet basque; but nothing could make them fit to be sold as dress pieces.

Even more atrociously ugly are some of the cashmere morning gowns displayed here and elsewhere: a broad border round the edge resembling nothing so much as mottled marble, without even the redeeming virtue of the beautiful tint in which that material is found. Now marble is in itself, when used appropriately, a very beautiful substance; but we do not want to

turn into marble women, or to be encased each in a fortress of it; and we cannot help wondering how any artist in his senses could have hit on so hideous a design, still more how merchants should have been found to purchase the goods.

In spun silks there will be found a great variety of plaids and tartans, amongst which the combination of green and dark blue with black known



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as the 42nd tartan (from composing the uniform of the 42nd Highlanders) is one of the most beautiful. It is, perhaps, a little singular that whilst these two colors, taken *separately*, harmonize so ill, they should have so good an effect when blended, and mingled with black, in one fabric. It is noticeable, however, that they lose much of their effect when stripes of bright colors are introduced into them. Several of the tartans have these stripes, white, yellow or red; and none ever look so well as where there are only the three colors combined.

In poplins and silks we find plaids of black with a sort of dingy cerise or pale crimson, at several of the leading stores; notably at UBSDELL & PEIRSON'S, and LAMBERT'S. The checks vary in size from one-sixth of an inch to an inch square. Nothing can be more dowdy than these materials, which could not be made to look well or be becoming, no matter what the skill of the dressmaker or the beauty of the wearer.

Those who are compelled to wear mourning will find every description of suitable materials at WILLIAM JACKSON'S, 551 Broadway. He has, just now, some extraordinary bargains in foulards and India silks; and we have had occasion, frequently, to mention the large assortment of the



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choicest black silks that is always to be found at this store. At present there are some glacés, really very fair silk, at seventy-five cents a yard; and the prices vary from this sum up to five dollars for rich double-width baratheas. Mrs. Jackson's mourning bonnets, also, are always marked by the excellence of the materials and style, and the moderate prices at which they are sold.

The same qualities favorably distinguish the bonnets of Mdle. Picot, 625 Broadway, up-stairs. Her establishment, which is just opposite to Laura Keane's Theatre, is destined to become one of the most fashionable in New York. We noticed there a charming bonnet of black velvet, mingled with a clear pale cherry. Folds of the latter, set close, and forming a

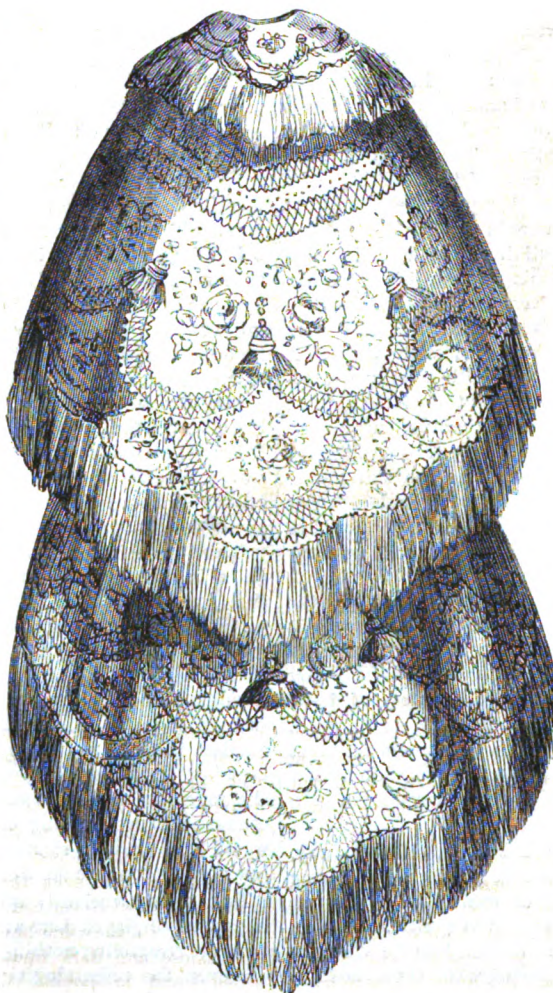


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rouleau, crossed here and there by bars of black velvet, trimmed the outside of the front, with a black lace falling over the edge, and partially shading the bandeau. On the top of the bonnet, placed slightly on one side was a flat velvet bow, drawn through a black buckle, and from it fell a rich ostrich plume on each side. The curtain of black velvet, set on in box plaits with a heading, according to the fashion which is, at present, almost universal. The crown plain; the bandeau of white and cerise velvet flowers, with leaf-like folds of black velvet.

Mdle. Picot's opera hats are remarkably light and tasteful; and we have nowhere seen prettier bonnets for little girls; for they are, whilst handsome and well trimmed, not of that showy *voûtée* order which makes children look like little old women; a style, unfortunately, far too common among the New York milliners.

In view of the rapid approach of Christmas and its festivities, MEEKER & MAIDHOFF, 62 Walker street, have on exhibition a charming assortment of the newest styles in ornamental pins, combs, &c. The majority of the pins are of burnished or bright gold; and, as we are assured, of a quality that will withstand the pernicious effects of gas, and wear well. Some of the designs



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have large bright rings attached to the heads, with pendants of coral, pearl or turquoise, intermixed with bright gold drops. Others have rings interlaced. Another pretty pattern was of spiral rings of chased gold, with tags (or, as they are properly called, *aiguillettes*), drooping from them. Some very ornamental combs for the back of the hair had true-love-knots of chased gold, intermixed with turquoise beads.

Another novelty of this firm is the *Sultana torsade*, composed of velvet of one bright color, mingled with black, and gold or silver bourdon. Very rich bullion tassels complete the head-dress, which is generally popular, because (as its name implies) it can be twisted into such a variety of forms, to suit every style of hair, and almost every shape of head.

We have noticed, in its appropriate place, the popularity of *brandebourgs*, as trimmings for plain corsages. A great variety of the newest descriptions will be found here, the most popular being those formed of *bandeau chenille* cord.

PHALON, 517 and 619 Broadway, is devoting himself to the improvement of the personal appearance of the fair sex (and his own), with the energy worthy of so good a cause. Among his most recent novelties is a "*Snow-white Oriental Cream*," a purely vegetable compound, for whitening and beautifying the complexion. It is perfectly innocuous, and its effects almost magical. We can imagine nothing more refreshing and comforting to the face after being exposed to the blasts of the winter wind, than this *Oriental Cream*; and it really does seem to impart a marble-like whiteness to the skin.

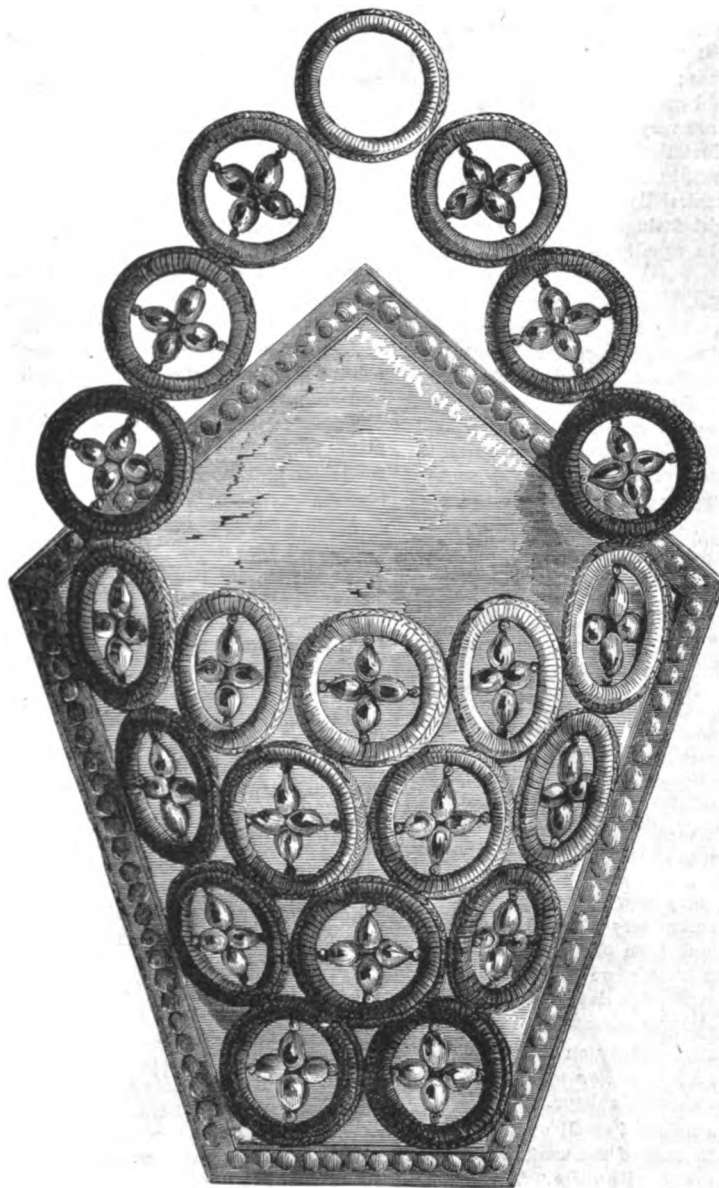
His fancy toilet soaps are equally essential; a vegetable extract which enters highly into their composition, is beneficial in removing eruptions from the skin, and rendering it smooth and soft. No less than thirty varieties of soap are manufactured by Phalon & Son, who, in truth, deserve well of the ladies for their efforts to contribute to our comfort.

We need hardly remind our readers that amongst the great variety of articles now in course of preparation for Christmas gifts, none will be more beautiful or more generally useful than the ornamental sachets, sultanas, and handkerchief-boxes, which Phalon & Son are getting up. Scented with various charming perfumes, they will impart the sweet odors to handkerchiefs and laces without risking the discoloration which liquid perfumes so often produce.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

To begin with the most visible toilette, that of the streets; we observe a decided advance in the taste for dresses of quiet rich colors, without pattern or figure on them. The favorite material is either *velours de Paris*, *Ottoman velours* or *Ottoman cloth*; in the last named there is no admixture of silk; and not always in the *velours de Paris*; but the *Ottoman velours* is composed of silk and wool. The colors are rich emerald and myrtle green, *masarine blue*, *claret*, gray (in considerable variety); and a number of shades of brown, of which rich cinnamon and hair

brown appear to be the favorites. The softness and richness of these materials make them particularly suitable for promenade and morning dress; and we are pleased to learn the gradual recognition of the fact that such dresses as these are the suitable ones for the street; and that it is rapidly ceasing to be considered good taste to trail about a brocaded satin or light and delicate silk on Broadway. One of the partners in a firm second to none in America in the taste and style of their stock, observed, that two or three years ago such cloths would have been utterly unsaleable; while now, the silk counter is comparatively abandoned, except for dresses intended for the evening or the carriage, and their place is taken by *Ottoman velours* and *Ottoman cloth*, which latter is as soft and as moderate in price as merino, but much warmer and more durable. Whilst, however, the plain self-colors, and simple materials are patronized by the best society, many of the *Ottoman velours* figured in immense plaids are worn by those with



PATTERN FOR WATCHPOCKET. PAGE 567.

much less taste. The necessity for matching the narrow bright stripes which usually run across the fabric, all round the skirt, and the great distance between the stripes, often nearly a quarter of a yard, makes this sort of dress extravagantly expensive, in proportion to its appearance, as the waste is necessarily very great indeed. Moreover, it is only on a tall and slight figure that even the skirt can look well; and by no management whatever can the corsage be made even decently becoming. On the other hand, a well assorted plaid, of moderate dimensions and dark hues, makes a very pretty skirt for the street; and in poplin, *Ottoman* or spun silk is equally useful.

There is little difference in the mode of making dresses. The

plain full skirt is decidedly the most *comme il faut* for the promenade; but for evening and full dress there is a great disposition to trim the skirts elaborately, principally with flounces. Sometimes a single wide flounce, reaching somewhat above the knee, forms the garniture of a plain silk dress; sometimes two such flounces are put on; and they are invariably headed with a ruche of ribbon or of the same silk as the dress. But narrow flounces, set on in threes, with a ruched heading to each set, and a space between it and the next one, is even more fashionable. Then again, the skirt is often flounced regularly up to the waist. A large majority of the robes for dinner and evening toilette are made with two skirts, the upper one in the tunic form. In this case, all the front of the upper skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, and all round that part which comes below the tunic; and the tunic also is trimmed to match. Ribbon is almost universally used for the ruches; and it is, of course, of the first importance that it should correspond, in style and hue, with the dress. The sleeves are very generally trimmed with flounces or deep frills; and bretelles to correspond ornament the corsage. For a stout person, however, this style of body is very unbecoming, adding so materially as it does to the width of the figure; and a plain tight fitting corsage, trimmed with handsome brandebourgs will be equally fashionable and more appropriate.

Tarlatane, illusion and tulle are popular materials for the ball dresses of young ladies. The tarlatane robes are often flounced to the waist, the flounces being pinked and fluted before being set on. The tunic should have a double flounce, headed by a ruche of ribbon or illusion. Sashes, of very broad and rich ribbon, with long floating ends, are indispensable to such a toilette; unless, indeed, as in a recent ball costume devised by Madame Barenne, a knot of *myosotis* is made to serve for a bow of ribbon, and long floating sprays for the sash. A garland of the same flowers was worn on the hair, being made after the fashion of a diadem in front, and full at the sides.

The *corsage à l'enfant* is greatly in favor for the evening dresses of young ladies in Paris. It is full, and low; gathered in at the top and waist; and finished with a shawl-bertha; that is one in the bretelle form, ornamented with frills, to match the flounced skirt. The sleeves composed of one or two bouffants.

Flowers are likely to be worn more than ever, in the evening toilette of young ladies; with ornamented combs, or pins. For ladies of maturer age, head-dresses composed principally of velvet and plumes will be more popular. The coquettish little Greek caps maintain their ground; and are, indeed, very fashionable.

In lingerie we have nothing very new or remarkable, if we except some exquisite French embroidery with the petals of the flowers raised, and standing out from the cambric, like the raised crochet. At JAMES GRAY & Co.'s, we were shown a collar and cuffs of this exquisite work, the design roses and forget-me-nots, of which every petal was embossed.

The breakfast sets are worked chiefly on fine linen; and either in *broderie à la minute*, *à la poste*, or with fine bobbin. The mousquetaire is the most fashionable shape.

A novelty in breakfast sets consists of small chintz designs, set into the collars and cuffs, the rest of the work being done in scarlet and white cotton to match with them. The material is usually very fine piqué. The pattern is usually one forming medallions at intervals; and these bits of chintz are put in to fill them. They also are always on piqué. There is an eccentricity about this style, as well as a brightness, which may make it popular with many people; but for our own part, we prefer white without any admixture of colors. If worn only with black dresses, without any mingling of other colors, they would, perhaps, not be objectionable.

Handkerchiefs, if for dress, are almost invariably round; and Valenciennes lace is the most fashionable trimming. For the morning, we find a good many trimmed with a flounce, of the same material as the centre, embroidered at the edge, and with a narrow embroidered design to correspond, all round the handkerchief.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

We never expect to have to record anything very strikingly novel or brilliant in the styles for this month, since the summer festivities are over, and those of the winter have not commenced. We notice, however, that the *petunia* or *marguerite* promises to be one of the leading colors for the evening dresses of matrons and ladies of an *uncertain* age; we must remark, *en passant*, that it is an exceedingly deceitful tint, looking almost crimson, often, by gaslight. Lavenders and lilacs are also a good deal in favor, especially in those fabrics which have velvet designs woven on them. We have noticed, elsewhere, some very beautiful silks of this description, and may here remark that, besides the white silks, with delicate heaths in various colors, there are to be had all the leading colors with the same flower in black velvet.

There are a great many cheap silks in the market just now; some two-flounced dresses, sold by the robe, at a great reduction from the usual prices; others by the yard; many with a large admixture of cotton, especially at the back of the satin stripes. It is poor economy to buy a bayadere or other low-priced silk which will not turn.

The black reps silks with chintz designs have lost nothing of the popularity they enjoyed at the early part of the season. Indeed, although they will not quite take the place of the plain black silk which is so indispensable a part of the wardrobe of every lady, they will be worn by many of our *élégantes*, as a promenade, carriage or home dress, during the winter.

Velvet bonnets are now beginning to take the place of the pretty fancy straws and lighter materials. The shape is, as we remarked last month decidedly *longer*; and bands of very close and narrow folds, are among the most popular trimmings. Feathers are almost exclusively employed for the exterior, and are usually rich ostrich plumes, falling on each side of the bonnet. The curtain is not so deep as it was last season, fuller, and always set on in box plaits, with a heading. Three pairs of strings are not uncommonly seen; the narrow ones belonging to the barbes; another pair some $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, for tying the bonnet; and very wide and handsome ones, the *barbes* proper, which are simply pinned under the chin.

Although each individual ought to consult her own individual appearance, and its requirements, in the arrangement of the hair, we notice in the Parisian journals a decided tendency to wear it carried off the face; not *turned back*, but simply *crêpé*, and drawn to the back, where it is worn in a knot very low on the neck. The tip of the ear, and the handsome ear-rings, are thus displayed; but the style requires the face so exposed to be both youthful and pretty. The front hair of many ladies is worn in curls, falling in graduated rows round the face; and it is also arranged in bouffants on each side. But plaits seem to be entirely out of date.

Fichus and canezous of illusion are likely to be extensively worn this winter; and a good many dresses will be made with low corsages, and fichus of the same material, rendering the robe either a high or low one, at pleasure. These fichus are mostly à la Marie Antoinette; edged with folds of the same, and crossing on the bosom.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1 represents a lady in a ball dress, which is distinguished by a rare combination of richness and simplicity; it is of pink *gros de Naples*, trimmed with illusion and Brussels lace. The robe is made with a double skirt, of which the upper one is in the tunic form, considerably sloped off at the corners so as to display the entire front of the under-skirt. This front is covered with puffs (or *bouillonnées*) of illusion, graduated in width from the bottom of the skirt, where it is some eight inches deeper, to the waist, where it is not more than four. The *bouillonnées* are ornamented with sprays of pink roses, with their foliage set on in a slanting direction across them. On each side is a frill or narrow flounce of Brussels lace, set on in waves and falling

towards the front, which has the appearance of a petticoat. The tunic is also trimmed with puffs of illusion, on each of which is placed a spray similar to those on the front, and like it this garniture is headed with a row of lace. The corsage is plain, with a deep point in front. Over it is worn a *corsage berthe*—that is, one which forms sleeves as well as body trimming. On each shoulder and in the centre of the corsage is a bouquet. The hair is dressed *à l'Impératrice*, with a wreath of flowers and foliage. It is so arranged that the leaves form a coronal over the brow, while the flowers for the most part droop over the sides and back of the neck.

The other figure in this charming picture displays an elegant dinner dress of dark steel-gray silk, on which a *jardinière* wreath is wrought as the trimming of the lower flounce and the corsage. Like very many fashionable dinner dresses, it is trimmed with two deep flounces, each surmounted by a heading of the same material, set on in puffs, or of ruched ribbon. The lower flounce is finished with a rich wreath of flowers, woven in, in their natural colors. A similar wreath, on a smaller scale, forms the border of the full flounce which makes the lower part of the sleeve, and above it is a large, full puff. The corsage is perfectly plain, closed with buttons down the front and with folds across the bosom, narrow at the centre and on the shoulders. A black lace trims these folds, defining the delicate outlines of the bust. A narrow *jardinière* band forms a heading for the upper row of lace. The collar is of Brussels lace; and in the sleeves we observe the revival of an old style, the genuine bishop sleeve—very full, set in a narrow band round the wrist, and finished with a delicate lace ruffle falling over the hand.

N.B.—Of all the styles of sleeve that ever were invented, this is, without a doubt, the most becoming to a pretty hand, the best concealer of the defects of an ugly one.

The hair is carried simply back from the face and braided low at the back. Over it is worn a *cache-peigne* of black lace and velvet, intermingled largely with jet bugles and beads.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

BONNET. R. T. WILDE & CO. PAGE 561.

Of green fancy velvet, with a deep, full curtain of the same, set on with a heading fully half as deep as itself. A new sort of voilette forms the trimming, being gathered into a fan-like form, caught across the top with a velvet band. Below this falls a plume of very light marabout feathers. The face trimming is a bandeau of plaited velvet, with a double row of lace, confined by a velvet band on the forehead. Long green brides and white tie-strings.

BONNET. R. T. WILDE & CO. PAGE 561.

Of white Terry velvet, with a curtain of the same, bordered with blonde. A flat bow of lace is placed on the top, and is confined by a coque of blue velvet leaves. From this falls a plume of fancy white and blue feathers on each side. The interior is trimmed with a bandeau of blue velvet leaves and white grapes. White brides, with narrow blue tie-strings.

HEAD-DRESS. R. T. WILDE & CO. PAGE 561.

This is a very brilliant-looking head-dress, of golden leaves and flowers, with broad velvet bows and a white marabout plume falling on one side. A bow of narrow ribbon is placed on the centre of the bandeau over the forehead, and long ribbon streamers fall from the back of the hair.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 564.

Of plain black velvet, the front trimmed with a schirred scarf of the same, while from it falls a very rich plume de coque; on the other side is a rich rosette of black lace. The bandeau is a twisted roll of green and black velvet, with a tuft of blush roses on one side. Wide black strings, with light green tie-strings.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 564.

Peach terry velvet is the material of which this very pretty bonnet is composed. A full of white blonde is carried entirely

round, falling over the edge in front, and near the curtain at the back. Flat stiff loops of the same material trim it on one side, the other being perfectly plain. The bandeau is composed of a double plaiting of velvet, with a plain band, and velvet flowers on the other.

COIFFURE. GENIN. PAGE 564.

The bandeau which surrounds the head is of scarlet velvet ribbon, and gold bourdon intertwined; the back of the head-dress has a group of vine leaves with bunches of golden grapes; and long loops of gold cord fall across one side of the back. On the other are loops of velvet, with long streamers.

CLOAK. BULPIN. PAGE 572.

The material of this very pretty promenade cloak is a novelty, termed French cloaking. It is a sort of jaspé ribbed cloth; the shape slightly pointed at the back, and in front, falling in heavy folds round the figure. The hood is of the gipsy form, in some cases lined with colored silks. In the specimen we engrave, this is not the case; but a ruching of colored silk forms a frill round the border.

We notice, with pleasure, the beautiful garnitures of these cloaks, the admirable manner in which they correspond with the material, and the charming finish it imparts to the garment.

OPERA MANTLES. BULPIN. PAGE 572.

The material is rich French plush, a novelty imported only by Mr. Bulpin. Nothing prettier or more graceful has been brought to this country. It is in various patterns; stripes, plain colors and plaids. The last-named is, in our opinion, the handsomest, particularly the 42nd tartan. The shape is very elegant; and the trimmings of the richest and handsomest description.

INFANTS' CLOAK. GENIN. PAGE 564.

A double circular, of fine white merino, magnificently embroidered in white silk. We have not seen any more beautiful work than the specimen before us, which, we understand, is the most elaborate ever done at this celebrated establishment.

The double mantle is scalloped round the border, and trimmed with deep white fringe; the small collar (*mousquetaire*) corresponds. Cord and tassels to close it.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

WATCHPOCKET. PAGE 565.

To those who are preparing gifts for their friends in anticipation of the coming season, few designs will be more welcome than the one we will now describe; of an article universally useful, and pretty enough to really make an ornament for a Christmas tree.

A piece of cardboard is cut out for the back, exactly of the size and shape of that in the engraving; and is covered with velvet or satin. Round the edge a narrow velvet ribbon is set by way of border, with a row of beads by way of finish to it. A number of common curtain rings are covered with silk, in crochet, then sewed together, and the centres filled (as seen in the engraving), with beads and bugles. Fourteen rings so covered make the front, seven more form the handle, of which the centre one is left without beads, that it may be used in suspending the pocket from a hook.

NEEDLE-BOOK. PAGE 569.

This also is a pretty article for a Christmas tree; it is made in four divisions, each of colored velvet, embroidered with beads. Two form one side, and two for the other; with pieces of cashmere sewed in between to hold the needles. It is to be suspended by a band of velvet ribbon, lined and edged with beads; and a sort of frill of velvet is set on round the top.

MOUSQUETAIRE COLLAR. PAGE 569.

Of Brussels net, and fine muslin. We give in the engraving something more than one fourth of the collar, which is pointed on the back and shoulders as well as front. The edges are finished with rows of stitching *à la minute*; and a row on a larger scale down the centre. The small flowers are *à la poste*.

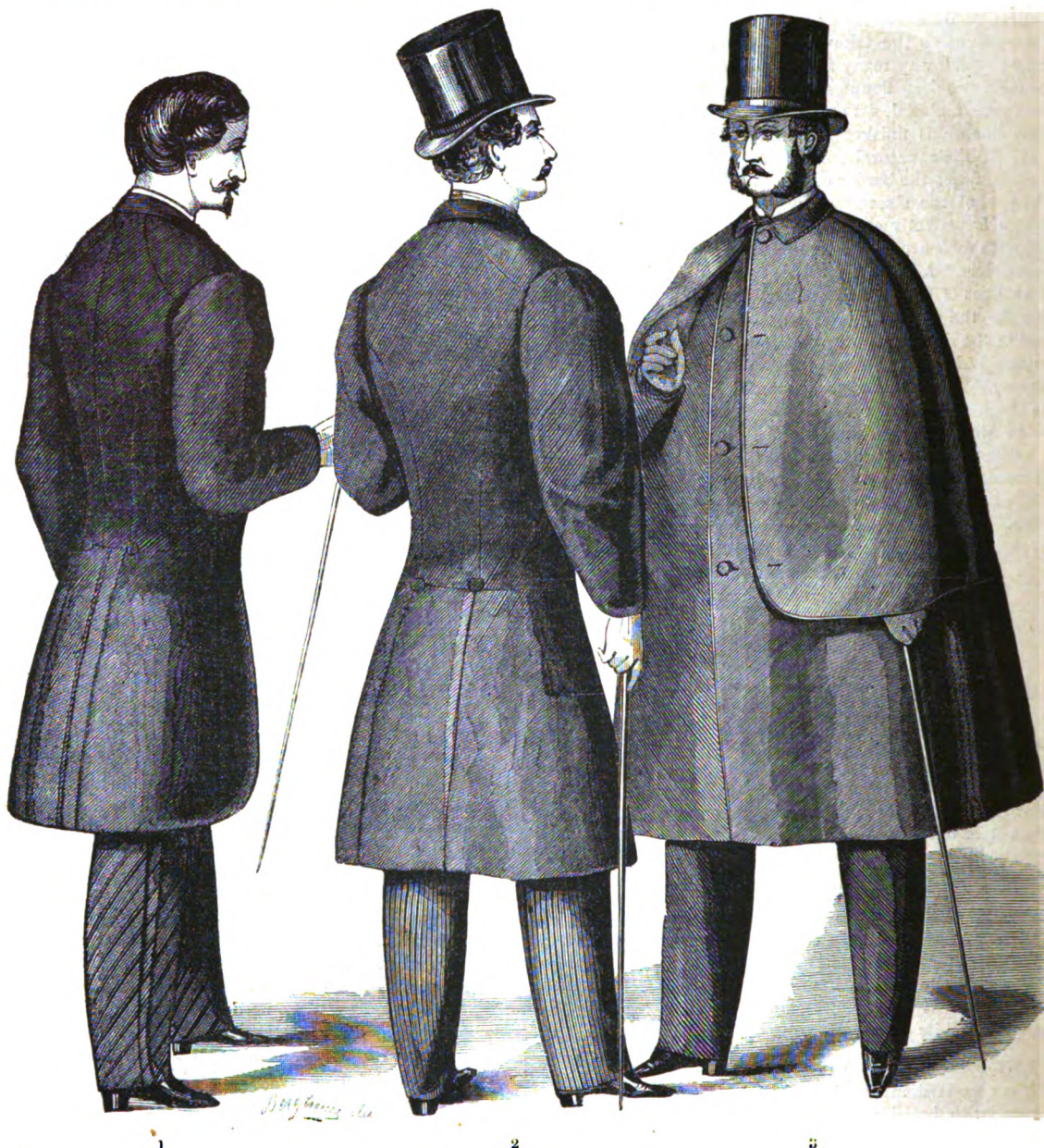
GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

THESE "melancholy days" of November are anything but the "saddest of the year" to our friends Messrs. D. DEVLIN & Co., if the busy appearance of their place of business is any criterion by which to judge.

This firm, so long and so favorably known as the leaders of gentlemen's fashions, as well as the pioneers of the fine clothing trade, are making unusual efforts to provide their patrons with elegant garments for the coming season, and, we may add, with

an increased length of waist, and is for some more elegant than the one last represented. The pantaloons worn with this are of dark mixed French cassimere, without side stripes.

Fig. 3 represents the "Dreadnought Overcoat," a garment thoroughly English in style, and now becoming very popular. An inspection of the coat will convey a better idea than any description we can give. Suffice it to say, that it is a full sack or raglan, with fly cape from the shoulder seams forward, that affords protection and warmth to the chest and arms. Under the cape are sleeves, made to be used at pleasure, but of a length sufficiently short to be entirely covered.



GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS. DEVLIN.

very great success. Herewith we give delineations of a few leading styles.

Fig. 1 gives us a style of suit appropriate for morning and business purposes. It is essentially the same as frequently described before, except that the coat has greater length and the vest is made double-breasted, with notched, rolling collar. The material is fancy edredon for the coat, fancy cassimere for the pantaloons, and fancy cashmere of large plaid figure for the vest.

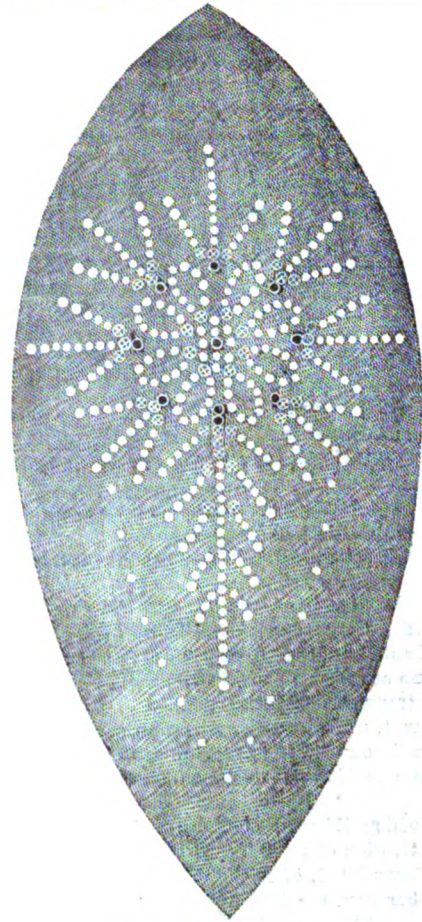
Fig. 2 is a back view of a paletot overcoat of the same general style, but different in proportions from that presented in our last. The difference consists in a greater width of shoulder and

We commend this as a garment of the greatest ease and comfort, especially for travelling and riding purposes, its ample proportions serving to render it useful for the purposes both of overcoat and shawl. They are principally made from mixed beavers, English tweeds and Meltons, the latter being the most popular.

DEAD HEAD.—One Sunday, in a western village, when the "plate" was being passed in church, a gentleman said to the "collector," "Go on; I'm a dead head—I've got a pass?"



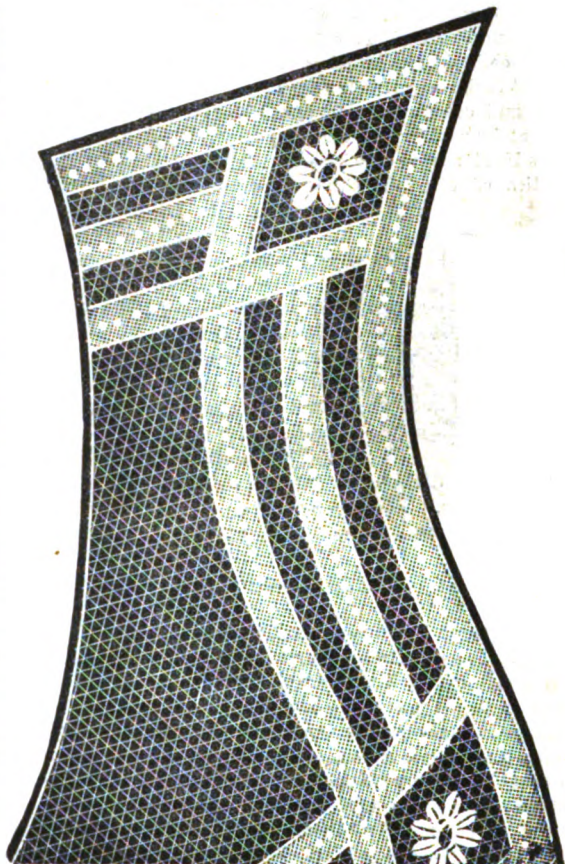
PATTERN FOR NEEDLE-BOOK. PAGE 567.



SECTION OF NEEDLE-BOOK.



SECTION OF NEEDLE-BOOK.



MOUSQUETAIRE COLLAR. PAGE 567.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING frequent applications for the purchase of millinery, work-table materials, hair ornaments, &c., by ladies living at a distance, the Editress of the Fashion Department of *Frank Leslie's Family Magazine* will execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small per centage, for the time and research required. Every article will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste, and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country, on the following conditions:

The order must be accompanied by a cheque for the intended expenditure, addressed to the care of Frank Leslie, 13 Frankfort street, New York city. (Fashion Editress).

The instructions must be precise; and in the ordering of wearing apparel all particulars as to personal appearance should be given.

The address, including county and state, should be clear.

No order will be noticed unless the money is first received; nor can the editor or publisher be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The goods being purchased at those stores which maintain the highest character for the quality and style of the goods, and the moderation of price, and according to the prevailing fashion, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction is terminated.

We cannot, under any circumstances, send patterns or samples of goods, our own time and that of the proprietors of stores being too valuable to be taken up on the mere chance of an order.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.



EDITORIAL NOTICES.

AN EXCELLENT THING FOR THE LADIES.—Some tender-hearted gentleman has patented an invention for which the ladies will bless him. It is neither more nor less than a *ruled envelope*, the lines of which, though they are plainly visible while directing the letter, disappear entirely when the letter is enclosed. The invention is simple enough, like all good and useful inventions, but it is very ingenious, and certain to be universally adopted. It is thus explained: the lines are ruled on the inner side of the back of the envelope, and show through the front when pressed together. They are arranged in graceful form, and are so plainly visible as to serve as a guide for a straight, uniform and well-balanced superscription. Of course

when the letter is put inside the lines are entirely hidden, but the well formed and graceful direction remains. Our lady friends must remember to write the direction upon the envelope *before* the letter is inserted.

What an ingenious little contrivance and yet how generally useful! The post-office department has added it to its stamped envelopes, and before long no envelopes will be made without these magical little lines, and then good-bye to clumsy, inartistic, slovenly directions.

Our lady friends should never use any other, as their refined taste has long since made them aware how important a point in their correspondence is the directing of a letter. It is not only attractive but it is a test of cultivated taste. Who then would be without the new ruled envelope?

A NEW AND ADMIRABLE RECEIPT FOR ELDERBERRY WINE.—The most certain way to get the finest elderberry wine is not to make it yourself, but to purchase it from Alfred Speer, 208 Broadway, N. Y., which is beyond a doubt the purest and most admirable of the class we have ever tasted. It is a rich, nourishing and most delicious beverage, and most especially suited to this season of the year, for it warms and comforts and is at the same entirely free from any sort of spirit. Whatever strength it contains is not an added strength, but simply the pure essence of the blackberry.

We have tasted some of this tonic, three or four years old, and prefer it to good port wine, for it is just as delicious in flavor, and perfectly free from any inebriating quality. Its medicinal properties have long been acknowledged, though were we a physician we should hesitate before prescribing it to a patient, harmless as it is, for it is a sort of medicine that one would rather take all the time than not. Therefore, though we praise Speer's Elderberry Wine, and take to it very kindly ourselves, we do not recommend it except in small doses, because there is not enough of it for every one to drink as much of it as they would like to drink.

MADAME VESTRIS.

Poor Madame Vestris! Speculation is still alive as to what she was and was not at home and abroad. A writer in an excellent periodical gives us an insight at least to the one. Says the writer we allude to:

"What Madame Vestris was on the stage I need tell no one. What she was off the stage may be more interesting. Wild stories respecting her age, her paint and cosmetics received a crushing refutation when you were first introduced to her. In the first place, a woman is always of the age that she seems to be. I do not know what her register actually said; but in 1850, when I resumed an acquaintance with her, long interrupted, she seemed even to critical feminine eyes a well-preserved woman of five and forty; to my eyes she seemed about forty.

"In the next place she did not paint. Much as I cannot but think she disfigured herself in the latter years of her career by the enormous amount of rouge and pearl powder on the stage—looking, as a cynic once assured me, 'as if she had been rolled in a bag of meal and then in a bag of red paint'—off the stage there was not a trace of pearl powder or any other whitening. Her skin was the rich brown of a brunette; it was only the shoulders and arms that were white, and they were of nature's whiteness. A slight *souçon* of rouge there must have been on the cheek. I say must, because it is notorious that all actresses acquire a peculiar sallow look, and Madame Vestris had it not; whence I concluded that she rouged; yet so slight was this rouge that I could not directly have detected it. Her hair, which was very beautiful, may or may not have been dyed; if dyed, it was done so artificially that no scrutiny could detect it. Her eyebrows were, I think pencilled.

"In manner she was kind, attentive and somewhat motherly. Fond of animals, especially dogs; fond of children, fond of poultry yards and rural scenes; active, yet luxurious; not given to reading, yet with an intelligence ever open.

"Is not this picture very unlike the one painted by rumor?

She had her faults and her failings, into which it is not my business to pry; but every one who came in contact with her admired, and many loved her. In spite of a vehement temper, she was so generous and so engaging that she scarcely made any enemies. She was one of those of whom it is said their bark is worse than their bite. It is true she did bark and yap, with most unpleasant energy, and her diction under moments of excitement was not always well chosen."

SLEEP.

An article on sleep by H. T. Tuckerman, closes as follows: "A Swedenborgian writer (Sampson Reed) says that in sleep we are especially 'open to heavenly influences,' and adds, 'the great use of sleep is usually supposed to be the renovation of physical or intellectual strength; but to the new church it is known that its highest use is regeneration.'" This remark occurs in the following connection:

"The great use of sleep is usually supposed to be the renovation of physical, or possibly intellectual strength. But to the new church it is known, that its highest use is regeneration; and that it is necessary to the progress of spirits and men. Were it not for alternate states of waking and sleeping, we should become as gods, knowing good and evil. By the fixed law of our being, we are daily called upon to surrender our own wills, and to commit ourselves to the care of an ever-watchful Providence. We spend hours, unconscious of time, and awake refreshed, we know not how or why. We awake, refreshed not only in body but in spirit. A heavenly dew has descended on our hearts, and prepared them for the heat and labor of another day. We can look into the body, and see what wonders have been going on there. The heart and lungs, the arteries and veins, and stomach and glands, have all been busy. We have, as it were, been sleeping in a house, where all was order and industry. But could we look still deeper into the spiritual man, we should see things yet more wonderful. We should find that, every night, we had been brought into such spiritual associations and under such influences, as an All-seeing eye alone could provide; that, so far as our states would permit, we have received impressions precisely adapted to prepare us for the duties and the trials of the coming day. We awake in the morning and are perhaps conscious only of a renovated state of mind and body. We perceive only the general result. The myriads of particulars which have been made to conspire to this end are known only to Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Swedenborg speaks of some, in the spiritual world, who are kept in a state of partial sleep, out of which they are brought occasionally, by which process they are vastated and thus prepared for heaven.

"We are all of us aware how useful and necessary sleep is in time of sickness. There is no medicine like quiet, peaceful sleep; and the design of the medicine, which is given, often is to produce it. And have not those of us, who have been sensible of being spiritually sick, experienced its healing influences in a still higher and truer sense? Have not the oil and wine been poured on our broken hearts and wounded spirits by the hand of Him whose 'touch is gentle as the morning light?' We awake, and ascribe the effect to sleep. But what has sleep done? What can it do? Let us look beyond the cloud with which our Heavenly Father veils his mysterious acts of never-ceasing mercy."

WHERE OLD CLOTHES GO.

The writer of "Flemish Interiors" has just published a work in London in three volumes, entitled "Realities of Paris life." As the title indicates, the work relates to matters of fact concerning the manners and institutions of the gay capital. He describes the old clothes region of Paris more in detail than most writers, and furnishes the following information concerning the destination of the immense quantities of cast-off apparel collected in France:

"Old ecclesiastical vestments are always welcome in Brazil,

where priests are numerous, and richer articles of this description are disposed of in Peru and Chili. All their old head-gear, and Heaven knows what must be the quantity, is forwarded to St. Domingo; the blacks are exceedingly proud of a European hat, especially a white one. They wear them with an independence of taste which renders them exceedingly indulgent as to the form they may have acquired. Of French practices they have only retained that of wearing hats, and it is to be regretted that it never occurs to them to make them, as do their former masters, a medium for demonstration of politeness. Perhaps they may acquire the custom one day.

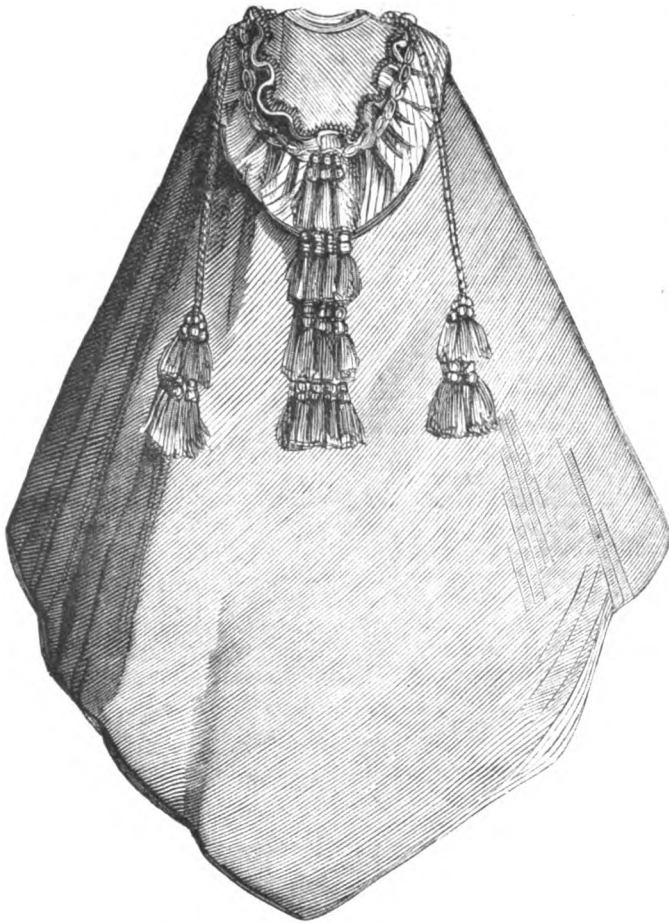
"As for shoes and boots, they make the best of their way to California; they are transmitted by thousands of pairs to those auriferous regions where millionaires, it would seem, have not shoes to their feet, unlike this hemisphere, where those who go barefoot are usually anything but millionaires. *Apropos de bottes*, we were once told that the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar was, that while the former issues manifestoes the latter manifests toes without issues. We recommend that this ingenious distinction be communicated to the Californians with the next cargo. Old shirts, it would seem, remain attached to the soil, and whenever a dissolution of continuity takes place in their component parts, after an acquaintance with the *crochet* and the *hotte*, they pass through the mill, to reappear, rejuvenated like the dry bones of Eson from Medea's caldron, in the form of those elegant albums which decorate the boudoir-tables of our belles, or under the guise of a rose-colored and perfumed *poulet*, presented to their dainty fingers on a silver salver. Fortunately, its various transmigrations are not revealed to them!

"Ladies cast-off garments have a brisk sale in Hindostan. The fashions, to be sure, are somewhat antiquated; but *parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois*, and a cut which appeared four years ago in Paris is as elegant with those who see it for the first time as it was with the Parisians then. Consequently, the wives of a countless number of petty *employés* in Madras and Calcutta eagerly compete for the first choice of this quondam finery. After all, it is only an exchange; India sends to Paris its old cashmeres; Paris sends to India its old gowns. We are inclined to ask, 'Why could not each rest content with its own?' Jamaica and the Philippines are insatiable in their demands for old French gloves, cleaned and scented, of course. Will it be believed that 6,000,000 pairs are annually shipped for these facile customers?"

A STRANGE CUSTOM IN CUBA.—There is one strange custom observed here in all the houses. In the chief room rows of chairs are placed, facing each other, three or four or five in each line, and always running at right angles with the street-wall of the house. As you pass along the street, you look up this row of chairs. In these, the family and the visitors take their seats, in formal order. As the windows are open, deep and large, with wide gratings and no glass, one has the inspection of the interior arrangement of all front parlors of Havana, and can see what every lady wears, and who is visiting her.

HORRIBLY FUNNY.—Our readers, not well up in the arts of Punch and Judy, may not know that the delightful note produced by Punch is the result of a piece of metal which is kept in the mouth. A gentleman was amusing his children with a private performance of the drama of Punch and Judy, by means of this toy, when he had the misfortune to swallow it. It stuck fast in his throat, and no efforts could remove it; but, worst of all, it remained in perfect operation, and, though suffering immense agony, the words—being *à la* Punch—were so ridiculous that no one could see him without laughing even at his distress. Inflammation set in, and the hours of the poor gentleman were considered to be numbered. In his terror he desired spiritual consolation. The clergyman was not informed of the character of the accident, and when he heard him speak, *à la* Punch, believing it was a joke at his expense, indignantly remonstrated, and left in a huff. Such was the profound agitation of the poor patient, that he was seized with a fit of coughing thereat, and, luckily for his life, coughed up the metal instrument.

KISS-ME-IF-YOU-WANT-TO.—A few days ago, the ladies wore a kind of hood called "Kiss-me-if-you-dare." The present style of bonnet might be called, with equal propriety, "Kiss-me-if-you-want-to."



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CAMPHOR JULEP.—This is a very useful and safe domestic medicine in low states of the system. It is anti-spasmodic in nervous and hysterical affections. The dose may vary from half a wine-glassful to double that quantity, according to age or severity of attack. Grief produces convulsive sobs, which in some cases are difficult to suppress, and may continue even after sleep has quieted the general system. Camphor julep in such cases is exceedingly useful. Hiccough sometimes continues till it becomes quite distressing; for this, camphor julep is a simple remedy. In cases where a medical man cannot be called in to treat a person laboring under hysterical convulsion, camphor julep may be beneficially administered. It is prepared thus: Take camphor one scruple (twenty grains); white sugar half an ounce; brandy or whisky, a tea-spoonful; hot water, one pint. Pour the spirit on the camphor, then rub it thoroughly with the sugar, and very gradually add the water, constantly keeping the whole in motion during the operation. Finally, strain the whole through fine muslin twice folded, and bottle it. It is always ready for use, and will keep any time in any climate. Camphor julep is useful and comforting in cases of protracted sea-sickness.

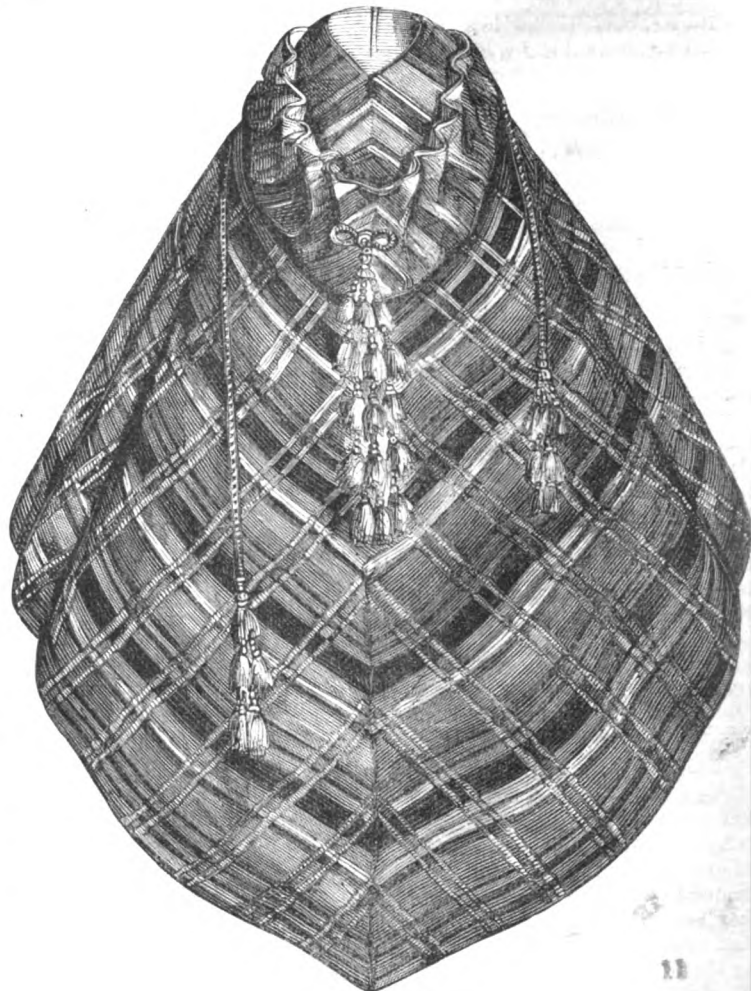
A NEEDLE-THREADER.—A time comes to all of us when we can neither thread a needle nor mend a pen. In a small way ingenuity has never been more successfully applied than in this little tool for threading a needle. It is made with two blades, as it were, which hold the needle with its eye opposite a little funnel-shaped opening, into which it is perfectly easy for a person with weak sight to pass the thread, and the thread inevitably passes through the eye. When threaded, the ends of the little im-

plement are pressed by the thumb and finger, like a pair of scissors, and the needle falls out threaded.

A DELICATE BAKED FRUIT PUDDING.—A delicate baked fruit pudding may be made by placing in a buttered dish a layer of rusks or sponge cakes, then a layer of any fresh or preserved fruit; raspberries or apricots are perhaps the best, but rhubarb or green gooseberries do very nicely; then another layer of rusks or cakes alternately, until the dish is filled; pour over all a rich custard, and bake about twenty minutes.

HOW TO MAKE IVORY SOFT AND DUCTILE.—According to the process of Geisler, in Switzerland, articles of ivory are placed in a solution of phosphoric acid of 1:133 specific gravity, and left there until they assume a transparent aspect. After this, they are taken from the acid, washed off in water, and dried with soft linen cloth. The articles are now as soft as thick leather, they become hard in the open air, and when placed in warm water they assume their former softness. The application of such ivory for nipples of nursing-bottles, or for covers of sore breasts, and for similar articles, is of importance. The change evidently consists in a solution of a portion of the lime, producing a composition containing a smaller percentage of lime than ivory.

CURE FOR SPRAINS.—In the Paris hospitals a treatment is practised that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced. If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumbs meeting on the swollen part. These, having been previously greased, are pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot for about a quarter of an hour. This application being repeated several times will, in the course of a day, enable the patient to walk when other means would have failed to relieve him.



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